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PICTORIAL REVIEW

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ARTHUR T. VANCE, *Editor*

William Paul Ahnelt
President and Publisher

EDITORIAL

THE time is approaching when the recommendations for Pictorial Review's Annual Achievement Award of $5,000 must be considered. Another will then be added to the list of American women who in some large way have contributed to the field of American art, letters, or the sciences.

Is it not also time, we are brought to ask, for American women as a whole to consider what this annual award means to their place in our national endeavor? How it may aid and add to their advancement? How it may be made to widen their horizon, to broaden their activities, to increase their power in a world now ready to accord them seats with men in the halls of those who are called great?

Is it not time, too, for them to give thought to what constitutes greatness? Should their minds not turn toward those things which add to the fulness of life? Toward our women who have done those things and who may therefore be considered great?

We think it is. For our purpose in establishing this award was none other than to bring to national notice the many American women whose unique, distinctive, and fine accomplishments have made them worthy of high recognition.

Thus far we feel that we have accomplished our aim in part only. Through the recommendations which have come in from women the country over, and the judgment of our committee as to which one of the women recommended merited the award, we have brought to national appreciation four women whose work stands out as a high figure in individual achievement, work which places itself side by side with the work of our superior men, work in lines which men have not touched, or in which, if touching, they have not done so much. For these four women have reached their goal only by the road of self-sacrifice, of hardship, of a beautiful selflessness, devoting their energies, their material ambitions, whole-heartedly to a high spiritual purpose that life might be more worth living to those who, craving beauty and wholeness, have not been able to find them for themselves.

First, we may mention Mrs. Edward MacDowell, the widow of the greatest of our American composers.

Mrs. MacDowell has carried on, at great cost to herself, the life wish of her husband to create a shrine where American art could have the opportunity to develop, untrammeled and unhindered by the world without. At Peterboro, N. H., she has established and still maintains a delightful mountain home where, at a minimum living cost, poets, sculptors, painters, musicians, novelists, dramatists may work at ease. Mrs. MacDowell used our $5,000 award to expand this colony, where much of our great poetry, music, painting, and sculpture has taken form. Has any man, we ask, done more?

Mrs. Cora Wilson Stewart received the second year's award. It was well earned indeed. For Mrs. Stewart has brought the light of knowledge to far corners where heretofore ignorance and illiteracy prevailed. In her moonlight schools, started among the poor of the Southern mountains, she has reduced by a large number the sum total of national illiteracy, taught reading and writing to hundreds of men and women whose old age would have been cheerless and without diversion had they not, through her, been able to solve the coveted mysteries which lay between the covers of books.

Hundreds of girls and boys, who would otherwise have remained untutored to the end of their days, have been inspired to seek higher education, and to want it earnestly enough to work for it. Through her they have learned and are learning trades when otherwise they would have eked out meager lives with no chance to develop that heritage of talent which is every man's. She, too, has used the money of the award to enlarge her purpose.

And there is Miss Sara Graham-Mulhall, who has done more to discourage and to decrease the drug traffic than any one individual in this country. As a deputy in the Drug Traffic Squad in New York city, Miss Graham-Mulhall valiantly brought to public notice the untoward conditions among those who trafficked in the integrity of human souls, and as valiantly brought these men and women to indictment. It was through her that the Harrison Act, a Federal enactment seeking to end the importation, manufacture, and sale of drugs in this country, was passed.

She has devoted her entire fortune to her cause, and the Pictorial Review Achievement Award was the nucleus for the foundation, now established and gaining impetus throughout the country, which hopes to abolish the drug habit, one which was gaining hold on an increasing number of men, women, and even children.

Miss Eva Le Gallienne, who received last year's award because of her work in the Civic Repertory Theater of New York, has turned aside from her place as a recognized Broadway star to establish a theater where those who so desire, and can not afford to pay Broadway prices, may see good drama at low admission prices. Her example is being emulated throughout the country, and the money received through the award has gone to develop the pattern of her ideal.

Now, we would not have it thought that we are dissatisfied with the result of our foundation, for that is what it is in fact, but we would like to see it meet the dimensions of our desire. We wish it to become a Hall of Fame in which our great women may sit for the world to see and appreciate.

We have felt some discontent, not with the qualifications of those who have already received the award, but with the scarcity of great women's names in the large number of recommendations coming into the committee. In no year have there been recommended more than six women of real achievement from whose number the committee could make its decision.

We have felt that this might be because of the clause, heretofore in force, which signified that the work for which the award was given must have been either started or consummated within the year preceding that in which the decision was made.

Therefore we have eliminated this clause and substituted the provision that the work may have been begun any time during the past ten years, but that it must have been of sufficient weight and momentum to have carried its influence on national culture or welfare down to the end of the year preceding the present one.

This, we feel, will give our truly great women, of whom there are any number, the opportunity to be brought to the public appreciation which their accomplishments deserve. There are any number of great women, astronomers, chemical engineers, scientists, social workers, all of them women whose research work has led to discoveries and inventions vitally important to the progress of the race. There are women painters, sculptors, poets, novelists, architects, who have made large contributions to our cultural life. There are the upstanding and courageous women who have worked incessantly for the cause of women, giving of the best of themselves, so that life for all women might become more abundant.

These are the women we hope to see receive their due.

To encourage this we shall make known, at the same time that we announce the recipient of the award, the names of the five women in closest competition with the winner in the view of our distinguished men and women judges.

Thus we hope to establish a roster which shall become in time a Hall of Fame for American women.

We are asking our millions of intelligent readers to help us in our purpose. Recommendations must be in by August 15th.

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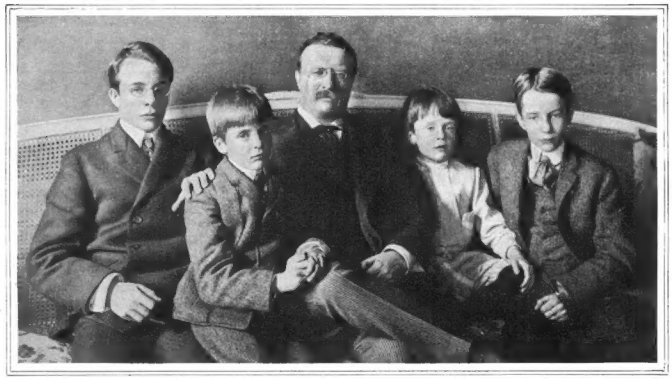
THE FOURTH—A HOLIDAY

How the Roosevelt family has always observed the National Anniversary

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT, JR.



Copyright by Arthur Hewitt

THE LATE THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND HIS FOUR SONS, THEODORE, JR., ARCHIE, QUENTIN, AND KERMIT, TAKEN WHEN MR. ROOSEVELT WAS PRESIDENT

IN ALL well-regulated families there are customs so sanctified by time that they cease to be mere customs and rank with the famous laws of the Medes and Persians. This holds particularly true when there are large numbers of children. Children, in spite of all that is said to the contrary, are conservative and dislike innovations. Any father who tells his children stories will bear me out on this. It is not new stories that are in demand, but the old ones. What is more, the slightest deviation from the original text is greeted by a horrified protest on the part of the children.

Our family has an entire folklore of traditions. There are certain nights when the children may sit up. There are times when they may demand stories as their right. There are places at the table which they rank, and particular plates from which they are allowed to eat at certain intervals. One of the most binding of all the traditions is that when Summer comes the male parents take the male children camping.

Camping in this instance merely means spending the night on some beach or in some wood near Oyster Bay. When we were little my father took us all camping in this fashion. Now my brothers and I in our turn do the same with our children. Needless to say, the point of view on the trip is entirely different when you are ten and conducted and when you are thirty-nine and conduct. To the boy of ten the trip is an odyssey of adventure, where anything may happen from the advent of strange, unknown wild animals to combats with outlaws. To the disillusioned grown-up of thirty-nine the happenings are all too well known.

Last Summer the third of July was selected as the date for our first expedition. This had its drawbacks, as my brother Kermit was in Europe, so that the contribution from his family consisted of two boys, but no father.

My brother Archie, however, agreed to go and bring little Archie, age nine, for the first time. That made me feel reasonably secure, for tho Kermit would not be there, at least I would have one grown-up companion. I told my two eldest boys, Teddy and Sonny, thirteen and eleven, and Kermit's two, Kim and Willard, eleven and nine.

A couple of days passed. Unexpectedly Archie telephoned to say that his wife had made a dinner engagement for him which she could not break. This was bad news. A lone grown-up on one of these expeditions has an onerous position. Hastily running over in my mind the men I knew who had the best dispositions and were the most gullible, I picked on Fairman Dick, a lifelong friend and a fishing-companion. I got in touch with him and he said he would come. Again I was happy. It was a fool's paradise, however, for the day of the trip I found a message from Dick on my desk. He had gone to Southampton. In thoroughly cowardly fashion he had left without speaking to me himself, letting his secretary break the news.

On the morning of the third it rained, and some measure of hope returned. Perhaps we could not go. I worked in town until after lunch and then took the train home. E. met me at the station in her little green Chevrolet. She told me she thought the weather was too threatening. Unfortunately, I remembered clearly the way I had felt when a boy. If it were not actually raining hard I would have felt that my father showed "moral turpitude" if he had put off a promised camping-trip. I explained this sadly.

When I got to the house the little boys were waiting. Perhaps that is the wrong word to use. Waiting implies a certain repose and quiet. There was nothing reposeful or quiet about those little boys. Dressed in shorts and shirts, they were swarming to and fro over the porch and lawn with the energy of bugs from under an overturned log. Shouting to them that I would be down in a minute, I ran up-stairs and changed my clothes. Then I checked the supplies. These were simple. Each had a blanket. We took no tent. Food consisted of bacon, eggs, bread, and chops. A frying-pan was the only cooking-utensil. The weapons of the chase were a .22 rifle and a hand-seine for whitebait.

In fifteen minutes we were ready to start. Then there was trouble. In my family are four cars. One is a large Noah's ark Buick, driven only by the chauffeur and used for taking the family to church or to town. One is a Ford delivery-wagon, nine years old, the special possession of the gardener. One is a green Chevrolet, and one an unusually old and dilapidated Oldsmobile. The Chevrolet had been bought with a great flourish of trumpets for me. Then E. drove it, liked it, and decided that it was not for me. Almost unnoticeably it became "mother's car." "Father's car" was the worn and disreputable "Olds."

This was the car in which I was to have taken the children to the camping-ground. It was not at the door. A wild search for Patrick, the chauffeur, disclosed the fact that this afternoon had been selected by him to overhaul the "Olds." There was nothing to do but override E.'s protests and commandeer the Chevrolet. We all piled in and started, the car leaking children and blankets from every side.

Our destination was a sandy beach that skirts a level salt-marsh. The road to the beach is little more than a trail. Down it we bumped. Branches whipped by us. Leaves and twigs fell in showers on the radiator. Suddenly we saw that the trail was blocked by a welter of green. A tree had fallen across it. To the accompaniment of shrill advice I turned off the trail. Our cars are always expected to do cross-country work when necessary. Through the clinging branches and churning sand the stout little machine plowed until we completed the detour in triumph and found ourselves on the trail again.

A SHORT distance beyond, we got to the "end of motor-transport." We scrambled out and unloaded the supplies. They had to be carried the rest of the way. Then came the apportionment of the loads. A little boy is so constructed that he varies between two extremes. He either wishes to scamper ahead with a much smaller load than is his due, or to stagger along under an infinitely larger one than he can manage, dropping things at every few steps.

Furthermore, the larger boys are generally those who wish the smaller loads, while the smaller boys festoon themselves with packages until they look like animated piles of goods at a rummage-sale. Soon the loading was finished and we trailed off. I brought up the rear, picking up the stray articles shed on the way by the diminutive coolies who preceded me.

On the beach a wind-swept ridge of sand where a few straggling bushes grew was selected as the place for our fire. Here the dunnage was piled. Then came the first sport of the evening—seining. The three or four pieces of clothing that each boy wore were pulled off and dropped in tumbled piles, and the four of them scuttled like active Brownies to the water.

The net was carried down, and two rusty tin cans picked up to hold such fish as we might catch. The net-poles at each end were taller than the fishermen and too heavy for one child to handle alone. Two boys grasped each, and for an hour splashed and strained. Each haul brought in a half dozen minnows or shiners, which were carefully deposited in the rusty cans. The fact that we did not get any large or strange fish discouraged none of them. Who knew, perhaps the next time the net was drawn we might!

Finally I called a halt. It was time for supper. Up and down the beach they ran, collecting driftwood. The fire was started and we clustered around it. The food was produced. I cooked for all in the large frying-pan. The children supplemented this by cooking certain things for themselves.

Teddy and Sonny had brought mess-kits, but Kim and Willard had not. Accordingly the two small frying-pans and the two small pots were divided among the four. Those with the frying-pans cooked bacon, which soon became charred and black, but was eaten nevertheless with great relish. Those with the pots started to boil eggs. Every few minutes my opinion was demanded on whether their eggs were boiled or not. A competent judgment was almost impossible because no one had thought it necessary to time them.

EATING was a continuous performance at which all of them showed ability to a marked degree. When supper was over, the mess-kits were cleaned with the greatest diligence until they literally shone. Then they were put away in their canvas cases. This unusual cleanliness was all the more striking because it did not apply while the utensils were in actual use. When the boys were cooking, bits of charred wood, cinders, and sand dropped into their frying-pans. They paid no attention to this whatsoever. With hands that would have shamed an Australian bushman, the mixture of egg, bacon, and bread, crusted with cinders and sugared with sand, was crammed into their mouths.

Kim had fallen in love with a phrase—"My patience!" All little boys seem to do this at times. He could not say three words without using it. It was "My patience! Teddy, that is a beautiful egg!" or "My patience! Look at the fire!"

The words served in his conversation as the refrain does in an old ballad and had about as much relevancy.

Right after supper we had rifle-practise. Shells, tin cans, and sticks served as targets. It was astonishing how well they shot, and equally astonishing how badly. Gradually dusk swallowed dune and headland, and the lights twinkled out across the water. It became too dark to shoot any longer.

The fire was built higher. We spread our blankets to windward of it and then stories began. According to custom they are told by the grown-up. Furthermore, they must in the main be about ghosts or goblins. The saving grace in the situation is that they do not have to be new. Indeed, they must not be new, but old, familiar friends.

Continued on Page 50

"Pink Tooth Brush"?

Heed its warning—*Get* IPANA TOOTH PASTE

DO not neglect a tell-tale tinge of "pink" that may appear upon your morning tooth brush!

Do something about it! For it is a sign and symptom that something is amiss with your gums. It is a definite warning that your teeth—though they may seem sound as a dollar and be as white as snow—are faced with some degree of danger.

If you will talk to your dentist he can explain very simply how often serious troubles can start in the gum structure. He will tell you that these distressing ailments, which attack the health and mar the appearance of thousands every year, most often arise from the nature and character of the food you eat.

How your diet damages your gums

For this modern food is too soft. Artificially refined, it is deprived of the coarse fibre and wholesome roughage that should keep the blood briskly astir in the tiny capillaries of the gum tissue.

Result—gums grow idle, inactive, dormant. They become soft and sensitive to the brush. They bleed easily. They lose their normal tonicity, and become easier prey to the onset of gingivitis, Vincent's disease and even the more feared, but less frequent, pyorrhea.

Massage of the gums is the simple restorative measure that specialists have found so practical and so helpful. It is easily performed—with the brush or with the fingers—twice a day at the time you brush your teeth. And thousands of good dentists order their patients to use Ipana Tooth Paste for the massage as well as for the regular cleaning with the brush. Massage with Ipana, they say, more quickly revives the flagging circulation within the gums, bringing fresh vigor, health and firmness to the starved and depleted tissues.

Modern food is delicious—true! But it deprives the gums of stimulation and health

Ipana and massage maintain the gums in health

For Ipana is a tooth paste specifically compounded to tone and stimulate the gums while it cleans the teeth. It contains ziratol, an ingredient well-known to dentists for its antiseptic and hemostatic properties. Ipana has enjoyed the cordial support of the profession for years since first its formula was offered to the profession.

So make a test of this modern tooth paste. Send the coupon for the ten-day sample if you wish. It will quickly prove Ipana's delicious taste and its remarkable power to make your teeth clean, white and sparkling.

Ipana is worth a full-tube trial

But a far better way to test Ipana is to get a full-size tube from the nearest drug store—more than enough for thirty days' use. Brush your teeth and rub your gums with it, twice a day, for one full month. Then examine your gums. You will see an improvement—in color, firmness and health. You may decide, as so many thousands have, that Ipana is the tooth paste you wish to use for life!

Tender, weakened gums need prompt attention

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. D-78, 73 West St., New York, N Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

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WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO TO SCHOOL AGAIN?

The Parent-Teachers Association will help you solve the problem of your child

BY GENEVIEVE PARKHURST

WHEN Jan Helving died, Matilda, his wife, was bereft of the strong hand which had intervened between her and an alien world. Twelve years before, she had come, a bride, to the isolated farm on the Northwestern borderline. Twelve years she had plodded back and forth from bed to cook-stove, from cook-stove to plow, from plow to wash-tub, from wash-tub to dairy, from dairy to cook-stove, and from cook-stove to sink, and back again to a bed where nine children had been brought into being.

Twelve years she had toiled, side by side with her man, doing a man's work and knowing a woman's sorrow. But five of her brood had survived their first Winter in a land where the snow was packed solid twenty feet above the ground, and where the mercury courted forty degrees below zero for seven months of the year, with the doctor twenty miles' hard sledding away.

Little by little the land yielded to their unrelenting sturdiness. A settlement built up about them. Jan learned to speak that English which at first had seemed soft and spongy in comparison with the consonance of his own Norwegian. Before long he learned the ways of a new soil, adjusted himself to the whims of a new people, until he came to move among them as one not entirely a stranger.

When the schoolhouse was built, five miles away, it was Jan who felt that young Jan and Astrid should know something of what was inside the books which to him and Matilda were an enigma. It was he who drove them in the sled back and forth those first Winters when the way was long and hard for young feet. It was he who went to consult with the teacher. It was he who drove to the town thirty miles away when there were stores to be bought, when there were crops to be marketed.

At long intervals Matilda was with him, waiting in the wagon when he was about his business, hanging eagerly on his words when he went with her to the store where she must buy a bolt of flannel for the family's Winter wearing or cotton for the warm Summers. During the years she had neither time nor reason for learning English. Jan was a sufficient bulwark between her and the need for self-expansion.

When the children began to talk among themselves and with their father in a tongue she could not understand, when they bent over books, making odd marks on their slates, she felt her first faint urge for learning. She could not let herself become a stranger, perhaps an outcast, among her own.

Crops increased and were more dependable. The savings in the town bank went into four figures. The small chores of young Jan and his sister grew into larger duties until they took unto themselves much of the household drudgery. Leisure came to Matilda Helving, to be nipped in its budding. Jan Helving died of influenza.

At thirty-two Matilda faced a new world—one of bewilderment and ineptitude.

There was business to be attended to. Papers were to be signed, crops to be marketed. Little Jan, eleven and smart at school, stood by her even as his father had done. But Matilda saw that hers was to be a hard world unless she could understand things for herself.

The teacher came to see her. There was to be a meeting at the schoolhouse of the parents for miles around. Matilda could not understand what it was all about. The teacher in her gentle way managed to explain that it would be a good thing for her to go. Jan and Astrid thought so, too.

So she went, sitting off in a corner by herself, striving to catch a word here and there, making nothing out of it, until one of the mothers who was also a Norwegian explained. They were starting a local branch of the Parent-Teachers Association which would bring the mothers and fathers and teachers together so that they could discuss all questions relating to their children.

Matilda was eager to join. How could she? She could not speak the language. That was to be easily overcome, she was told. A part of the program was to teach at least two parents a year how to speak and write English.

Matilda became an avid pupil. Once a week a mother came from a near-by farm to give her lessons. The two middle children were now at school, and in the long Winter evenings she studied with them, spelling out words, learning to pronounce them, to set them down on paper. English soon became the language of their home. A weekly newspaper was subscribed for, and Matilda painstakingly read it word by word. In no time at all she signed her name instead of making the mark which was an embarrassing confession of ignorance.

At the biweekly meetings of the parents and teachers Matilda learned many things: why Astrid's complexion was troublesome—too much meat, too many greasy stews, the need of a balanced diet for growing children—the good that accrued to them from out-of-door exercise, how to stop little Hans's tantrums, how to make the bare cabin cheerful and inviting.

When Spring came she rented land on shares and moved to the settlement, which was now a thriving young town. The new cottage was cozy and comfortable. New friends came, mothers whose main interest was the proper rearing of their children. Modern household devices gave leisure for study. The booklets on home-training, child welfare, mental hygiene, good citizenship, came regularly from the National Headquarters of the Congress of Parents and Teachers. Laboriously and thoroughly she digested their information, applying herself to its practise, her one desire being that her children should grow to be fine men and women.

When Jan was fourteen and about to enter high school a change came over him. Free-hearted and docile, he had been a gay and vital spirit about the house—and so helpful. Suddenly he grew morose, gave way to quick spurts of temper, stayed away from home until late in the evening, left his chores undone. Matilda was in deep distress. She kept her problem to herself. It was not a thing one spoke of to strangers. Eagerly she listened to the individual problems brought for discussion to the meetings of the parents. None of them was like hers. She was almost in despair, when one day in going through a booklet she saw that a celebrated child psychologist was a member of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers.

Matilda passed the most of two weeks writing a letter to this specialist. In a few days an answer suggested that she send him a complete outline of the boy's character and conduct, together with something of his home environment and activities.

In the weeks that followed letters went back and forth between Matilda and the benignant doctor. New methods of discipline were suggested for Jan, new ways of interesting him. Books for him to read were recommended. Matilda's problem was solved. Jan is eighteen now. Having finished high school, he is in college, working his way through by waiting on table in one of the dining-halls. He is the mainstay of Matilda and her family, even as his father had been before him.

Matilda Helving's experience is one of hundreds of testimonies to the usefulness of the National Congress of Parent-Teachers, which, started in a small way thirty years ago, has become a fine factor in the life of the child and of education in the home as well as in the school. It is a complete explication of the seed sown in good soil, fructifying and scattering itself over the land.

IT WAS in 1897 that Mrs. Theodore Birney, a seer of the day that is now with its crowded cities and *mêlée* of creeds, races, and standards, felt that more attention should be directed to children of preschool age. Consulting with men and women of philanthropic, religious, political, and social interests, they were in agreement with her that while mothers were eager to do their best in forming the character of their children they were lacking in the proper guidance and in that co-operation which was needful if they were to exert their best possible influence upon them.

Through the discerning generosity of the late Mrs. Phoebe Hearst in 1897, a group of women, led by Mrs. Birney and Mrs. Hearst, organized the National Congress of Mothers, the aim of which was to carry the mother element into home, school, church, and State. In Washington that same year mothers from all parts of the country were invited to a conference. It was hoped that, even tho the attendance would be small, the effect would be far-reaching. So far beyond expectation was the response that the conference had to be moved from the small hall which had been rented for it to one which could accommodate over a thousand men and women. Not only were mothers interested in this new movement, but fathers as well. Prominent men, including the late Theodore Roosevelt, were on the first advisory council.

Branches were soon started in several States, the movement spreading into towns and cities. All mothers were asked to join, with dues five cents a month, payable quarterly. Meetings were held at which parents were asked to bring their individual problems relating to children of preschool age; for the purpose of the organization was to inculcate in the very young child such qualities as would give him an early start on the road to integrity of mind, body, and spirit.

The first growth of the Congress was slow. Housework and the care of the family occupied so much of the average woman's time that there was little leisure for work outside of the home. More and more as new devices decreased the labor of the housewife, as education and prosperity spread over the land, more and more mothers became interested in the education and welfare of their children. More and more of them joined the Parent-Teachers Associations which were springing up here and there throughout the country. So successful became the work with the preschool children that its scope was enlarged to take in the children of the primary and grade schools. In 1908 its name was changed from the National Congress of Mothers to the National Congress of Mothers and Parent-Teachers.

In 1924, because of the zest with which fathers were entering into its processes, the name was again changed, this time to the National Congress of Parent-Teachers. Whereas the active membership in 1920 was less than 200,000 to-day it is over 1,200,000, reaching into every nook and corner of the country and taking parents, teachers, and children of all ages, nationalities, creeds, and classes under its wing.

THE objects of the Congress, which are uniform in the national, State, and local units, are, as stated in the by-laws:

1. To promote child welfare in home, school, church, and community; to raise the standards of home life; to secure more adequate laws for the care and protection of women and children.

2. To bring into closer relationship the home and the school that parents and teachers may co-operate intelligently in the training of the child; to develop between educators and the general public such united effort as will secure for every child the highest advantages in physical, mental, moral, and spiritual education.

With these points in view, the program of service includes six departments, under which the committees are grouped as follows:

1. Organization—child welfare day; Congress publications; membership.

2. Extension—Parent-Teachers Associations in colleges, in high schools, in grade schools, in churches, in study circles; preschool circles.

3. Public welfare—citizenship; juvenile protection; legislation; motion-pictures; recreation; safety.

4. Education—art; humane education; illiteracy; kindergarten extension; music; school education; student loan fund and scholarship.

5. Home service—children's reading; home economics; home education; spiritual training; standards in literature; social standards; thrift.

6. Health—child hygiene; mental hygiene; physical education; social hygiene.

The national body is composed of the individual members of the State and local branches. These are subdivided into groups which follow the same program of study and service as the parent organization. Once a year there is a meeting of the National Congress, attended by delegates from the State and local branches. Once a year the State branches have similar meetings attended by delegates from the community organizations. While only accredited delegates are entitled to vote in these conventions, all members may attend and are entitled to a voice in the discussions.

Continued on Page 49

Dull Film On Teeth

How It Fosters Serious Tooth and Gum Disorders

How film turns white teeth dingy and "off color"

Now remove it as prescribed by modern dentists everywhere—a health, as well as beauty, measure.

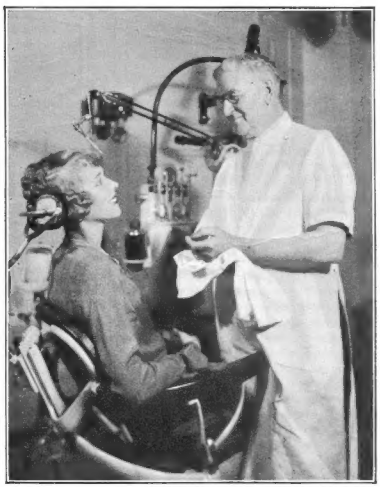
Send Coupon for 10-Day Tube Free

Following the widespread practice of daily removing film by Pepsodent a fast diminishing number of "serious" tooth and gum troubles are noted.

WHY dental science wants you to keep teeth dazzling white is a new and interesting chapter in modern health and beauty.

Teeth, we are told, cannot be white or sparkling unless they are kept free from dingy film that forms each day. And film, it's proved by exhaustive scientific study, fosters serious tooth and gum disorders.

Thus teeth and gums to be healthy must be kept beautiful. Today, in accordance with leading dental practice, film is removed by a *special film-removing dentifrice*, called Pepsodent. Made solely for this purpose because ordinary brushing fails to combat film successfully.



Sparkling teeth hold charm that others note and marvel at—for still many do not know how great a change Pepsodent can work.

FILM—What it leads to

Film is that slippery, viscous coating on your teeth. You can feel it with the tongue. It gets into crevices and clings so stubbornly that ordinary brushing fails to remove it successfully. Food discolors film and smoking stains it, thus teeth look dull and tarnished.

Film is the basis of tartar. It invites the acids of decay. Germs by the million breed in it. And germs, with tartar, are an accepted cause of pyorrhea.

Old ways having failed, dental science evolved this new practice in tooth care—*a special film-removing method* known as Pepsodent.

How new way removes film

Embodying, as it does, the most recent approved dental findings, Pepsodent acts to curdle and loosen film and then in gentle safety to the delicate enamel to remove it. This is the outstanding forward step in years of dental history and the study of oral hygiene.

Embodies other properties

Pepsodent acts to intensify the alkalinity of saliva and thus to neutralize the acids of decay caused by fermenting starch in food.

Pepsodent also aids to firm and harden gums to a healthy pink condition.

Thus, in all protective measures, Pepsodent marks the utmost science knows in a dentifrice.

Ten days will show you

Send for free tube to try. See how much whiter teeth will be ten days from now. Gums will be firmer—decay combated. This is the way most dentists urge.

Your dentist twice a year, and Pepsodent twice a day, offer you the best the world knows in modern tooth and gum care.

FREE—10-DAY TUBE

Mail coupon to

The Pepsodent Co.,
Dept. 137, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co.,
42 Southwark Bridge Rd. . . . **London**, S. E. 1, Eng.
191 George St. . . . . **Toronto** 2, Can.
(Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Av. **Sydney**, N. S. W.

Only one tube to a family 2299

PEPSODENT

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

ESTHER RALSTON

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

The astonishing life-story of a motion-picture star

BY

JIM TULLY

ESTHER RALSTON is, in the general opinion of film producers, too tall for a feminine film star. Five feet five and a half, she has yellow, spun corn-silk hair and vivid blue eyes. Born in Bar Harbor, Me., in the Fall of 1902, Esther Ralston will soon be twenty-six years of age. She has literally been on the stage since she was two years old.

Her father was a Shakespearian actor of the old school; one of those men not competent to make his vast dreams possible. His wife and five children were, like himself, theatrical vagabonds. His first interest was physical culture. While still a young man he began going afield to give lectures on this subject. He exhibited his oldest son, aged four, and Esther, aged two, as examples of children scientifically reared. To please the audience he devised simple acrobatic stunts for the children to do.

When Esther was four she had been taught to recite. She would walk upon the stage with yellow hair in a mass of curls and say:

O dandelion yellow as gold,
What do you do all day?
I just lie here in the tall green grass
Till the children come to play.

O dandelion yellow as gold,
What do you do all night?
I wait and wait till the cool dews fall
And my hair is long and white.

And what do you do when your hair is white,
And the children come to play?
They take me up in their dimpled hands
And blow my hair away.

After this recital the collection-box was always passed. The girl had made her first conquest of an audience. The recital never failed.

One of the boys stuttered. As soon as he was old enough he was taught a speech from Shakespeare. It began:

"Speak the speech, I pray you—trippingly on the tongue."

In all earnestness the son of the vagabond Shakespearian actor stumbled over the words. Everybody laughed but the little boy.

As a novelty Mr. Ralston had his children play adult rôles in such dramas as "The Merchant of Venice" and "Romeo and Juliet."

As the Ralstons were very poor their baggage was limited. They played in halls, school auditoriums, and the vacant storerooms of factories. They seldom enticed many people to the performances. But Mr. Ralston seemed to be a modern *Micawber:* his faith was firm that all would be well in the end.

Esther grew into a tall, thin girl. She was taught to play *Romeo*. Her brother, with painted cheeks and a wig of curls, played *Juliet*.

In each town visited by the Ralstons the children had little chance to become acquainted with other children. As their life was evidently lonely they would make friends with stray dogs in the towns and villages where they appeared.

During a very tragic scene of "The Merchant of Venice" when *Shylock* was pleading for his pound of flesh, a stray dog galloped from Esther's embrace and wandered without ceremony upon the stage. Not even Henry Irving would have been equal to the scene. Roars of laughter followed.

Upon another occasion in a Michigan town a violent gust of wind traveled over Lake Ontario and blew the door open. The door could easily have been shut again, of course. But the wind also blew a painted bush over which stood upon the stage. The bush may have been adjusted easily. But behind it stood the Ralston boy—arraying himself as *Juliet*. His golden curls were still in disarray. A pillow hung loosely about his chest for a bust. His black tights were long and wrinkled. He vanished from the scene. All the histrionic ability in the Ralston family did not succeed in making *Juliet* convincing on that windy night.

For some time the Ralstons made their headquarters in Brooklyn. They played in towns within easy traveling distance of New York. The troupe being a novelty, it met with some success at the fashionable Long Island hotels.

It was Esther who always gathered in the money. After each performance she donned a Gipsy costume and passed through the audience with a tambourine, which she used as a collection-plate. Her father watched the collection eagerly. Whether Mr. Ralston was aware of it or not, there was sound human psychology behind the use of the tambourine. One could always see the amount of money given. The evangelist who was later to use a rope had the same shrewd knowledge of human nature. One could not very well hang silver on a rope.

The performance finished in Long Island, the seven Ralstons would pack their Shakespearian costumes and go to Brooklyn on the subway. If they had reaped a fair harvest of nickels, dimes, and quarters Mr. Ralston would halt at the corner drug-store with his family. He would buy each member a dish of ice-cream

The family was generally without money. During one cold Winter the family lived close to the railroad-tracks. The children kept a special watch for passing coal-trains. It was Esther's duty to fill a basket with the warmth-giving fuel.

AS a result of moving constantly about the country, none of the children received a proper education. Mr. Ralston seemed to rely, during periods of financial stress and the neglect of Shakespeare by the populace, upon the local minister.

When Esther was fourteen years old her father gave up Shakespearian drama temporarily. He secured work at a motion-picture studio. The former physical culture teacher and actor now allowed lions to chase him in motion-picture comedies.

At that time James Young was directing his wife, Clara Kimball Young, in "The Deep Purple" at Fort Lee, N. J. Mr. Young needed girls in the rôles of angels. Esther's father got her a job in the picture.

The girl went to work with a light heart.

Each girl, dressed as an angel, was to throw roses in front of the camera. Not knowing that the camera would not photograph her after she had passed it several hundred feet, Miss Ralston threw roses until her stock was exhausted.

The girl who was later to earn more than a hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year received five dollars for ten hours' work.

Shortly afterward an infantile paralysis epidemic occurred in the East. Mr. Ralston became alarmed for his five children.

There seemed always in his mind a kernel of faith in his daughter's future. Motion-pictures were made on a large scale in California. With enough money to get his family of six to Kingston on the Hudson, where an engagement had been booked, Mr. Ralston started on a three-thousand-mile trek across the country.

When he arrived by boat with his brood at Kingston, the officials, fearing infantile paralysis, would not allow them to land. With no money, Mr. Ralston journeyed on to the next town. He passed the night with his family in the railroad-station.

No minister of the gospel ever failed Mr. Ralston. One helped his clan to the next town.

They were again stranded in Buffalo. The father called on a welfare committee. He was given enough means to enable him to take his family to Detroit. In this city a former friend of the family worked in an automobile-factory. The friend entertained his avalanche of visitors and helped them on to Kalamazoo.

IN THIS city was an insane asylum. Mr. Ralston secured an engagement to play "Romeo and Juliet" before the inmates. He and his family were well received, and they remained all night at the asylum.

This experience gave the resourceful Mr. Ralston an idea. He played with his family at several such institutions in the journey across the continent.

Handbills were passed out in each town. They read:

THE RALSTON FAMILY
METROPOLITAN ENTERTAINERS—WITH ESTHER "AMERICA'S GREATEST *Juliet*"
In scenes from Shakespeare, playlets, sketches, songs, dances, mimicry.
Permanent Address, Washington, D. C. Present Address, ——

The Ralstons are a bona-fide family of seven, father, mother, and five children; and, for the past five years, they have appeared in colleges, schools, Chatauquas, vaudeville and in the pictures. Senators, Representatives, Members of the Diplomatic Corps, and many in prominent positions have seen and enjoyed their perfomance. It is admirably suited to audiences of the best people—those with brains and refinement.

"Not only entertaining, but full of helpful instruction," says Mr. Jefferson Smith, State Secretary Y. M. C. A., Portland, Me. "Full of snap and interest," says Mr. Harry M. Harris, Committeeman, Portland, Ore. The costumes are gorgeous, "like scenes in fairy-land," says Mr. Charles M. Moore, Director Educational Alliance, New York. The company is second to no other of equal size. "One of the cleverest in the business," says the New York *World*. "The children make a specialty of playing heavy adult rôles; few if any others do this," says the Brooklyn *Eagle*. In general, a clean, novel, and wholesome performance, and, according to the Washington *Post*, "with none of the fun left out."

Beneath these words was a photograph of the family, beginning with Mr. Ralston and ending with the youngest child. They were grouped like a step-ladder.

When Clarence, the oldest boy, was sixteen years of age he acted as advance-man for the troupe. He arranged for all engagements and transacted the business generally. Before each performance Esther would step upon the stage and exclaim, "We are the Ralstons, Metropolitan Entertainers, in scenes from Shakespeare, playlets, sketches, songs, dances, mimicry."

She would then display the posters, saying:

"This is Howard as *Romeo*, and me as *Juliet*," and so on until all members of the family were included.

Now one of the most beautiful women on the screen, Esther Ralston was at this period a homely girl. Unfortunately, her mother allowed the girl's hair to remain in "curl-papers" during this talk. The mother's idea was to keep the hair in such papers so that it would accentuate its beauty in the performance which followed.

The afternoon performance was often given in a school auditorium. Schoolgirls would often take Esther home to

Continued on Page 92

The nation's best-liked beans in new perfection-Campbell's!

No other beans have ever approached Campbell's in popularity. Beans can be cooked in different ways. The public is given a wide choice. Great claims are made for each of the different methods of preparation. But year after year, Campbell's Beans out-sell all others—*by far*. Splendid Quality. Exclusive Flavor. Now these famous beans are newly perfected! Slow-cooked to a golden brown. Whole, yet deliciously tender. Flavored through and through with Campbell's irresistible tomato sauce. Once tasted—always selected!

Serve hot Serve cold

Slow-cooked Golden Brown

ANOTHER ACTUAL LETTER
FROM A
P AND G HOME

Jackie is the baby now – so *he* wears the "family jewels"

Procter and Gamble, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Gentlemen:

Your recent advertisement recalls my own P and G experience which began many years ago.

My first little daughter Marjorie went to her christening looking very sweet in a dainty little batiste dress her grandmother gave her. After its honors were done, the dress was put away until two years later when it was brought out for Marjorie's little sister. It was mussed and a little yellow but P and G freshened it up.

As a matter of sentiment I wanted each of my children to wear the "family jewels", so Dolly and Ethel too and finally a young son, Jackie, appeared in the same little dress at their christenings and on other state occasions. It has traveled with the family North, South, East and West, and has been washed in all kinds of water—hard and soft—but P and G has always kept it white and dainty.

Yours very truly,
Mrs. J. W. McMahon, *Roselle, New Jersey.*

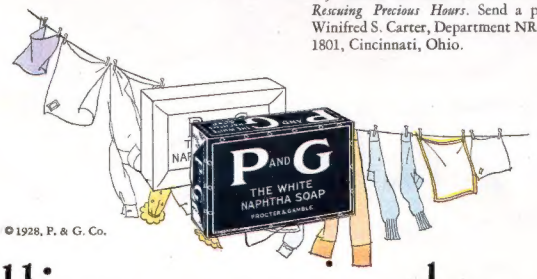
P and G *does* keep white clothes white. And because so little rubbing is required, colored clothes come from P and G tubbings fresh and bright. With any kind of water—hot, warm, cold, hard or soft—P and G works beautifully. Do you wonder that it is used by more women than any other soap in the world?

This unequalled popularity means that P and G is made in enormous quantities. And since large-scale manufacture costs less in proportion than small-scale manufacture, a very large cake of P and G can be sold to you for actually less than even ordinary soaps.

So—P and G costs less *because* it is so popular. And it is so popular because *it really is a better soap.*

PROCTER & GAMBLE

FREE—Rescuing Precious Hours. "How to take out 15 common stains—get clothes clean in lukewarm water—lighten washday labor." Problems like these, together with newest laundry *methods* are discussed in a free booklet—*Rescuing Precious Hours.* Send a post card to Winifred S. Carter, Department NR-7, P. O. Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.



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The largest-selling soap in the world

A FASCINATING AND REALISTIC NOVEL IN TWO PARTS

THE BRILLIANT LADY MARY

By E. BARRINGTON

PART ONE

The story of an alluring heroine who lived and loved in England's most glittering social period

Illustrations by Fortunino Matania

"LADY MARY'S SHOE WAS SLIPPED OFF TO JUSTIFY HER FATHER'S BOAST OF THE WHITE FOOT"

THE handsomest rake in London town was Evelyn Pierrepont, Marquis of Dorchester and later Duke of Kingston, and, being a young widower and therefore wary, he was the despair of all the accomplished huntresses of society, who (it may be allowed) were very far from being Dianas also. They owned him a glittering prey but subtle, and spread their nets, aim their arrows as they would, he was always showing them a clean pair of heels, with mockery in his fine eyes that enraged and enamored them. In a world where morality was a phrase and amusement a religion my Lord Marquis made naturally a pretty figure, and most of the fine ladies' gazette of gossip consisted of his sayings and doings.

It is true he had a nursery in his big houses in Arlington Street and Thoresby, and Holme Pierrepont, where were three babies and a girl of eight, but if these unfortunate children knew their parent by sight it was as much as could be said. Certainly the babies could not, and as for the girl of eight she admired that brilliant figure fearfully and from an awful distance, and wondered in her own mind what parents were for if one died and the other moved remote as a star tho as shining.

Now, it chanced that my Lord Marquis was a shining light at the Kit-Cat Club, an assemblage of gentlemen whose morality was by no means as polished as the wicked grace of their manners or bloom of their brocade coats with diamond buttons and embroidered waistcoats. Heavens, what a company! and such talk and behavior as not a well-born woman in London but would have given her ears to hear!

They had a pretty habit of engraving the names of their reigning beauties on the glasses they drank from, declaring they gave sparkle to the wine, and to have one's name engraved with a flourish on the glasses of the Kit-Cat Club was to be proud, triumphant, and assured as Venus stepping ashore from her rosy shell on the solid earth she was about to distract. Such a woman became instantly a fashionable Venus with all the domain, rights of fishing and hunting, and so forth, assured for—how long?

Ah, who can answer that question? It depended on such extremely questionable circumstances. It may easily be supposed that there was as much plotting and caballing to get on that list and the good graces of the Kit-Cat Club as to secure office when the King's Ministry went out and all the world was scrambling for the loaves and fishes. Sure this story could not be read by decent people were all the shifts to be revealed by which women endeavored to court those gentlemen's interest who had influence to sway the rest!

Well, on one particular night the Kit-Cat Club sat at wine and cards, the two being inseparable, and, the games being finished, Mr. Evelyn Greville, warm with wine, lifting his glass, read the name aloud and announced to the assembled company of forty gentlemen:

"There never was, is, or will be a more complete beauty than my Lady Aylmer, and I care not who denies it. What other blends the charms of blonde and brunette? Her eyes are long, brown, and languishing as a gazel's; her hair is golden as the nets of love. And her smile! No! Gentlemen, raise your glasses to Her Ladyship as Venus's own daughter!"

Of the forty gentlemen present thirty-nine rose to their feet like one man. Of the forty glasses thirty-nine were lifted high in air. One remained standing on the table with an indolent jeweled hand clasped about it. It was the Marquis of Dorchester's, and His Grace yawned.

Now, there are yawns which no sensible person can resent; the yawn slumberous, the yawn indolent, the yawn foolish. But there is also a yawn finely finessed as a cat's, delicately disdainful and haughty, as who should say:

"I permit your remarks to pass in silence because they are utterly contemptible and beneath my distinguished notice." And such was the yawn of my Lord Dorchester.

Mr. Greville, a man of family tho not of rank equal to his own, turned upon him instantly.

"My Lord Marquis, we are toasting a lady unrivaled for beauty—and I may add the easy good nature which makes beauty a blessing to every happy man warmed by its sunshine. By your own consent her name was engraved on the club glasses, and if I mistake not is on the very glass you hold. As a member of the Kit-Cat Club, the supreme judge of beauty, I have a right to say, 'Up with your glass, and drink the toast with honors!'"

Well and gallantly said, but His Lordship remained seated, the glass still clasped in his hand. He did not even raise those long lashes of his, brushed with gold along the tips, which were the envy of many a woman. Indeed a very beautiful and wicked young man, brave and cold, a slender steel blade sheathed in velvet.

He scarcely raised his voice, pronouncing the words as elegantly as he did all else.

"Sir, I also am a member of the club and beg leave to

remind you of a rule never broken. When any member can introduce a beauty more beautiful than the reigning lady the new toast comes first, and all honor it."

"Undoubtedly my Lord Marquis is in the right," said Lord Burlington, setting his untouched glass gravely on the table. "And such a weighty matter must be threshed out before we go further. Gentlemen and my lords, reseat yourselves and let us hear him."

All reseated themselves, Mr. Greville with an exceedingly bad grace, and no wonder! It was well known that the friendship between himself and the lovely Aylmer made him her sworn servant, and there were others present besides Mr. Greville who had a tender interest in that lady's heart and person which indeed was beauty's self.

The loveliness of her bosom had reduced the height of the fashionable corsage by two inches in front and had introduced the fashion of a tiny black patch placed in the valley where, between two hills of snow, it undulated, rose, fell, fluttered, to every sigh or smile of the lady whose unerring instinct had placed it where in a flash it must deal ruin to every man who had the misfortune to behold it.

To what has been told of her lovely, languishing eyes and hair must be added the item of a skin pure and velvety as the cream on a pan of Devon milk, and breathing blossoms which indeed the puckering rosebuds of her lips promised. They were shaped for kisses and showed no objection whatever to their destiny. Cataloging such charms, it will be seen that the Marquis with his protest was a daring infidel indeed.

He fingered his glass with a smile which bespoke victory, and spoke with an impudent grace which must have won even the fair Aylmer's forgiveness for his desertion.

"Why, my lords and gentlemen, Her Ladyship is a beautiful woman indeed. More than myself have a right to that opinion on the subject. But there are spots on the sun, mountains in the moon, and—need I allude to the feet which support our goddess? They are not such as would be kissed or pressed panting to a manly heart. Her hand is lovely—a white rose-petal to lie in a man's and receive his kisses until, as his courage mounts, the celebrated black patch is attained.

"But her feet! Did you think, my lords and gentlemen, that she wore her dresses so long for modesty? The gods avert the hideous thought! It was intention, as it always should be with a beauty, and the fact is one foot is larger than the other—considerably. Now, here we have a flaw in the pearl. Nor the only one. Who can say the lovely Aylmer has as much intellect as would lie on a guinea? For my part I desire brain in a woman to rise with the sun and set with the moon's appearance. We want a sparkling companion in daylight, a swooning enchantress at night. Did Her Ladyship ever sparkle? Will any gentleman assert that she did?"

THERE was a pause and doubtful silence. The Marquis adjusted a falling ruffle and continued.

"Her ears too are so carefully hidden that I seized my chance with discretion on a confidential occasion and kissed a curl aside. They were ordinary. Entirely ordinary. Now, *my* beauty——"

A deep indrawn breath of suspense ran through the assemblage. Men leaned forward, unwilling to lose a shadow of a shade of meaning. My Lord Marquis's taste vouched for the unknown.

"My beauty is flawless from head to heel, and—mind you—I speak from sight. She is white and rose as snows at dawn. Her little feet are marvels, with nails of pink coral. Her limbs such as sculptors might adore; her hands a dimple at each knuckle (revolting word!). Her features perfection and all asparkle with life and intelligence—the dainty rogue! and her laugh like crystal tinkling on silver. Heavens! I grow a poet in speaking of the beauty and yet have left unsung the miracle of her eyes and hair, curls that twist about your finger as they involve your heart in perfumed tendrils. I have done. Will you drink her, my lords and gentlemen?"

There was a general shout:

"Her name! Her name!"

MY LORD hesitated with a wicked smile, curling the corners of an extremely well-cut lip.

"I can scarcely give it without Her Ladyship's permission. And yet—I think if she were here she would give it laughing!"

"And why not here?" questioned bold Lord Burlington. "After all, a very gay adventure for any lady!"

"If she did not value her reputation!" supplemented Mr. Greville. "It would certainly gallop about the town that Mrs. Such-and-such had spent an evening with the Kit-Cat Club, and then—Heaven help her! What! are we a set of monks, of——"

The Marquis's gay laugh cut across his sentence.

"I dare swear my lady has no reputation to lose, so she can not injure it by paying us a visit!"

"I have it! I have it!" cried another. "It is Mrs. Bracegirdle, the lovely actress. No, she can scarcely crack what is already broken to smithereens. Bring her, Your Lordship!"

The Marquis rose slowly—a most splendid figure in his coat of lilac velvet and satin knee-breeches. His waistcoat was embroidered in silver thistles and their blowaways—What lady could resist the entreaties of such a gentleman with his marquisate to back him? Indeed it was reported that his Marchioness had died lacerated by the jealous looks and furies of the women who would have torn him from her with hawks' claws and, as a matter of fact, did. Few men indeed could beat on his own ground Evelyn Pierrepont, Marquis of Dorchester, and Duke of Kingston-to-be.

"My lords! Gentlemen! With your permission I will go put myself at the beauty's feet, and entreat her to display her lovelinesses to the eyes best qualified to judge them, and by your verdict I will stand or fall. And I will wager one thousand pounds with any gentleman who will take me that she comes. It is just before entering on this wager to state that I have an influence on the lady which makes it difficult if not impossible for her to disoblige me."

Four gentlemen, among them Mr. Greville and Lord Burlington, instantly took him, and the bets were booked. His Lordship turned to the door. All rose and bowed with ceremony, and I dare swear there was not a man but turned and fingered his lace cravat and ruffles before the long glass in black and gold presented to the club by Lord Hervey. Much beauty had it reflected, but of the male side of creation. No woman's face had ever swum siren-like in its depths; and among the men present not one believed that even the Marquis could fetch the charmer on a visit. True he had owned she had no reputation to lose, but not a man could believe, even with this. The most reckless woman in London would not trust herself among such a set of heart-breakers and reputation-crushers as the gentlemen of the Kit-Cat Club.

"An empty boast!" yawned Lord Sandwich. "Dorchester thinks no woman can resist him, but I know one that did!"

"Heavens, no! Who? Where?"

"His wife! Yes, gentlemen, I happen to know there was a scene in which Her Ladyship declared that if his kisses were for all, hers were for one and that one not he!"

"Rat me, what a spitfire!" cried Mr. Greville. "If they took to that sort of retaliation——!"

"Why, my good sir, they took to it directly Adam turned his back on Eden. The difference the Marchioness made was only that she announced her intention."

"And did she carry it out?" asked Lord Burlington with curiosity only languid because the Marchioness was dead and no hopes there.

"My lord, that is a secret known to but one man, and he will not reveal it—no, not even to the Kit-Cat Club." He smiled a secret smile.

"'I WAS TAKEN TO WHITEHALL AND TO SEE THE KING, WHO DESIRED MY PRESENCE, AND HE BID ME BE A GOOD GIRL'"

OUTSIDE the night was very dark, a young moon, slender and shy as when first she kissed Endymion, hiding her face immediately behind a fleece of cloud, hung over the roofs, deplorably pale and alarmed at the behavior of the world below her. A few oil-lamps here and there as miserably aided her efforts to light the cobbled streets and the pools and puddles collected in their holes. Naturally the Marquis would return in his chariot as he had gone, for no lady's delicate, high-heeled shoes could trip along these caverns and hillocks of broken stones. But tho there was much noise the stately rumble of a chariot did not dominate it.

"He won't come—and more fool if he did. He's amusing himself with the lady at home. It was all a flam. Get out the cards again and have done with it. I've won a thousand pounds!" said Mr. Greville with a yawn that showed the back of his throat, his long puce-satin legs stretched out before him.

"Much depends on where he had to fetch her from. I back Dorchester," says Lord Umfraville, with his eye on a repeater the size of a May turnip. "I give him ten minutes more. I feel curious to see the lady for whom he could vouch from head to heels. She must be a shameless little hussy. Perhaps she will permit us the same test."

A distant rumble. The shout of a footman desiring the people to clear out of my Lord Marquis's way, the trot of horses, the rattle of the cobbles. Coming! Coming! Alone or accompanied? A volleying fire of bets sprang up and circled the room. "She will!" "She won't!" "No woman ever did!" "This one will!" In the ten minutes of approach thousands of pounds were staked on the lady's determination. The chariot drew up at the door and not a man stirred, because all felt it was a dramatic occasion and they the audience. Heavens, how long he took to the door. But there was the

sound beside him of delicate feet, high-heeled, tip-tapping on polished boards.

The door opened, and my Lord Marquis, hat under his arm, appeared leading a lady—a pocket Venus indeed!

"The Lady Mary Pierrepont!" the lackey shouted. My Lord Marquis added serenely, "My daughter, my lords and gentlemen!" and the door closed and shut consternation within it.

He put back her hood, and a girl of eight confronted them—not confused, not shy, full of eager interest. Her father lifted her on the table, and she stood there like a porcelain figure, hands beside her held stiffly down in the manner of a child who would be after the jam-pots if she did not constrain herself. But there was no immobility about those bright, dark eyes shaded to extravagance, with curling lashes and therefore the brighter in shadow.

They darted hither and thither, brushing Mr. Greville, resting for a breath on Lord Burlington, signaling attraction or indifference in every quick glance. Her father's voice made itself heard, he standing so close behind her that with a touch she might have leaned on his shoulder if she would. But she did not attempt to.

"I have nothing to add to my remarks before I carried Lady Mary Pierrepont hither. Nor would it be desirable that we should discuss the matter before her. Gentlemen, it is now in your hands."

There was a gentleman there who thought there was something to pity in the folly of the young father and the position of the girl as she stood before them. Being something of a reader—an unusual qualification in those days—it gave him a notion of a slave bazaar and a fair creature stood up to command a spirited bidding, her fate uncertain whichever way it might fall. And it is to be owned the doubt struck him whether the Marquis, whose rakeries were an expensive occupation, might not have the motive hidden behind a frolic and wager to get her talked of as a beauty even before she was launched on the world.

A man inclined to be grave beyond his twenty-six years, he had not entered the flying wagers himself, and so stood a little apart, thinking that had the mother been alive the girl had certainly not been stood up as a target for the eyes of the most accomplished rakes of London.

BUT certainly the father and daughter made a beautiful pair of it. The Marquis has been described, birth and beauty in every line of him as in every letter of his name. But the daughter outshone him. And why? She had his beauty unflawed, but from her mother, Lady Mary Feilding, daughter of the Earl of Denbigh, and cousin to the famous author of "Tom Jones"; she had more, and what her father could not give her. He liked a jest as well as any and to loll and be amused by a light-tongued, pretty rattle who would melt into kisses and think no thought but what was bounded north, south, east, and west by London town and its vices and gaieties.

But it had not been so with his Marchioness, and therein perhaps lay the flaw that had cracked the costly vase of their matrimonial happiness and left it in shards fit only for the ancient dustman who sweeps up all the potsherds when there is no more use for them in the world we know. She had been a proud woman, reserved and silent, a reader and one who reflected on what she read. So to make a long story short, the young Lady Mary inherited bright brows full of intelligence and swift questioning of men and things, so glittering, so keen, that her eyes might have been hard even with eight years' experience but for the level, silken brows above them and lovely darkening lashes.

Already it could be seen she had the art to use those as a screen to conceal the play of keen glances darting here and there and engraving impressions on the tablet of her little, active brain. The molding of her face was lovely—heart-shaped as a lover would have it, and poised on a most delicately beautiful throat supporting a chin with Venus's own signet in a heavenly dimple beneath a mouth curved full and ripe, the lower lip twin cherries. Hair all but black, catching a copper tinge in the wave of it in ripplets and tendrils over a milky forehead, and surrounding the face with a lovely background for its golden bloom.

And with all this beauty she had the air of a healthy girl who drank up her milk and ate her bread and butter well, for her small body was straight and slender as a lath, well set on fine little legs, promising height and strength. A charming creature indeed, tho the grave young man aforesaid judged that tho a pretty toy enough for the Marquis now she would be apt to give him trouble later. There was concealed strength—not to mention observation—under all the beauty as she stood on the table and looked about it.

"My lord, why am I here?" she dropped into the silence. "I like it. But why am I here?"

The quaintest thing!—in a velvet dress down to her ankles, and ruffles at the sleeves, the exact copy of a modish woman; her bright hair tied up with ribbon rosettes. And when she spoke, the customary formality of address to a father, combined with the innocence of the words, and all in a voice of silver, conquered the audience.

Lord Burlington led with a hearty laugh, and suddenly all the men broke into thundering applause, clapping their hands and shouting:

"The new toast! My Lady Mary Pierrepont!"

When it subsided Lord Burlington added aloud:

"A beauty unparalleled, and if I mistake not, a wit-to-be. The only toast who has done the club the honor to visit us and claim our suffrages!"

"My lords and gentlemen, have I won my wagers?" called the Marquis, standing flushed and handsome behind the victress, and a great shout reassured him in which even Mr. Greville, the loser, joined. There was something in the circumstance that touched them to more than admiration. They were loose livers, true, but not a few of them felt a touch of pity for the child brought there to face them by her rake of a father. Her very pleasure in her glory was moving. They crowded about her and kissed her little hands.

Delicacies were ordered and set before her. Her shoe was slipped off to justify her father's boast of the white foot, pink-tipped, which presented itself to adoration and received its meed of kisses also. Mercy! how she queened it! How the woman in her struggled in the child's soul and made her shy, condescending, bold, afraid, half enamored of all these splendid gentlemen so much at her service! Orders were given that her name and style should be engraved on every glass, that her ribbons should be cut up for a souvenir for every gentleman present, that—but why proceed? They made a darling of her for the moment and were enchanted to see her blush and bloom into conquest.

"SHE shall make a speech and drink all your healths!" cried the imprudent parent, radiant with delight at the success of his venture. "Yes, she can! She shall! She shall speak unprompted. Lady Mary, these noblemen and gentlemen have done you the honor to applaud your face and to receive you as a toast, and it behooves you to make a speech of becoming gratitude. Will you do so?"

"First I would know what is a toast?" says Her Ladyship, now on a chair at the head of the table between her father and Lord Burlington. Lord Burlington took up the tale.

"Madam, a toast is a lady so beautiful that when gentlemen are at their wine they raise their glasses and drink to the eternal health of the Queen of Beauty, the Empress of Hearts. As such you have been chosen by the Kit-Cat Club."

She knitted her soft brows a little over this assertion, then looked up in his face.

"If I am queen, does it mean that those gentlemen will do what I tell them?"

"Certainly, Madam, it means so."

"Then I bid them keep me here and not let me go home. I am very happy in such good company, and at home it is dull and lonesome, and Mrs. Blayney locks me up when she would entertain her lovers. Pray keep me here, and I will sing for you all and tell you stories."

ONE gentleman present felt a slight constriction in his throat, this was said so innocently. He knew the great houses of the Marquis—Kingston House, Arlington Street, and Thoresby, and what not—and it was very imaginable to him that a motherless child might wander there solitary as a haunting ghost of dead Springtimes with her handsome father away on his amusements. But the remark produced a roar of thoughtless applause and cries for a speech, and Lady Mary, after an admonitory tweak from her father not to expose the threadbare places of home life, was lifted by him and stood on the table to make her oration.

Again, there was that one man present who was never to forget the little figure standing there and opening bright lips to speak among men whose histories were each one an insult to her sex—that is to say, with one exception. She did not hold her hands stiffly now, being more at home, but clasped them loosely in each other before her. Her child's voice fell on the silence and all the standing men like crystal falling on silver.

"Dear gentlemen, I thank you for much kindness. I did not know I was so beautiful, but now will never forget it. But I wish I might remain with you and amuse you every evening. I have read all the books in the library and can speak French. I would willingly stay with you forever. I could love you all—and you already love me——"

If a man or two were inclined to snigger, they were in the

"THE NEWCOMER EYED HER WITH ADMIRATION, BECAUSE A PRETTIER YOUNG WOMAN NEVER FELL ASLEEP BENEATH A BEECHTREE"

minority; the others heard in silence. My Lord Marquis laughed a little uncomfortably.

"Don't be too long, Lady Mary. The art of a speaker is to leave all wishing for more. Thank the gentlemen and let us go. Little girls should not be abroad at eleven by the clock."

This confused her. She stuttered and stammered and lifted her little hand as if to wave good-by and dropped it.

"Dear gentlemen, I thank you very much, and bid you farewell and all happiness, for you have made me happy."

Again they crowded round her and kissed her hands and praised and comforted her, for tears were beading on long lashes. Madam's hood was brought, and she was smothered in velvet and swan's-down. My Lord Marquis took the hand of my Lady Mary Pierrepont, and she dropped her little curtsy at the door, very elegantly performed, and the gentlemen made a body-guard to the chariot and so stood to see the chariot roll off to Arlington Street, jumbling on its heavy springs, and the great night of her life was ended.

"The poor child!" says Lord Sandwich. "Dorchester shouldn't have brought her, and yet— I wonder what she will be in eight years' time. It will not surprize me if she pays off to our sex the debt her father has run up with her own. A beauty with wit to back her is a dangerous antagonist."

"I don't prognosticate happiness for such a child," said Mr. Wriothesley. "I could see intuition in her eye already, and, good Heaven, to think of her browsing at large in such a library as Thoresby! Plain-spoken for a man, not to mention a girl. I shouldn't be surprized if her little Ladyship meant a gay little quip in promising to love us all at large, and knew what she meant better than we supposed. I shall hold her to it when she is seventeen and note whether she blushes or leers."

The young man aforesaid, standing at his shoulder, spoke suddenly.

"I should have thought any one might know a child's innocence half dazzled with praise and compliments. She believed in them as in heaven. My Lord Sandwich, you and I are kinsmen, and I remind you of your own little Lady Anne. For my part I think my Lord Marquis did extremely ill to bring her here. It will give her false notions. She will not be the better for it all her life."

"Mr. Montagu is perhaps right, tho a little judgmatic for his years. Still, 'twas a pretty evening, and the girl will be a shining beauty unless I mistake. She will make a great marriage some day. Well—good go with the new toast!"

They turned to their cards and drink and forgot her, tho later the little lovely figure recurred to their thoughts now and again, and they would ask Dorchester how the paragon was behaving herself, and was she in high looks, and so forth. Dorchester, jumbling home in the chariot with the paragon beside him and reviewing the evening, was inclined to think he had let the wine get the better of him and mislead him. The Kit-Cat Club was certainly no place for a girl, and the story embellished with every kind of exaggeration would be over the town next day.

IT WAS a bachelor court at the time, Queen Mary having died some years before, and King William, the Oranger, living in a morose gloom surrounded by his Dutch Keppels and Bentincks; and the fact of no woman presiding at court, save for the influence of his mistress, Elizabeth Villiers, gave a loose to very free talk and manners in society, and so far it might not injure the girl. But on the other hand King William was growing feebler daily, his asthma gaining a strangling hold on his pinched chest, and the moment he dropped, the Princess Anne would ascend the throne, and a female reign with all its virtues and moralities set in.

Would it injure the girl when the time came for her to take her place in the great world if the good Queen Anne should say, "What—wild Dorchester's daughter! -the girl who made her entry at the Kit-Cat Club? No, thank you, no loose behavior here!"

And there would be the venomous Duchess of Marlborough, wife of the great soldier, to whisper in the ear of her crowned slave, "The girl is no fit company for the maids of honor if Your Majesty wishes any decency among them!" And so he might have drowned her before she learned to swim.

Again, he had remarked young Edward Wortley Montagu among the men—the last thing he would have chosen happened—the grandson of the last Lord Sandwich, the great Admiral. Montagu was no member of such a rakehell club. He had come as the guest of Lord Sandwich, and was certainly himself no rake tho an extremely fine gentleman, and was more attracted to literature and the company of literary men than to the coarse amusements in vogue in the modish sets of men and women.

It was known that he chose the company of such men as Addison and Steele, and it had been rumored about town that his acquaintance with the brilliant and loose-tongued Congreve, the dramatist, might result in a drama from young Mr. Montagu's own inspired pen. Not that people believed such a condescension possible in one of the noble house of Montagu, but the rumor, like a straw, showed which way the wind blew and might be taken as an admission that Mr. Montagu was an unusual young man—a character indeed in these drinking, gambling, wenching days.

Moreover, it appeared to my Lord Marquis that there had been cold disapproval in the gray eye that had dwelt on the poor fluttered toast perched on the table, this thought being followed by the reflection that Edward Wortley Montagu would have been the ideal, the perfect match for his little Lady Mary when she should attain years of discretion. Quite sufficiently good-looking, eminently well born, possessed of an entirely desirable income and estates, who could better suit a girl whose intellect might presage alarming developments, whose portion would be by no means large enough to attract suitors in crowds?

"YES, I've been a fool!" he thought, drawing up the rattling window against the cold night air.

"My lord," said a little voice beside him, "I beg you take me again to that delightful place; I was never so happy in my life. Mrs. Blayney calls me frog-face when she has the spleen, which is often, and no one has a kind word for me. I would wish to return to their company. 'Twas like living in a poem of Chaucer's—all knights and ladies and—" He scarcely heard at first, then turned angrily on her.

"You'll never see the place again, and I was a darned fool to take you there at all. It has set fire to your vanity, and Heaven knows no woman's vanity needs a spark, being combustible enough in itself. Let me never hear a word more of this folly, and if you say a word of it to Mrs. Blayney I'll whip you black and blue. If she asks, tell her you were carried to a party at the home of Lady Anglesey."

She said no more, shrinking into her corner. The sunshine had darkened into rain and she wept silently. Never again to see those beautiful, devoted admirers in velvet and gold and diamonds! The doors of romance shut against her after one dazzling unclosing and she left a beggar-girl at the gate! Despair—black, brooding despair such as is known only to a child who can have none of man's wisdom to tell her that grief has its turn as surely as delight. But trained in silence and obedience, she said no more, and when they reached the house my Lord Marquis took himself back to the club, and Mrs. Blayney, a florid woman of forty-four, took possession of the child and undressed her and put her to bed.

Not, however, without sifting the young lady through finest meshes of suspicious curiosity. For what should the Marquis dash back and drag her out of bed and have her tossed off in her finery if not for something which it would certainly interest the household to hear?

Lady Mary, stripped to her white skin, nursing one foot by the fire like an elf on a mushroom, looked up at her with darkling eyes.

"I was taken to Whitehall and to see the King, who desired my presence, and when I made my curtsy he bid me be a good girl and read every book I could lay my hand on and I should come to honor and have a place at court. And he gave me this on parting."

She drew out a pretty gimcrack which had jingled at Lord Burlington's watch-fob among his seals, a sort of locket set with garnets and crystals and a tiny miniature of the late Queen Mary, haughty and handsome, within it. So far it carried out the story.

"Good Heaven, and what like was His Majesty?" cried Mrs. Blayney, deeply impressed.

"He was little and wizened and mighty thin, wheezing and rattling like an old bellows and a blue ribbon across his breast," proceeded the romancer.

"Aye, aye, that's just him," muttered the stout Mrs. Blayney. "But I thought he was at Kensington Palace. However, go on."

"AND he said, 'And I hope, my Lady Mary, that you are kindly treated and not thwarted, for I perceive you are to be a beauty, and a beauty must have her way.' He said that twice, Mrs. Blayney, and I should think if you beat me again, as you do so often, that you will hear of it, for I shall write to His Majesty and remind him I am not to be beaten any more. And now I desire you will go away and leave a light burning, for I must now go to sleep."

There was a stateliness upon her which Mrs. Blayney could but attribute to contact with royalty, and she retired in some dismay; but when it appeared on inquiry next morning that His Majesty was extremely ill at Kensington Palace and the story a fairy-tale, it may be supposed that the thrashings the poor child received were as frequent and hearty as the morality of the times demanded.

In more ways than one that night left its impress upon her body and mind.

When Lady Mary Pierrepont had reached the age of eighteen her outlook on the world was tinged with bitterness, and no wonder. My Lord Marquis was still handsome, still at large, profoundly interested in his own amusements and careless of his daughter's.

She had spent the intervening years chiefly at Thoresby, the great echoing family place in the country, and in a solitude which would have been appalling but that she tempered it with study, and only escaped being a bluestocking by right of beauty. For Thoresby was thirty miles away from any society that pleased her, and thirty miles in a lumbering chariot through mud-swamps out of which chariot and lady must be dug when the horses got stogged, and with the risk of dashing highwaymen thrown in, was what no young woman in her senses would undertake unless for a stronger inducement than any she knew at present.

Therefore, having routed Mrs. Blayney with great slaughter, a circumstance which befell when Lady Mary had attained the ripe age of fourteen, she became her own mistress, and mistress of the great lonely house with its neglected park and gardens, and began very naturally to ask herself what kind of face life would turn to her. She had never forgotten that blazing night of triumph at the Kit-Cat Club. It had faded from the memory of the gentlemen who made her court—new names glittered on the glasses so steadily filled and emptied—and except for a very occasional and careless question to my Lord Dorchester as to the pretty child it was as tho it had never been. Only the girl remembered—and one other.

But his memory was not keen enough, it seemed, to urge him to any search after the lost star. When she was taken up to London at the age of thirteen to hold up Queen Anne's train in her coronation, in company with the other noble maidens, Hydes and Seymours, who shone on that occasion, it was allowed that none could compare with Lady Mary Pierrepont, and great things were prophesied for her through the circlet of a wedding-ring. But alas! her careless father would be at no avoidable expense, and the budding beauty was hustled down again into the country weeping her lovely eyes out.

NO GIRL could be more lonely. It is true she was on duty when her father came down, and in his political interest entertained the squires and clergy about in great dinners, with a coarse plenty of provisions suited to coarse tastes, and then the slim, dark-eyed Lady Mary must, as became the daughter of the house, pin up her ruffled sleeves and carve the giant joints which crowded the table. She must not flinch if a whole pig were set before her dressed the German way and divided into quarters tossed in melted bacon. She must see that every man present had his share of the brains, the oysters, and the herbs, with quick, deft slices, and not an oyster more to one man than the other lest a vote be lost to her father's party at the next election.

Seated at the head of the table, trying to be the pretty, behaved young lady to men whose only interests were the crops and hunting, she carved and carved until her little arms were stiff and weary and the eyelids almost closing over tired eyes. Those horrible feasts, with "soops and ragoos," and her father imperturbably gay and polite at the other end of the table, and herself ministering to stomachs which appeared to have unlimited capacity—what wonder if she rejoiced when the wine began to produce loud, excited argument and her father made a signal for the prisoner's release?

Off she flew to the library, where yellowing busts of Roman emperors and fading pictures of high-born and starched ancestors and their ladies looked down upon her proceedings in dumb astonishment. She kept a diary, so her own feelings can be known. Item:

"There was a dinner to-day of thirty men in my father's interest, and sure it would be easier to entertain the cattle from the house-farm! I declare their feeding more delicate, and their manners more agreeable!

"The second dish I must serve was boiled pig and eels, and, Heaven forgetting me, I forgot to serve Mr. Wilkins with a portion of eel in addition to pig, crawfish, pettitoes, and a medley of vegetables in the broth. I saw him sullen, and bowed, smiling, to ask if the helping was to his liking.

"'Why, my lady,' says he, 'I don't think—no, not I—as in serving a dinner there should be favor showed to one above another, and I likes my titbits, I does! Here's Mr. Warner beside me has four fine bits of eel each so long's your finger, and I not one. If there's orders given as I'm not wanted here tell me straight out and I'm off—'

"The brute half hoisted himself in his chair, and I saw His Lordship's eye gleam from the other end, and heard his voice ring like a sword:

"'Are you dreaming, my lady? Pray attend to my excellent friend Mr. Wilkins.'

"Scarlet, I fished about with a spoon in the thick gravy and roots and found half a dozen chunks of eel. He took them, and I might hear him eat in the library, where I was dismissed later. But—odd rabbit me! as Mr. Wilkins exclaimed, what a life! Shall I despair and toss myself in the lake to fatten the carp for table, or shall I swear to make myself somewhat, somehow, and climb out of it all? I believe I could if I would, and if study does something for men why not for me? But oh! for London, London, and

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The way of a wife with a man who thought he was deceiving her

SECOND HONEYMOON

By

NATHALIE SEDGWICK COLBY

Illustration by Addison Burbank

"SHE HADN'T PLAYED ALL OVER THE WORLD, BEGINNING IN SMALL TOWNS AT SIXTEEN, WITHOUT KNOWING A MAN WHEN SHE SAW ONE"

SHE was beautiful. Frequently it slapped at her from her dressing-table mirror at six. During the day she was apt to forget it, she was so busy. She knew too, at this moment, that if she slipped down the blue tea-gown in which her husband said she looked like a Madonna there wouldn't be a break in perfection clear to her toes.

"And what good does it do me when the one thing that matters is wrong?" she asked of her white face, round which she was closing hair as slick as a helmet. "What good?" For the whole of her life seemed to her like a badly written book. She was in the middle of the volume now, or at whatever page thirty—last birthday—would reach, and if it were another woman's story she wouldn't bother to finish it.

"What good is a lie buried under a mass of detail," she'd ask, "except to throw in the scrap-basket?" And in the end, tossing them into final flames, perhaps that's the way that judgment-day would dispose of John and Joan Murray.

But how could one be responsible? she thought as she marked the line of her lips with a stick, for in a home one grew one's book, so to speak, like a plant. One didn't have a free hand with oneself—one developed so ignorantly.

And she wondered if all the other women who lived in houses and flats with prosperous husbands and children were hiding a lie as she did, tinkling most days at luncheon: "I haven't done a thing to-day, but I'm busy every minute."

Applying the powder-puff—it did seem an infernal nuisance to have to find the lie there in the morning, waking John up at half past seven; to lean across it (for she felt it like that, a barrier between the twin beds) to tap him gently: "Get up, John," as she noticed with a pang the hair turning gray on his temples.

She'd get out of bed, thinking: It's going on forever; clutching her wrapper because she didn't want John to see her in her nightgown any more. He'd look: "You dear little prude!" which made her perfectly tired (she was so far from that) as she hurried through her bath into her dress to pour out his coffee at the breakfast-table. "Will you have it strong this morning, dear?" "Maggie, bring the toast hot," and she'd open his eggs, hand him his papers, listening to how some one or other had always said: "Your husband is a remarkable man."

Posturing before me, like David dancing in the Bible, she thought now (for secretly she had a comic sense). And would David have had to dance if he and his wife hadn't started their life on a lie?

John will posture before me forever, she was sure, closing the drawer—forever, and go on calling me his little woman, his little saint, little sanctuary when he gets maudlin, covering me up with figures of speech so he can go on leading his odious life!

That's what a lie made out of marriage, something that would look perfect grouped around a phonograph on a magazine-cover, or that would sell nicely for the movies. But tear off the rind and what were he and she? A John and Joan staring at each other, blind and strange as two statues.

Strangers! And she took out his smoking-jacket and green slippers, in which, if she wanted to please him, she would call him a sheik—for one could hand out flattery to a stranger.

Strangers! She wanted to cry, brushing the jacket now, pulling out yesterday's handkerchief with one hand, holding a fresh one with the other, when a stale smell came from her fingers.

Cheap perfume! she thought. That's the way these creatures economize—never on their underclothes. So another lie was beginning! Certainty went right through the delicate weave of her life, striking like a hammer on the raw spot that a leaf would have hurt. Another lie! Locked in anguish, she stood there, the handkerchief dangling. For a wife knew things in little ways. Not through letters or telephones or by wild women rushing into the home as they do in a theater, saying: "He's my man in the sight of God." That would be simple, wouldn't it? One could strike, one could murder, one could bathe the home-wrecker in gallons of vitriol kept for the purpose. "I'm going mad," she thought, seeing gallons of vitriol. "Sure cure for strumpet-rot," sealed for use in the linen-closet.

Oh, no, things were more settled than that, and in the bathroom she washed her hands in hot water and soap, scrubbing away the scent of that horrible handkerchief as she'd washed away before the stubs of green tickets he used to take that lumpy stenographer (who lasted eight months exactly) to the theater with. As she used to scrub away the taint of anonymous telegrams from that obtuse actress (she thought the woman would never fade out), which, when she pinned them to his cushion, he explained were stock-messages coded. But more than the scent of the woman, she scrubbed the lie off her hands now.

For one woman was the same as another—the stenographer had shown her that—destroying forever that image of a husband and father, handed to her by her parents like a marriage certificate, of a stern captain at his post, forever navigating the family bark on a turbulent sea.

That stenographer had put John back into life for her. She knew where she was at now, saw him not on a pedestal, but as a child with a dreadful capacity for getting into scrapes (he'd paid the stenographer thousands, and Heaven knew how much more to the actress). She could see him any way at all after ten years if he wouldn't lie to her forever and ever.

For it smutted her up like a smoke-screen, and she knew suddenly that if there weren't truth between them she'd smother, she'd burst, for the lie could roll up until she lay, a strange grandmother, dead perhaps, next a strange grandfather, covered by one tombstone—a permanent visiting-card inscribed: "Not divided in death."

HOW could she uncover the truth? she thought, going into the nursery, where a lie could drop like a curtain between a man and this lovely baby on a pillow, that had gurgled in the air this morning at the end of John's arms. For a baby could tarnish and get stale, while a lie could keep on outside, luring and changing. It could get between John and his son Ned's Jack-o'-lantern face, catching a gleam now from the hall light, calling: "Tell me a fairy-story, Mother, please; the one you promised," for Ned would take sides.

She could hear him saying "I choose mother" distinctly as she went on about the prince pursuing the princess, ending in "happily ever after." "Just like you and father," he said as she kissed him good-night, pulling the screen round his bed, leaving just enough time to run down the hall, calling: "Dry every leaf of the salad, Maggie. Mr. Murray is very particular about his salad," before the door banged and she heard him call: "Joan!" just exactly as he had called her every night for ten years.

And the whole apartment, that had been a stage set and waiting, became interesting at once. The fire in the sitting-room would warm him; he would sit in his chair by the lamp. The birds were just ready to be eaten. Her own self belonged entirely to this man coming toward her, the smell of whose coat she adored, the dampness of his face——

If she were only mistaken about the old handkerchief. But no! For he was patting her in a disposing way, saying: "Your old husband always comes back tired from his work." Great big-man stuff, which meant, "You are my image, safe and blind." She knew, she knew, so she slipped out of his arms, brought him his velvet coat, his green slippers. "You look like a sheik," she said, the lie thickening between them, smothering her as she watched him eating his bird and his salad at table.

"One way or another I'll smash it to-night." She decided that flat, in the corner of the sitting-room sofa, knitting and watching him, half asleep now, only the dinner working in him, sinking down in his easy chair, his feet on the fender.

THAT'S the way a man liked to see his wife—quiet and peaceful, knitting something for the children. All day he'd carried her and the baby and Ned in his mind, all of them waiting for him to come to them out of the ruck and filth of the day, a warrior, to his tent.

"He's putting on armor." Clicking her needles, she watched his chest rising a little.

For he was proud of the way he kept her happy, God bless her, never suspecting he was human. And the thought of her innocence washed tenderness over him, so he pitied the men at the club this afternoon, sitting in tobacco-smoke, spitting and spitting. "What my wife hasn't found out about me," Ed Jenks said, settling down into leather, and every one knew how Monte's wife made him sore the way he kept dodging her telephones. Himself sitting there hadn't a word to say, for thank Heaven he hadn't married a woman with a sense of humor, and she was purer than other women.

"He's placing me as his Madonna now," she knew, meeting his smile. When he looked like that she could easily go away with another man and smash the lie with a letter left on his pillow. But no—there were the children.

"Knitting, dear?" he asked.

"Yes, knitting." That imbecile question was all he found to say to her, and yet there was his thought just as plain: "I've got a new woman beginning" written in his silly look, spreading. Suppose she said, "Dark or fair?" suddenly. But no! That wouldn't do. He would say his little woman was nervous (remembering the coded telegrams). No, she must find some other way, and she watched his newest adventure erase the strong lines from his face.

For the woman from Toloosa had come into his office that afternoon. Heavens, what a woman! "Howdy!" she'd said, and grinned at him across his desk, and one saw at once she knew a man through and through.

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"SHE REALLY MUST GET SOME NEW CLOTHES. EVERY ONE HAD SEEN THESE DOZENS OF TIMES"

RELATIVELY SPEAKING

This cleverly written story once more proves how seldom relatives are properly appreciated

BY ELAINE STERNE CARRINGTON

Illustrations by C. D. Williams

AND now, as always at six-thirty, there arose the question what to put on for dinner. Mrs. Armitage surveyed her gowns—grays, blacks, powdered blues; suits and woolen dresses to the left; house-gowns, afternoon gowns, evening gowns to the right; a wrap of pearl-gray with a collar of misty fox. She chose a black foulard sprinkled with white dots. She really must get some new clothes. Every one in the Wainwright had seen these dozens of times.

Her phone rang. It was Mrs. McVane, who wondered if it would not be cozier for the Bridge Club to meet in her sitting-room. Of course, if Mrs. Armitage and the other ladies preferred it she would come down to the card-room, but in the card-room some of the women smoked. Not that she was old-fashioned. Far from it! Still, women smoking in public——

Mrs. Armitage said she thought bridge in Mrs. McVane's rooms would be delightful. Such nice rooms! So homey, with the radio and all! She would be right up after the concert. Yes, she would have to stay through that. She had promised Miss DeWitt and her dear mother. But that would not take long. Eight-thirty at the latest.

She went back to the clothing-closet. She finally chose a pale-gray georgette with a girdle of cut-steel beads, and stooped down to get slippers to match. Stooping down was not so easy as it once was. At a quarter of seven the maid came in to hook her up. Mrs. Armitage studied herself in the long mirror. Her hair, which had been waved that afternoon—special rates to resident guests—was a crown of snow-white symmetrical ripples. Her skin had the firmness, the pinkness of a child's. Her eyes were clear and almost as deeply blue as a girl's; no telltale lines on her face. She did not look a day over thirty—well, thirty-five, and here she was turning fifty.

A letter was thrust beneath the door. The maid hastened to pick it up. Mrs. Armitage saw instantly that it was in her sister Helen's writing; a loose, tired scrawl on a cheap envelop. She said, "Put it there," and turned back to the mirror. The maid, whose task was completed, paused in the doorway. "You look lovely, Ma'am. Such a lovely dress!"

After she had gone Mrs. Armitage adjusted her glasses. Down-stairs she used a lorgnette, and at bridge she squinted at her cards, held some little distance from her. It was growing increasingly hard to distinguish hearts from diamonds, spades from clubs. Stupid to have suits of similar colors.

Her sister's letter was like all Helen's letters, a tedious recital of endless tasks. She had been up late every night sewing on Dora's graduation dress. Dora helped her, the dear girl, but there were so many parties and dances—Dora simply loved dancing—that you really could not expect her to— Mrs. Armitage looked up with a frown. The hands of her bedside clock pointed to five minutes of seven. It was her invariable custom to be seated at dinner at seven.

She read on. Fred was still bothered with that knee. Which knee Mrs. Armitage did not know. He had had such a hard time. Helen trusted her sister was leading a gay life in Montevideo; hoped so. She hoped she was well. She hoped she would hear from her soon. She hoped she would come on some time and visit them. The town had changed so since they were girls. It was so many, many years since they had seen each other. She did wish Lucy (Mrs. Armitage's name, which had become Lucia) could see Dora graduate. Dora was so beautiful. The image of Lucy at her age. Everybody said so. Couldn't Lucy take a flying trip East?

The purpose of this letter was not obscure. Neither Helen nor her family had any more desire to see her than she them. They hoped for a check to tide over the graduation. With an annoyed glance at the clock, she sat down and dashed off a line in which she said she would love to be back in dear old Furnam, but that she did not see her way clear to making the trip at present. She was sorry. Helen must write and tell her all about the graduation. She enclosed a check.

Charlie, who ran the elevator, the one she always used, greeted her with "You're three minutes late, Mis' Armitage. I was gettin' worried. In another two minutes I'd 'ave rapped at your door." Transients turned to stare at her. In the lobby the head bell-boy sprang forward when she extended the sealed envelop. He stamped it and posted it immediately. Mr. Sharp, the room clerk, leaned across the desk and called, "Oh, Mrs. Armitage! Just a minute! Here's a note for you." It was from Mrs. Paulison, who wanted Mrs. Armitage to help her get up a Thursday Club—a Current Events. She had a lovely list of speakers.

In the dining-room Mrs. Armitage bestowed nods right and left. On her table were the only red camellias in the room. James, who had waited on her for the past ten years, assured her the fillet of sole was quite the way she liked it. The chef had put forth an extra effort in her behalf.

After dinner she joined the DeWitts. Mina DeWitt was thin, yellow, lined. Her mother, huddled in an armchair

beside her, was a gray mask. Mrs. Armitage glanced about the lobby with its checker-board marble floor, its over-stuffed couches and chairs, its background of tall, pale ferns, palms, rose-bushes. It was filled with a sprinkling of people gathered for the after-dinner concert. Miss DeWitt took out her knitting, and Mrs. Armitage turned the rings on her fingers and tapped her gray-suède slipper with its rhinestone buckle in time to the music. She thought a Current Events Club would be very pleasant. So nice to be informed. Without need of consulting the papers.

Ah! they were playing "Kiss Me Again" from "Mlle. Modiste"—"Kiss Me, Kiss Me Again." She sang it softly, laughing apologetically across at Mr. and Mrs. Griswold, who smiled back at her. Such dear people, the Griswolds. So quiet. A little lost, yes, that was it, lost now that their youngest daughter was married. The nest empty. The birds flown.

ABRUPTLY her mind swerved to Helen and her daughter. She tried to bring it back to the music, to the warm peace of the room. It persisted in calling up pictures, sharp, compelling: Helen standing bareheaded on the steps of the old house with a sunny-haired child in her arms. She was telling her to wave good-by to auntie and kiss her hand, which she did, smacking the grimy palm over and over as tho she liked the sound. Helen in the Furnam station, holding by the hand a girl of five in a ridiculous striped silk dress Mrs. Armitage recognized as made over from one of her own. The child had brilliantly blue eyes and a mouth red as a cherry.

With a start she realized it was twelve years since she had seen Helen and Dora. Twelve years. Dear me! How time flies! Mrs. Siebert was bringing up a friend. "I want you to meet Mrs. Wilson, president of Comitas. She's dying to know you. She says she never saw such hair."

Mrs. Wilson sat down beside Mrs. Armitage. "You've simply got to tell me what creams you use. Your skin's like a baby's. Not that it'll do me the least bit of good."

Mrs. Siebert said, "Oh, no, Clara, you could never look like Mrs. Armitage. Never. You wouldn't spend the time on yourself."

Miss DeWitt said, into her knitting, "None of us would. But she's a lady of leisure. She has nothing else to do."

Mrs. Armitage felt hurt. "Why, I've a great many other things to do. A great many."

Miss DeWitt hastened to explain. "I only meant, Lucia, that you hadn't any," here a sidelong glance at her mother, "family cares," whispered. Mrs. Wilson agreed. So did Mrs. Siebert. She told of a sister, an invalid. "For years I nursed her myself night and day until I became a wraith." It was not easy to think of Mrs. Siebert as a wraith. Mrs. Wilson nodded. "I know what a family does to you. John Wilson's like a child. He takes up every minute I can spare from my clubs. How many organizations do you belong to?"

Mrs. Armitage said, "Very few."

"But what do you do with yourself?"

Mrs. Armitage did not reply. Mrs. Siebert hastened to answer. "Oh, Lucia's a busy bee. A busy, busy bee."

"Yes, but what do you do?"

Mrs. Siebert wrinkled her forehead. "Oh, lots of things. Let me see. Shopping in the forenoon, and a lecture and then lunch somewhere, and a matinée or concert in the afternoon, or the movies. We adore the movies, don't we, Lucia? The seats are soft and comfy and it's so dark. You can always snatch a cat-nap."

The music again. Mrs. Armitage determinedly followed the air. It was from "Robin Hood"—"Oh, Promise Me." She remembered as tho it were yesterday standing on the raised platform of the bare Sunday-school room of Furnam's First Reformed Church, singing a duet with Helen. They both wore stiffly starched white-piqué dresses, with wide pink sashes and black shoes and stockings.

She remembered gazing out over the sea of faces in search of Willie Debrosses. When she found him she sang directly to him. Afterward she lingered on the steps in hopes that he would speak to her as he came out. Helen waited also, but for Fred Milton. They whispered and giggled together.

MRS. LITTLE, the minister's wife, stared at them disapprovingly, and said, behind her hand, to a friend, "Those two Blake girls are man-crazy." To this day Mrs. Armitage could feel the gust of resentment that swept over her. She turned with flaming cheeks to find Helen doubled over with mirth, her handkerchief stuffed in her mouth. She made a saucy face at Mrs. Little's back. She was that way. What good times they had had! "Oh, promise me that some day you'll be mine"—a polite patter of palms. The musicians laid their instruments in dusty green-felt cases.

In the silence that followed there was faintly borne to Mrs. Armitage the strident music from the ballroom; the crash of cymbals, steamboat whistles, clatter, bang, whee— She would stroll by and watch the young people dance.

So Dora went to parties and loved dancing. How Helen would have liked her to invite Dora to go West for a visit. She smiled to herself. No more responsibilities, thank you. Her last one had been removed when Tom Armitage obligingly died.

Miss DeWitt said, "Come, Mama," and helped her mother to her feet. The head bell-boy appeared and offered his arm. They moved at a snail's pace. Miss DeWitt trailed behind. She sighed, "Mama's such a care. You've no idea. I never have a minute to myself. In a way you're blessed having no family. I don't quite mean that, but——"

SHE was indeed blessed, and she intended remaining blessed. Suddenly she heard herself being paged. It came as a thrilling surprize. There was something deliciously shocking in having her name bawled out before strangers. Her heart fluttered and she hesitated, making herself known.

"Mis' Arm'tige, Mis' Arm'tige!"

"Why, they're paging you!"

"Yes."

She beckoned the boy, and he brought a telegram on a silver platter.

"Oh, dear, I hope it's not bad news."

Mrs. Armitage tore it open, fumbled for her lorgnette, read, "Mother critically ill. Come immediately. Dora."

Miss DeWitt, who was looking over her shoulder, drew back hastily as Mrs. Armitage glanced up.

"My sister's sick. They've sent for me."

"I didn't know you had a sister."

"Didn't you?" Mrs. Armitage made for the elevator. Miss DeWitt called, "I suppose you'll leave to-night."

"To-night? Oh, no. I doubt if I shall go at all."

"But if she's very ill——"

"By morning more than likely I'll get a wire telling me not to come."

In her room she unfolded the telegram and reread it. She felt a sudden, sharp alarm for the orderliness, the routine of her life; as tho her precious peace were shattered into as many fragments as a fragile glass knocked from a high table. "Come immediately." She would do no such thing. She would wire them money, but she would not

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"HELEN NEEDED NOURISHING FOOD AND THERE WAS NO ONE TO COOK IT. GRIMLY MRS. ARMITAGE DONNED AN APRON"

LITTLE MISS CINDERELLA

Second instalment of a powerful novel which sympathetically reveals the heart of a young girl who yearns for life and love

BY

KATHLEEN NORRIS

Illustrations by C. J. McCarthy

THE STORY SO FAR

Linda Rountree, whose mother has just died, is working in the Bon Ton Agency, selling second-hand dresses, which wealthy women have discarded. The proprietress is a quaint character known to her intimates as Lady Lick. She is a stout, sixty-year-old, motherly sort of soul, very popular with her trade. One day, sent by the real estate company he worked for, Richard Cartright entered the store and struck up a friendship with Linda Rountree which, on her side, rapidly developed into love. As the story opens Richard has come to say good-by as his family want him to go to Florida for the Winter. The amazing contrast between the luxurious life he must lead and the poor boarding-house existence Linda herself has to put up with strikes her imagination vividly, and long after Richard has said farewell its memory stays with her.

As Linda leaves to go home that evening, something prompts her to tell the policeman on the block that Lady Lick is likely to be alone quite late that night as she has a special appointment. These chance words to the policeman result in saving Lady Lick's life, for her visitor attempts to rob her of two large diamonds one of her customers has left with her to be sold. This makes Lady Lick so grateful to Linda that she resolves to give her a chance to better her position in life. She telephones to a wealthy society woman named Mrs. Gray Trezavant and succeeds in arranging for Linda to be her personal secretary and live with her.

As Alice Trezavant leaves Lady Lick's establishment she drives to a fashionable hotel to keep an afternoon tea engagement with no less a person than Richard Cartright.

AND so her dream of wealth and position and power, only it was much, much more than she had ever dared to dream, came true for one girl at least. Linda Rountree entered into the enchanted country quite simply, without a moment's misgiving, or awkwardness, or fear.

After four years of apparently aimless drudging and longing, when all the doors to beauty and leisure and joy had seemed to be shut, suddenly in all the great crowded world she was where she had most wanted to be.

A casual few words to a chance-encountered policeman! It wasn't possible that the great things of life hung upon any such accident as that! Why, she might so easily have missed her usual good night to O'Connor on that particular evening; he might have been out in the traffic; they might have smiled at each other, as they often did, and gone their separate ways.

Or, even speaking to him, how unlikely was the probability of her mentioning Lady Lick! O'Connor and the old dealer in second-hand clothing were old friends, but there had been no particular reason for Linda to give him that word of warning on that memorable night. Strange and unsavory characters frequently went into the Bon Ton Agency, and as frequently departed harmlessly, and the man with whom Linda had left Lady Lick in conversation that evening had been no worse than many of the others.

Linda had not known that there had been two valuable diamonds in the shop; even if she had known it, she would not have regarded it as significant in any way. Grizzled, indomitable, shrewd old Lady Lick was a person supremely capable of managing her own affairs.

But the amazing facts remained. Linda *had* taken a definite, if vague, dislike to the late caller, and she *had* warned O'Connor, looking up at him with her engaging smile lighting a wearied young face, pausing in the jumble of home-goers on the corner. "This may sound silly, but, Mr. O'Connor, will you just keep an eye on the Bon Ton? Florence goes home early on Saturdays, and there's a rough, queer-looking fellow in there with Lady Lick. He looked to me like a house-breaker!"

And so upon her wistful, discontented way, looking in shop-windows, lying resentful and puzzled upon her flat little boarding-house bed, grumbling to Emily and Bessy White, she little dreamed that already the machinery of her deliverance was in motion.

For Lady Lick was warm-hearted, and Lady Lick was rich, and whatever her claim on Alice Trezavant was, it was strong enough to bring the younger woman most graciously to terms.

"You're goin' to Europe in June, Miss Alice," said Lady Lick. "That's just three months. That's all I ask. I want her to have a good time—the kind of time all girls love, just for them ninety days!"

And Alice, looking at her steadily, had answered:

"I understand. And I shall be better than my bond, Shylock."

Alice's big, softly upholstered car came for Linda on the appointed Friday, and Linda kissed Lady Lick good-by, and climbed into it, and into paradise. She bounced a little, all by herself on the wide seat, bounced with sheer excitement and joy. She wore her new dark-blue coat with the beaver collar and cuffs; a small dark-blue hat was pulled down over her dark-blue eyes.

They drove away from the shabby, sordid neighborhood of the Bon Ton Agency; they even passed Mrs. Possing's dreary brownstone house, in the dark brownstone row whose lower windows said "Modes" and "Violin" and "Rooms." And Linda, remembering her passionate prayer of only a few weeks ago, said soberly, half aloud:

"I'll be very good after this. I'll go back to work, and I'll never be impatient again!"

But another prayer was close behind the promise, and as they reached aristocratic Lincoln Heights, and began to move, under great bare trees, between magnificent stone gateways, it rose to her lips:

"—but make them like me, let me be a success, don't have it all disappointing, and different from what I think!"

She looked up at the old Trezavant mansion; she had never seen it before because it stood far back from the street, behind a garden, on a little hilltop covered with big trees. A fine old conservative graystone house, its main bulk was surmounted by a mansard roof, and flanked by two great wings. Its plate-glass windows flashed decorously against a red Winter sunset as the car stopped; the hall door was at the top of a wide flight of marble steps, lined on either side by red-berried hollies in enormous pots.

THE time was to come when Linda Rountree would think with a pang of pity of the hopeful, confident girl who ran up those steps so happily to-night. The time was to come when she would ask herself if, given this hour again, she would not turn away from Lincoln Heights and go back to Mrs. Possing's, and safety, and humdrum poverty once more. But no such thoughts crossed her mind now. Quivering with eager expectation and delight, she mounted the steps, and the great door opened before she could touch the bell, and Linda walked in.

When she awakened the next morning, in a beautiful great bed of carved black English oak, with fine linen sheets and soft, deep blankets covering her, her eyes could rove

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"AS THEY WALKED SLOWLY AMONG THE OTHER IDLERS ON THE MAGNIFICENT BALCONADE, LINDA TOLD HIM THE TRUTH; THAT SHE HAD BEEN ASSISTANT TO AN OLD WOMAN WHO HAD A SECOND-HAND CLOTHING BUSINESS"

in lazy pleasure about a big room into which the Winter sun was shining brightly through bare park trees. They found a table, and books, a desk, and a fireplace where logs lay piled ready for the match, a deep cretonne-covered easy chair where Linda could read and dream and rest as long and as often as she liked.

Beyond the white door was a bright dressing-room, all mirrors and fascinating lockers, and beyond that the tiled bathroom that was a miracle of luxury and comfort. Linda had never been in such a room, or such a house, before.

On the hangers in the dressing-room were the new frocks, the new dark-blue coat with a beaver-fur collar, a white foxskin. Beneath the gowns stood Linda's new shoes, liquidly shining slippers of patent leather, and one pair of flawless silver pumps. And in the drawers were silky little pajamas, and flimsy little pink underthings, and transparent stockings in all the fascinating shades she had so often coveted in shop-windows—flesh-color, and cream, and palest tan, and mauve.

In the drawers, too, were white gloves, and handkerchiefs and belts, and one great, lusciously colored Spanish shawl, with borders of snowy rabbit fur instead of fringe.

ANNA brought her her breakfast-tray at nine o'clock, and with it the morning paper. And afterward Anna turned on the bath-water, and Linda got up. At about half past ten, feeling deliciously rested and groomed, and looking her loveliest in the plain frock of dark-blue cloth, Linda went to Mrs. Trezavant's apartment, and they talked.

From the beginning Alice made no pretense.

"Lick is one of my oldest friends, Linda, and she's asked me to give you a whirl for three months. She wants you to have a good time, and I'm going to see that you have it!"

Secretary work there was none. Linda was never to see a particle of her hostess's correspondence nor answer a telephone. It was only in explaining the girl's presence in the house that Alice occasionally reverted to the fiction of secretarial duties.

"And this is Miss Rountree, who most obligingly has come to straighten out my miserable books!" Alice said.

"You don't look old enough to know much about bookkeeping," Gray Trezavant commented when the little formula was repeated for his benefit.

He was standing before his own hearth on the second night. The Trezavants were having a small dinner-party before the opera, and altho Linda had begged to be excused Alice had insisted that she be present.

"No, you want to do the whole thing," Alice had said in her easy, negligent way. "Keep perfectly still if you want to. It's not one of these terrible parties where every one is amusing; we're all breaking up at half past eight."

And she had asked her very formidable maid to help Miss Rountree with her dress. Linda, who had never had on an evening gown before, stood for some minutes, when at last she was dressed, looking at herself in the long mirror door of her bathroom, looking seriously, and yet with a quick-moving heart, at the slender girl who looked back at her with deep-set, dark-blue eyes.

Her figure looked tall in the long-waisted pink silk, with the suggestion almost of hoops under the petaled skirt. There was an elaborate embroidery of pearls on the bodice, and Linda had a pearled rose in her hair. Marie had done something mysterious to this same hair; never before in her life had Linda seen it lie in such perfection of silky chestnut ripples, nor fluff in such deep waves about her forehead, spreading two shining wings to her very cheek-bones.

Her usually pale cheeks had been touched with color, her lips were scarlet, and her eyes glowed like two sapphires. Excitement lent an air of actual enchantment to her whole person, even in her own eyes, and gave her confidence. She could smile up at the great Gray Trezavant himself when she went down-stairs, and speak to him with all her own eager simpleness.

"This is my little secretary, Miss Rountree, Gray," Alice said, and Gray Trezavant turned from the fire, and looked down at Linda, and said good-humoredly that she did not look old enough to know much about books.

He was a squarely built man, not tall, with something tumbled and young and informal in his appearance. Linda thought he looked younger than his wife, and boyish, even tho his evening attire was faultless, and the background of his beautiful home and well-trained servants and beautiful wife all conspired to lend him dignity.

"Are you going to the opera?" he asked.

"Oh, yes!" said Linda, thrilling.

"You love it?"

"I don't know. I've never *been*," the girl explained.

"Never heard 'Boris'?"

"Never heard any opera!" She was almost singing herself as she said it.

"Well, have a nice time," he said good-naturedly.

"Gray, are you coming?" his wife asked. Linda saw the smile fade from his face, and his whole aspect become changed. He turned very politely, and spoke patiently:

"I think not. I may come in later."

LINDA glanced with quick apprehension at Alice, but Alice, sitting in a great chair near the fire, exquisite in a gown of sheer green satin, biting her lip a trifle as she looked at the tip of her long, plumy, green fan, apparently had heard nothing amiss, and the awkward little moment passed.

Dinner was not an ordeal for Linda because she was too much engrossed in rapturous anticipation to know what she ate or said, or what impression she made. The clock struck nine before they left the table, but out of consideration for her excitement Alice had the cars called at once, and they reached the opera-house at the beginning of the second entrancing act.

An evening gown, a formal dinner, with a butler serving it in one of the city's handsomest homes, a rush through the dark streets toward the blaze and bustle of the opera-house, and then a front box seat, just above the barbaric color and motion and crashing melody of "Boris." Linda sat spellbound, her senses swimming in an absolute intoxication of emotion.

The opera-house was large and dark, hot and mysterious. The air shook and pulsed with music. There were vague blotches of pale color that were women's gowns, along the tiers of boxes all about, and the floor below was darkly paved with specks of light that were jewels and feathers and bare shoulders. But Linda had eyes only for the incredible magic brightness of the stage; the ornate, spacious imperial Russian room seemed to float unsupported, glowing like a great jewel in the pit of blackness below her; the tiny moving figures and lacquered robes seemed in a scene from fairy-land.

SHE turned blinking and smiling and confused to face the box when the commonplace lights flashed up at the end of the act, and found Richard Cartright behind her. Alice bent forward to introduce them.

"Hello, Linda!" said Richard, smiling.

"Richard—" she said, extending a smooth little hand. Her dark-blue eyes were smiling in a face pale with excitement; the soft chestnut ripples and waves of her hair framed her whole head in sunny, golden brown; her slender young body was perfection's self in the old-fashioned *robe de style*.

"I didn't know you knew each other," Alice said, pleased.

"We've known each other for years; haven't we, Linda?"

"Well—hardly as long as that."

"I was commissioned to try to buy a certain piece of property, and Miss Rountree was in possession," Richard said, happily seating himself beside her, his handsomest, most confident self in impeccable evening dress.

"Amuse that child," said Alice, busy herself with newcomers in the background. And Richard said with his delightful, joyous laugh:

"Come on, now, young lady, let's have an explanation of all this!"

But he was not really interested in the story when Linda began it with animation. He watched the movements of her mouth and the light in her eyes, and presently interrupted her to compliment her on her gown.

After that, confidentially leaning against her chair, he pointed out to her various interesting persons who were in the boxes, and Linda looked innocently up toward the crowded, restless galleries, and at various beautiful heads, and beautiful wraps and gowns, and too soon the musicians began to creep back into their places, and the lights swooped down again, and Richard, with a little touch of firm, fine fingers on her bare shoulder that lived long in her senses and memory, was gone.

In the next wait he returned, but he talked to Alice then, and presently they went away together. Gray Trezavant was next to Linda unexpectedly. His business meeting had been unexpectedly brief, he said. He asked her if she would like to promenade, too.

She felt a little shy with him, but his pleasantly quiet conversation put her at her ease as they walked slowly up and down among the other idlers on the magnificent balconade behind the boxes. Beautiful women trailed languidly up and down the marble stairs, and bright lights blazed on their bared arms and breasts, and on their metallically twinkling slippers, and jeweled heads, throats, and fingers.

Linda told her companion the truth about her last position; that she had been assistant to an old woman who had a second-hand clothing business, and that she had happened to be of some chance service to her old employer, and that Lady Lick had known Mrs. Trezavant as a child, and asked Mrs. Trezavant to give her a position as secretary and companion.

"You thought you'd like that better?" Gray said.

"Oh, *well*—?" said Linda, laughing, wide-eyed. "Who wouldn't?" added her astonished voice.

"You call her Lady——Lady——"

"Lady Lick. She claims she really did marry the son of an English lord when she was on the other side playing in vaudeville—music halls, you know," Linda explained. "She's been everything—you never heard such a life! She was in a circus, and she ran a theatrical dressmaking establishment, and I don't know what she hasn't done! She's terrible-looking, but she has the warmest heart. She's been married four times, and two of her husbands ran away from her; one stole quite a lot of money, too. But the other two died, and she'll cry still when she talks about them."

"She sounds fascinating," Gray Trezavant said dryly. "I think I should prefer her—to this."

His shrug indicated the brilliant scene about them, and Linda laughed joyously at the joke.

He asked her if she would like some lemonade, but Linda said shyly that she would prefer ice-cream.

"Then I'll have ice-cream, too," said Gray.

They stood with their backs to the counter eating it, and Linda said, "There's Mrs. Trezavant with Mr. Cartright. She's the most beautiful woman in the world, I think!"

"She *is* beautiful," her husband agreed. Presently he added, "You speak of Cartright as if you had known him?"

"Oh, yes. He came into Lady Lick's several weeks ago to try to buy the property," Linda explained, "and we knew each other then."

She tried to say it quite naturally and simply, but in spite of herself the radiant color crept into her face, and the liquid light that only one emotion brings to dark-blue eyes made them shine like stars. Gray Trezavant, bringing his gaze from his wife's disappearing form to Linda's face, gave a sudden significant little laugh.

"That gong meant that the curtain is going up," he said, guiding her among the hurrying throngs. And with a shrewd side glance he added, "I perceive that my wife has been made the victim of a deep-laid scheme. But never mind, I'll not betray you!"

He said it so nicely, with a smile that seemed to the girl so heartening, so approving and friendly, that she flushed again, for a quite different reason this time, and sent him a look that brimmed with the gratitude of a too-full heart. Life could be wonderful, thought Linda, thrilling, as she settled again into the dark, comfortable chair in the very front of the box, and the lights went down, and the music rose, and the magic recommenced.

"Ninety days of it—ninety days of it—!" her heart sang. "This is only the second day, and nothing can stop it! Nothing can stop it!"

RICHARD did not return after the last curtain; his mother and sister had been with him, Linda knew, and he was probably escorting them home like a good son and brother. Gray Trezavant had disappeared. Alice was going on somewhere, but most punctiliously she and her one or two remaining guests took Linda home first. The girl went up-stairs, through the big, softly lighted, empty house, in an absolute daze of ecstasy.

She had dreamed of it all, frocks, wealth, opera, Richard, but who could have ever dreamed of it as it really had proved to be, of the lights, the perfumes, the softness and beauty and friendliness everywhere—everywhere—everywhere—like a soft blizzard enveloping the distances and filling the near-by spaces alike?

And eighty-eight more days of it coming! she reminded herself the next morning, with nothing in them but happiness. The smart, simple, new clothes, the four-poster bed, Anna with the silver breakfast service, and the tiled bathroom glinting with lights from sunlight and water, and the drives, the dinners, theaters—nothing but utter bliss!

"But I wish that I could truly do something for you; I wish I could write notes or something," she said to Alice when Alice drifted into the room where Linda was sitting, trying to think of some one to impress with a letter on Alice's beautiful stationery.

Alice, superb in the trimmest of little walking-suits, continued to smoke a cigaret and to look out of the window. She shrugged a careless shoulder.

"My dear child, why should you? Nobody does anything in this house at any time. The housekeeper has an assistant—neither one ever raises a hand. The cook, I am convinced, cooks three times as much food for the servants as for us, and probably throws out more than either. Mr. Trezavant's secretary is a baseball fan, and uses the box all season long. A man comes to wind the clocks, and a man comes to check the silver, and a woman comes to arrange flowers—nothing but arrange flowers, and she's here practically all morning.

"In Summer, up at the lake, we have a man come all the way up from town once a week with a movie for the servants, and they all go off about three times a week to other movies and dances, to say nothing of their being all kept on when we're in Europe, or away, and yet, when you want anything done in this place, there's a perfect silence.

"EXCITEMENT LENT AN AIR OF ACTUAL ENCHANTMENT TO HER WHOLE PERSON"

'I didn't know that was to be part of my duties, Madam.'

"So why," she went on agreeably, as Linda laughed, "why should you suddenly break out into energy and zeal? If I want you to do anything for me, believe me I'll ask you! And until I do, let us be gay!"

There was a bitter, vaguely discontented note under the careless voice, and the poised manner, that Linda had never heard or noted before. The first faint shadow of a cloud drifted over her paradise. She said quickly, fervently:

"It's all —wonderland to me! But the most wonderful thing of all is—your doing it, Mrs. Trezavant!"

"NOT at all," Alice said smoothly, after a hardly perceptible instant of hesitation. "Lady Lick did me a great favor some years ago," she added. "I told her then that if ever I could do her even a small one, I would. And when she sent for me the other day it was to suggest that I ask you to visit me. She said you didn't like your position there—I don't blame you—and that you would like a chance at something better. And I said," she finished simply, "that I often had girls visiting me in this big place, and even if I didn't find the right position for you, among my friends, I would be delighted to try anyway!"

"Well, it's all like a fairy-tale," Linda said.

"It's all very commonplace and dull, my dear, for there's almost nothing going on," the other woman said sensibly, yet approvingly, too. "But if you find it interesting—then that's all right!" And almost immediately she added, "Tell me how you liked my friend Richard Cartright?"

"Oh, very much!" Linda said, coloring and laughing.

"He's a nice boy, isn't he?" Alice said without turning.

"He's a dear," Linda said happily.

And for a few minutes both women were silent, as far from reading each other's thoughts as if they had been on two separate stars.

"I am going to a committee meeting," said Alice then, "and I thought I would take you along because the girls are so very nice, and I'd like you to know them. Afterward a few of us will walk down-town and lunch at the Century, if you like. And then we'll do our shopping——"

It was all exciting. It mattered little to Linda what they did or where they went, as long as she might wear the dark-blue coat with the beaver collar and the liquidly shining black pumps.

She had expected to hear from Richard on the day that followed the opera, certainly on the day that followed that, but no message came. She found a beautiful photograph of him in Alice's room, among a score of other photographs of men and women, and wondered if her hostess would notice the loss if she carried it away to her own apartment. Linda did not quite dare do that, but she could slip in and look at it now and then, and every time she did so her heart took a strange little twist, and she felt the color come into her face.

On the fourth afternoon she walked in the park with Betty King. Betty was a débutante this year, a tall, sweet-faced girl with an income and a position and a family that put her into the very first rank of society favorites. Betty had a Belgian police-dog to take for an airing, and the two girls fairly ran along the snowy paths, so that Jupina Girl, whose father had been the famous Jupiter, and whose mother Girlina, would not get away.

Leaving the park, they were going to walk down to the Century for tea; but Betty, passing a certain vault-like house in quiet, moribund Chase Street, suddenly remembered her grandmother, and decided that she had better pay the old lady a call.

"Wait for me, Linda," said Betty. "And we'll go down by Miss Merry's and see about the teaching job."

For Betty was most cordially interesting herself in the question of Linda's finding employment at Miss Merry's. Children went in there as young as three, and certainly Linda could teach *them*, argued Betty.

But Linda saw a clock that said quarter to five, and reminded her companion that it would be dark in fifteen minutes, and that rain was beginning to fall. So they parted affectionately, and Linda walked on toward Lincoln Heights, thinking of the difference between her position and that of Betty, and that Betty was yet charmingly unspoiled and friendly, and achingly delightful to know.

Achingly, because Linda had not been even three days in this atmosphere without knowing that she was ruining her appetite for any other. Eight hours had not been without their effect; eight days would entrench her still deeper into this pleasantness and beauty and luxury. And eighty days—! How could she ever go back to slipshod meals on the end of the cutting-table in the Bon Ton Agency, or even more disgusting ones on the damp table-cloths and between the gloomy walls of Mrs. Possing's boarding-house?

Betty might want her for her companion; there was no disguising the fact that the heiress of old Senator King had taken a great fancy to Alice Trezavant's house-guest. But Linda despised herself for beginning in her own mind a sort of plan of campaign with Betty, for considering exactly how she could cement the friendship so pleasantly commenced. Horrid to have to worm one's way in, to have to win the liking of persons one might really not like at all!

The girl's face burned as she remembered, during today's luncheon, her own courteous attentions to Betty's mother. Mrs. King had been very stupid, very boresome, but Linda had listened politely and intently, and had laughed at the right places, and had made the older woman laugh aloud once or twice in her turn.

Would she have done it if Betty hadn't been a consideration, if she hadn't had her own ax to grind in the matter? Of course not. And Linda felt the first prickle of social humiliation burn under her skin, felt a little bewildered at having to face a course that was not quite simple and sincere.

Of course a girl could marry into wealth and position. Alice Trezavant had; she had not been rich as a girl; perhaps that was one thing that made her so frank, so comfortable a person. If a girl, like Linda Rountree, say, really fell in love with a young man of means—Richard Cartright, for example—she surely was not to be expected to throw his income out of the window, and suggest that he take an engineering job in Astoria, Oregon, and make a fresh start!

She was admitted into the magnificent Trezavant house a few minutes later by the second butler, and turned toward the stately curve of the old Georgian stairway to go up to her room. But in the deep embrasure under the stairs was a wide, old-fashioned mahogany table, where a man's heavy coat and hat and gloves were lying.

Linda knew that coat, and that hat, and those gloves, and a rush of blood went to her heart. She called back the noiselessly departing man.

"Is Mr. Cartright here?"

Pomfret picked up a silver tray, upon which a card was lying, and presented it to her. And Linda read Richard's name.

"They'd be in the smaller lib'ry, Miss," said Pomfret respectfully. Linda went to the smaller library at once.

THE door into the beautiful blue drawing-room was open, and she heard their voices as she approached. They both looked up as she appeared, and Alice smiled, and said, "Hello, little one!" in her own peculiarly poised and negligent way.

Richard got to his feet, and established Linda in the big chair opposite Alice's, beside the fire, and moved the tea-table closer to her.

"Pour your own tea," said Alice. "Apparently nobody else is coming in, and it's going to rain, and the Shotwell party is called off because of Harry Poett's death."

"Don't be so dismal, Alice," said Richard, "or I'll tell you a story I heard about Whattingley, our dearly beloved, popular undertaker."

"Please spare us horrors," said Alice.

"But perhaps you ought to know this," Richard persisted. "They say he made his fortune selling bodies—you know, cadavers—to the hospitals for dissection, and merely buried the heads of his faithful clients!"

"Richard, leave the house immediately," Alice directed.

"That—" gasped Linda, looking at him over her suspended cup of tea, "is the frightfulest thing I ever heard in my life!"

Richard looked at Linda, and she seemed so young, and fuzzy-headed and rosy-cheeked, with her horrified eyes, and her childishly arrested teacup, that he laughed aloud.

"The rain has curled your hair, Linda," he said.

"Lucky thing!" Alice muttered, setting her own cup on a table beside her, moving a wisp of tea-napkin over her mouth with a delicate air of dismissing the business of tea and toast once and for all, and settling herself to a comfortable contemplation of the fire. "That's the beauty of that sort of hair. Why didn't I get it?"

"Because you were gypped on the looks," Richard suggested.

She sent him an amused, indulgent look, the cryptic smile of the woman who knows she is beautiful. And beautiful she was, stretched in her deep chair, fine ankles crossed, exquisitely molded breasts and hips and shoulders outlined in the frothy silk-and-lace house-gown she wore, and dark head resting against the high-cushioned back of the seat. Her eyes were brown, a brilliant and restless brown; her rich, dark hair fitted her head like a cap of

shining black satin; her cheeks were carmine, and her proud, composed mouth capable of a thousand moods, each more fascinating than the last. Linda had a sudden sense of being but a rough-headed, clumsy little cub beside her.

"Did Peacock tell you we were here, Linda?" Alice presently asked.

"Peacock? Is he the one who limps?"

"No; that was Pomfret, then."

"Richard, eat another, so that I won't feel so piggy," said Linda, extending a plate of sandwiches.

"I would burst, with a rumbling report," Richard pleaded.

"Did he tell you, then?" Alice pursued idly.

"Did—?" Linda was at a loss. She stared at the other woman, smiling vaguely.

"Pomfret said that we were having tea?"

"Oh? Oh, yes. I saw Richard's coat and hat on the table, and I asked him."

Linda went on with her tea, and the rain struck the windows with a steady, plushy sound, and the fire crackled and was still. It was deliciously warm and cozy in here, safely shut away from melting snow and cold Winter twilight, and Richard was here, and she was happy.

Alice and Richard were discussing various friends: the Richie girl's wedding and the Sylvester divorce. Alice said she thought Una Sylvester was a fool not to demand a tremendous alimony.

"She's given Joe Sylvester seven of the best years of her life, and she's borne him a child. Now he wants to marry some one else, and what does Una do? Goes meekly back to her mother and father with little Joan. She could have had two thousand a month for life, as easy as not, with all the money Joe Sylvester's got!"

"That'd be your plan, Alice?" Richard said gravely.

"It certainly would!" she answered, laughing. "Why not? Don't bug your eyes at me, Linda; I don't contemplate anything of the kind, immediately. But how ridiculous for the man to go right on spending thousands, and the woman have nothing to show for her wasted years!"

"Well, I disagree with you," Richard said with sudden, ingenuous spirit. "I think it is simply the limit, the way American women hang around trying to get rich husbands, and then the minute they have them they harpoon them for alimony. No home, no kids, no companionship, for four or five years, and then they sit pretty for life!"

"The men don't have to marry them," Alice suggested.

"Well, yes, they do, too," he countered boyishly, his handsome face reddening with earnestness and a sort of reluctant laughter. "A man's helpless when a woman wants him."

"Oh, is that so?" Alice asked in a silence, arching her beautiful brows.

"Yes, that's so," he answered doggedly.

"That's good news for us, Linda," said Alice. "Now, which one of us will go after him?"

"After—?" Linda asked gaily.

"After Richard, here."

"Oh, I will!" Linda promised, laughing.

"There you are!" Alice said, lapsing into silence again. Linda finished her tea, Richard sat thoughtful, Alice stared into the fire, and outside the big, warm, old-fashioned brick mansion the rain fell softly and the twilight folded it down.

"Dick—" Alice presently said lazily. Linda's heart twisted a little; she had never heard him called so before. "You know that little affair that we were so much interested in?" asked Alice.

"I don't place it," he said, puzzled.

"OH, YES, you do! I can't mention names. But I mean the man and woman we were discussing at the Lampier dinner the other night. The man who took four seats for the Army and Navy game——"

"Oh, yes, yes! I do know now," he said, sudden enlightenment breaking through his voice.

"Well, do you know I believe she is crazier about him than ever," Alice observed.

Linda did not know, nor care, of whom they spoke, but she found the conversation interesting, especially as Richard seemed vaguely displeased and disturbed by Alice's ideas.

"She must see in him a good deal that isn't there," he said dryly.

"I don't think she does," said Alice. "She's had a good deal of attention, in one way or another, and she ought to know what she's talking about. And she's *mad* over him."

"She doesn't seem to show it much when they're together!" Richard commented. Something significant, and only half sensed in his tone, made Linda look at him curiously, moving her gaze from his face to Alice's, which was faintly flushed. Alice's lower lip was lightly caught by her teeth; her narrowed eyes, full of some puzzling light, were half closed, and fixed on the fire.

"Are they engaged?" she asked, concerning the enamored pair they had been discussing.

"Are who engaged?" Alice asked lazily.

"The—the man and woman you say are so much in love."

"Not exactly," Alice said with a cryptic and indifferent smile, not moving her eyes from the fire. "There happens to be a very husky husband."

"'THAT'S GOOD NEWS FOR US, LINDA,' SAID ALICE. 'NOW, WHICH ONE OF US WILL GO AFTER RICHARD, HERE?'"

"Oh!" Linda said, enlightened.

"Some day I'll tell you about them," promised Alice.

"I don't want to know!" Linda said hastily, apologetically. She looked, smiling at Richard. But to her surprize his handsome young face was burned a deep, uncomfortable red, and he was not looking at her. His gaze, also, was on the dying pink and orange of the oak logs.

She wondered if presently Alice would not leave them alone together. It would have seemed a natural thing for the older woman, who knew of their friendship. Linda did not care very much either way. In the delicious drama she was playing it did not become her to hurry the action. She was here, as she had so often dreamed of being, in a setting of pretty frock, and firelight, and luxurious tea-things, and Richard was here, whisked back into her life by the same wave of the wand that had accomplished all the other miracles, and that was enough. Just the same, it would have been fun to have had him to herself, on this particularly cozy occasion, if only for a few minutes!

Gray Trezavant came in, cold and tired and ready for tea, and Linda poured it, and handed it to him with an illuminated smile. She was thinking of Richard as she did so, but Gray answered the smile with one so friendly that she gave him another, on his own account.

"How do you happen to know how I like it?" he asked, regarding the tea.

"I poured your tea on Sunday at the Hawkinses', don't you remember—when all the people were there?" Linda said shyly.

"Of course."

"We were talking of a very interesting little affair that's going on right under all our eyes, Gray, when you came in," said his wife with her air of subtle mischief.

"Go on. Who is it?"

"Oh, the names aren't to be mentioned!" Alice exclaimed, raising dark eyes from the fire.

"No fun until you have the names," Gray said incuriously, drinking his tea. "Has he a wife, or has she a husband, or have both both?" he added, and Linda laughed.

"She has a husband, and a charming fellow, too," said Alice.

"But she's tired of him?" Gray suggested.

"Oh, no," Alice said. "But a husband is—only a husband, after all," she added lightly; "and this woman—loves life."

"Women enjoy that situation; men hate it," Gray offered, taking his second cup from Linda. "Eh, Cartright?"

"Sure," Richard agreed briefly, gruffly.

And almost immediately he said that he must go. Alice said she must go, too; she had to have her hair curled for the Wilkinsons' dinner; "for they will have their horrible dinner, whether the Shotwell dance is called off or not," she said, rising, and flinging her cigaret into the fire, and resting her arms on the mantelpiece and her beautiful head on her arms for a moment, before going away.

Richard followed her, and Linda and the man of the house were left alone, both silent, both deep in thought. The girl felt oddly chilled and snubbed, somehow; the occasion seemed to have gone flat and disappointing.

Gray Trezavant looked up and smiled at her.

"Don't blame Mr. Cartright for that," he said. "That's Alice. She loves that sort of thing. It's always somebody—it happens for the moment to be him."

"What?" Linda asked blankly. Then, as the suspicion crept into her heart, the color crept also into the creamy paleness of her face, and she fixed her burning, dark-blue eyes upon the man's face, and repeated the monosyllable with a dawning uneasiness, a dawning suspicion. "What?"

"I thought you knew that they were talking about themselves," Gray said bluntly. "What did you think that was all about—that married-woman-with-the-admirer business?"

"Mrs. Trezavant and Richard Cartright?" Linda stammered.

"Certainly. Alice loves that sort of thing," Gray repeated impatiently, good-naturedly. "It doesn't mean much. She always imagines that she can get away with this merry, mysterious stuff——"

Linda sat stunned. Resentful and ashamed, scarlet color burned in her cheeks; her eyes were hard and bright and angry like a child's eyes. Her world rocked beneath her feet.

Richard making love to Alice, even while he bent so cordially, so affectionately over Linda's chair at the opera, and told her how pretty she was, and promised in looks and tones, if not in actual words, so much happiness and friendship for the future! What a fool she had been not to see it!

She bit her lip. And as she looked miserably at Gray he saw the sudden tears brim her eyes. Shame stung her. She had dreamed of marrying Richard Cartright, and of placing herself rightly and legitimately beside even the beautiful and prominent Mrs. Gray Trezavant. Now the death of the dream filled her with a sense almost of nausea, an absolute vertigo of distaste and humiliation.

"ONE of these days," said Gray Trezavant quietly, his finger-tips mated, his eyes on the fire, "one of these days Mrs. Trezavant is going to find the personable young man who means just a little more than the rest, and then she will go somewhere—perhaps to Nevada, and perhaps to Paris—and establish herself charmingly, and get a divorce on perfectly respectable grounds—incompatibility or mental cruelty."

"But why—?" Linda demanded indignantly, stung out of the contemplation of her own changed position by the flagrant injustice of the whole proceeding. "Cruelty! What have *you* done?"

"Nothing that I know of, except ask her to marry me some years ago. She will demand a large alimony, and she will get it. And all the while she will know, and I will know, and the lawyers on both sides will know, and all our friends will know, that her—her suitor—is merely waiting—decorously waiting in the background—never seeing her, never mentioned—everything quite correct——"

He stopped speaking, his mouth twisted by a bitter smile, and leaned forward to stir the fire.

Linda looked at him for a moment in silence, her lips parted, her breath coming a little short, her cheeks red.

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"HER FACE AND VOICE SUDDENLY SOFTENED AND SHE MURMURED SOMETHING THAT UNQUESTIONABLY ENDED WITH THE WORD '*ENTREZ!*'"

THE AIR OF PARIS

Every woman will be amused at these incredible experiences of a respectable Englishman

BY J. D. BERESFORD

Illustrations by Corinne Dillon

ABEL PICKERING was a man of quiet tastes. At the age of thirty-seven he was still unmarried because he preferred a quiet life. His choice was deliberate. As manager of Cortex & Co. he was earning a salary of £1,200 a year, and he had in addition a small private income of his own. He could well afford to marry, and he had a suspicion that Mrs. Fulborne might accept him if he asked her. She was a particularly attractive widow, ten years younger than himself, and had many admirers. But he was not tempted.

He had his garden—he was an enthusiastic rose-grower—and his books. He spent quite a considerable sum of money every year on books, having a cultivated taste for first editions. Also he was a man of settled habits, and marriage would necessarily change his belovedly familiar routine in some respects. Above all, he knew nothing about women, did not understand them. Even his housekeeper, who was over sixty and had been his nurse when he was a child, had her moments of queer incomprehensibility. Mr. Pickering had, in fact, made up his mind many years ago never to have any relationships, not even an intimate friendship, with a woman.

He was exceedingly surprized when Mr. Mansfield, the senior partner of Cortex & Co., asked him to go to Paris just as he was leaving the office one evening.

"Paris!" Mr. Pickering repeated in much the same tone he might have used if he had been asked to go to Peking.

"Yes," Mr. Mansfield replied. "It's absolutely impossible for me to get away to-morrow. Mr. Owen, as you know, is laid up with a broken leg, and some one must represent us at the board meeting of the French company on Thursday morning. Do you speak French, by the way?"

"I don't know," Mr. Pickering said.

That was the simple truth. He was always accurate in his statements. He had taught himself to read French many years before and had a scholarly knowledge of the plays of Molière. But he had never tried to speak French, nor ever heard it spoken, and was quite uncertain whether he would be able to understand it or to make himself understood.

"That means you don't," Mr. Mansfield returned dryly.

"Possibly," Mr. Pickering agreed.

"Never been in France?" Mr. Mansfield continued.

"Never," Mr. Pickering replied. "I have never, as a matter of fact, been out of England."

Mr. Mansfield looked up and smiled. "Be an experience for you, then," he said. "Well, there's a train that leaves Victoria at 10:30. If you go by that it will give you time to see a show to-morrow night. Try the Moulin Rouge, and tell me what you think of it when you come back. Here's a copy of the report that's going to be read to the meeting. You know all the particulars already. And if you have anything to say, you can say it in English. Sure to be some one to translate for you, if necessary. Good luck."

Even then Mr. Pickering had a queer sense of release, of irresponsibility. He was not a nervous man, except in the company of women, and altho he wondered whether or not he would be seasick crossing the Channel, he had no uneasiness about the journey. In his thirty-seven years of life he had never had a bad illness nor been in any serious difficulty, and he did not anticipate trouble just because he was going to Paris. France was a highly civilized country, and he believed that on the French railway-lines and in French hotels English was always understood.

His chief objection to the trip was that it upset his routine, and that objection was partly compensated for by this odd feeling of something like excitement. He could not remember having experienced quite that feeling before.

Any doubts he may have had as to the discomforts of seasickness were allayed by the weather, for the sea was as calm as a mill-pond, and he thoroughly enjoyed the crossing. He sat on the first-class deck and talked to a highly intelligent American business man who was quite familiar with the activities of Cortex & Co. A very interesting talk they had, and it was not until the packet was turning round to back into Calais harbor that the American by the merest chance put in a word that was to have a strange influence on Mr. Pickering's destiny.

"You know Paris pretty well, I guess?" he asked.

"My first visit," Mr. Pickering admitted modestly.

"You don't say," was the astonished reply. "Where are you staying?"

"I suppose there'll be a hotel somewhere near the station?" Mr. Pickering suggested.

"Why, yes. There are hotels everywhere in Paris," his American friend said; "but if you'll take my advice you'll stay in a very agreeable *pension* I can tell you about. I've had a lot of my friends stay there. It's near the Eiffel Tower."

And as Mr. Pickering particularly wanted to see the Eiffel Tower, he at once decided to accept this advice and stay in the Avenue de la Bourdonnais, altho it was a long way from the Gare du Nord and from the Paris offices of Cortex & Co.

The disadvantage, however, proved to be the only one that could be urged, from his point of view, against the *pension*—a really first-class place in which every one spoke English. This last consideration was a great relief to Mr. Pickering, as he had learned quite definitely on the train between Calais and Paris that he did not speak French. It may have been that railway officials and porters do not habitually use the idiom of Molière, or that Mr. Pickering had been under a grave misconception as to the pronunciation of the language. In either case the effect was the same.

The guests of the *pension* dined together at two long tables, and Mr. Pickering found himself next to an Englishman named Banks, who had been in business in Paris ever since the War. They got on very well together, and after Mr. Pickering had modestly mentioned that he was the official representative of Cortex & Co. they had a most interesting conversation.

This saved Mr. Pickering from the embarrassment of speaking to the lady on his right; tho whether it were due to the new foreign atmosphere, or the excitement of breaking away so completely from his usual routine, he had not felt nervous at having her so close to him; had, indeed, been almost willing to talk to her if the occasion had offered.

After dinner Mr. Banks was going out to play bridge with some friends. "Otherwise I'd have been delighted to trot you round," he explained.

"Trot me round?" questioned Mr. Pickering.

"We might have done a show together, you know," Mr. Banks explained. "The Moulin Rouge or the Folies Bergères. However, you can find them for yourself. Take a taxi from the Avenue. Taxis are cheap in Paris."

But when he was left to himself, Mr. Pickering decided that he would not "do a show." He inferred that the Moulin Rouge was merely a rather fast music-hall, and he had no taste for music-halls. He was a teetotaler and did not smoke, disliked the atmosphere of such places, and was not amused by new variations of their only two subjects for humor—women and drink. He decided to go for a solitary stroll in this strange, exciting city of Paris, taking care not to go too far from the *pension*.

It was an exquisitely tranquil evening of mid-May, and the dusk had not yet definitely given place to the lights of the town. Mr. Pickering strolled down to the Quai d'Orsay, and thence on to the Pont d'Iéna, from which point of

vantage he gazed up for a time at the vast, impressive mass of the Eiffel Tower. "Terrific" was the only word he found to describe that feat of engineering, and after two or three minutes he became rather bored with it and turned his attention to the gardens of the Trocadéro on the other side of the Seine.

There could be no doubt, he reflected, that Paris was in some inexplicable way a romantic place. On a mild evening like this the effect of all these trees in the avenues was to give an air of attractive mystery to the streets. But there was something beyond that, something exhilarating in the very air of the place that in some indefinable way made you want a companion. It was a pity that Banks had had that bridge-party this evening.

PERHAPS the music-halls here were more amusing than that he had once been to in London. If he went back to his *pension* he might summon up courage to talk to the woman who had sat on his right at dinner. If he could find her. But he would have preferred to talk to her out here. He felt that he would have more courage in the dusk of these romantic avenues. He could imagine himself saying quite daring things. Really the air of Paris was curiously stimulating!

He had crossed the Seine while he was thus pleasantly meditating, had turned to the right up the Avenue de Tokio, and now found himself in the Place de l'Alma.

He decided that he might as well go a little farther; he could always get back to the *pension* in one of these cheap Paris taxis, and, having just avoided being run over in crossing the Place—all the traffic, including the trams, he noticed, was on the wrong side of the road—he hesitated as to which route he would take toward what he imagined to be the center of the town. Fate advised him to choose the Avenue Marceau in preference to that of George V. because the name was more French.

But the Avenue Marceau did not appear to be at all the kind of place he was looking for. He wanted to see the brilliant crowds he had read about; to find a seat in one of those famous cafés where you boldly expose yourself on the pavement, sip a modest cup of coffee, and watch the life of the gay city swirl about you. And the Avenue Marceau was dark, almost gloomy, and practically deserted except for the trams. When he came to the Avenue Pierre de Serbie he decided to turn to the right. He had, however, gone but a few yards before he was arrested by the name, clearly visible in the light of the street-lamp, of the turning in front of him: "Impasse Pierre Charron."

Something in that name struck him as being strangely romantic. The word "*impasse*," alone, held, he thought, a suggestion of forbidden sin; and he may be forgiven for having, in the excitement of the moment, confused the name of the sixteenth-century French moralist Pierre Charron, the author of a treaty on wisdom, with that of the poet Paul Scarron, the husband of Madame de Maintenon. Mr. Pickering, as has been implied, was quite a well-read man, and he remembered not only that Scarron was said to have prepared the way for Molière, but also the famous epitaph he had written for himself. How did it go?

Passant ne fais ici de bruit
Garde bien que tu ne l'éveille
Car voici la première nuit
Que le pauvre Scarron sommeille.

Only, just then, Mr. Pickering said "Charron" instead of "Scarron."

He took a few steps down the *impasse*, which was quite deserted, walking on tiptoe as if he passed the tomb of the poet, and, obeying his injunction, was careful to make no noise lest he should awake him on this perpetual night of his first sleep. Yet, in itself, the *impasse* was not at all a mysterious place, with its tall, rather somber, respectable-looking houses—flats no doubt—expensive, perhaps, but surely not romantic.

He had nearly reached the bottom of the *cul-de-sac*, and was turning about to retrace his footsteps, when he discovered that he had paused in front of an open window.

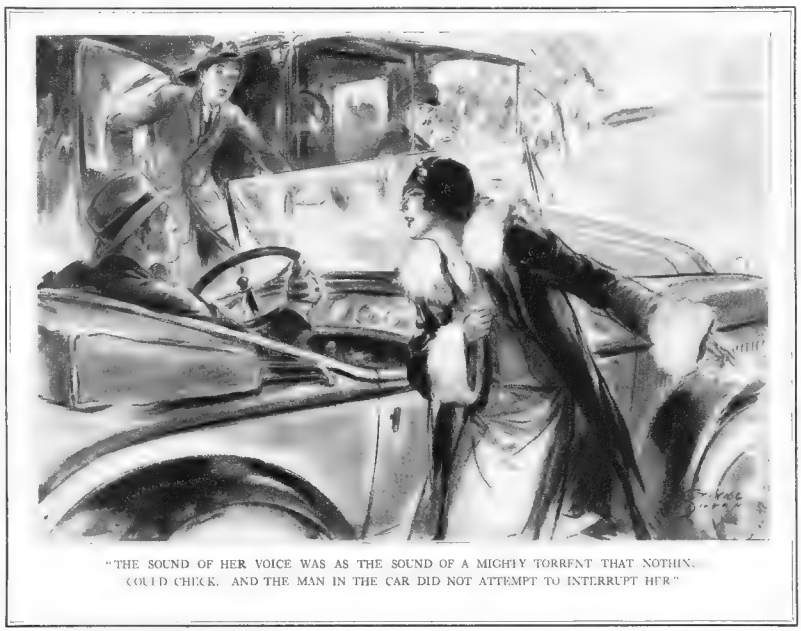
It was a tall, handsome window with heavy casements opening up to the transom, and the sill was within four feet of the pavement level. The outside shutters were fastened back against the wall, and both casements flung wide open into the room, which was brilliantly lit by a cluster of bulbs suspended from the center of the ceiling; two brackets on the opposite wall and two more on either side of the pier-glass over the mantelpiece.

Mr. Pickering had a queer impression of gazing through a great hole torn in the *façade* of the respectable street; of being given a miraculous opportunity of staring right into the heart of Paris life. It seemed to him as if he were the privileged spectator before a stage set for the production of some intimate drama that would presently be played for his exclusive benefit.

And that was before he saw the woman who was the sole occupant of the splendid apartment.

Apart from his constitutional habit of not seeing women, he may be excused for having overlooked this one. She was kneeling on the farther side of the big round table in the center of the room, with her head resting on her arms; and he had come so quietly down the *impasse* to avoid waking the spirit of Paul Scarron that she evidently had not heard him approach. Mr. Pickering, dazed by the sudden glare of light, had at first mistaken her round, dark head for a little black dog curled up on the table.

WHEN he realized his error his obvious course was to move away as quietly as he had come. His habitual shyness with women, common prudence, ordinary politeness, all dictated the same line of action. But he stood perfectly still, staring fixedly at that pretty round head, and what he could see of two elegantly modeled bare forearms. He wondered if this beautiful creature—he knew instinctively that she was beautiful—was in great distress or—but he dared not approach the thought of an alternative explanation—altho surely it was not usual, even in Paris, for a young and pretty woman to turn on all the lights in her sitting-room, fling open the windows, and then expose herself to the gaze of every passer-by in an attitude of forlorn abandonment. It was true that at the bottom of the Impasse Pierre Charron there would be very few passers-by.



"THE SOUND OF HER VOICE WAS AS THE SOUND OF A MIGHTY TORRENT THAT NOTHING COULD CHECK. AND THE MAN IN THE CAR DID NOT ATTEMPT TO INTERRUPT HER"

He was still trying not to think of any alternative explanation, when the lady moved. At first she only rubbed her bowed forehead along her bare arm, and then, as if stirred by some awareness of another presence, she suddenly lifted her head, sat back on her heels, and gazed bewilderedly into the eyes of Mr. Pickering.

He would have run away then, but he was momentarily deprived of the power to move. All that he could do was to stand perfectly still and return the stare of the beautiful stranger. He had been quite right, she was beautiful; with dark eyes, an oval face, and red lips. Oddly enough there was something in her general effect that made him think of the attractive widow, Mrs. Fulborne, who lived far, far away in another and quite different world, near London.

AND had he, indeed, been the privileged theatrical spectator he had for an instant dreamed himself to be, he could hardly have enjoyed a more interesting spectacle than was now offered to him in the changing emotions that passed across the face of the lady still on her knees on the other side of that brilliantly lit apartment. The first emotion was unmistakably one of disappointment; her lips drooped, a frown gathered on her smooth forehead, and her hands fell with a gesture of despair into her lap. But almost at once that expression changed to one of antagonism and resentment.

"How dare you stand there and stare at me?" was the obvious question demanded by her raised eyebrows. Mr. Pickering blushed and, being now released from his paralysis, would have moved away if that challenging stare had not been succeeded by a new and bewildering series of changes: a pinching of the lips and narrowing of the eyes; an air of intense concentration of rapid thought; a look of appraisement and inquiry; giving place at last, with an effect of sunlight breaking unexpectedly from a windy sky, to a sad, appealing, but perfectly intoxicating smile.

Automatically the lips of Mr. Pickering smiled in response, and he raised his hat. "If I can help you in any way," he murmured inaudibly.

The lady rose gracefully to her feet. She had, as Mr. Pickering realized, rather by a general intuition than by detailed observation, a figure that, if it erred at all, was a shade, the merest shade, too "voluptuous." She was certainly no plumper than Mrs. Fulborne, but he was more aware of local, exclusively feminine developments—tho she was wearing a morning dress of dark material that did not throw her outlines into high relief. The word "voluptuous" leaped unbidden to his mind, but he thrust it away from him. He was trembling slightly, but he did not think that he was frightened.

The lady after a moment's hesitation had come round the table ,and was now leaning a little against it, her hands, behind her back, clasping the edge—a charming, almost girlish pose that nevertheless exhibited her figure to great advantage. She held that attitude for perhaps a whole minute after she began to speak—at first with an effect of timidity, reluctance; but as she warmed to her theme, released her hands from their grip on the table and began to gesticulate, with a steadily mounting intensity. Mr. Pickering did not understand a word of her speech. But if her language conveyed nothing to him, her expression, combined with her gestures and the tones of her rich voice, strongly affected his imagination. She was, he supposed, telling him all the story of her life, and he filled in the details for himself: She was the child of stern parents who wished now in the culpable French way to marry her to some rich,

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THE CHILDREN

Why a bachelor who became guardian of a brood of youngsters grew to have a fellow feeling for the Old Woman in a Shoe

BY EDITH WHARTON

Illustrations by R. F. James

"WHAT ON EARTH COULD THE OBJECT BE, WRAPPED IN TORN NEWSPAPERS?"

PART FOUR

NEXT day, when Boyne thought over the scene of the previous night, he found for it all the excuses which occur to a sensible man in the glow of his morning shower-bath.

It was all the result of idling and lack of hard exercise, he told himself; when a working man has had too long a holiday, and resting has become dawdling, Satan proverbially intervenes. But tho at first he assumed all the blame, by the time he began to shave he had handed over a part to Mrs. Sellars. After all, it was because of her old-fashioned scruples, her unwillingness to marry him at once, and let him get back to work, that they were still loitering in the Dolomites. It probably wasn't safe for middle-aged people to have too much leisure in which to weigh each other's faults and merits.

But then, again, suddenly he thought: "If we'd been married, and gone home when I wanted to, what would have become of the children?" It was undoubtedly because Mrs. Sellars had insisted on prolonging their engagement that Boyne had become involved in the Wheater problem; but when he reached this point in his retrospect he found he could not preserve his impartiality. It was impossible to face the thought of what might have happened to the little Wheaters if chance had not put him in their way.

After all, then, everything was for the best. All he had to do was to persuade Mrs. Sellars of it (which ought not to be difficult, since it was a "best" of her own choosing), and to dismiss from his mind the disturbing figure of Mr. Dobree. Perhaps—on second thoughts—his irritability of the previous evening had been partly due to the suspicion that Mrs. Sellars, for all her affected indifference, was secretly flattered by Mr. Dobree's proposal. "You never can tell—" Boyne concluded, and shrugged that possibility away too. The thought that he might have had to desert his young friends in their hour of distress, and had been able, instead, to stay and help them through, effaced all other considerations.

So successfully did he talk himself over to this view that only one cloud remained on his horizon. Mrs. Sellars had said: "I don't see how the biggest fortune, and the cleverest lawyer in the world, could keep the Wheaters from ordering their children home the day they choose to"; and in saying it she had put her finger on Boyne's inmost apprehension. He had told himself the same thing a hundred times; but to hear it from any one else made the danger seem more pressing. It reminded him that the little Wheaters' hold on him was not half as frail as his own on them, and that it was folly to indulge the illusion that he could really direct or control their fate.

And meanwhile——?

Well, he could only mark time; thank Heaven it was still his to mark. The Lido season had barely reached its climax, and till it declined and fell it was permitted to suppose that its devotees would linger on, hypnotized. As between taking steps for an immediate divorce and figuring to the last in the daily round of excitement, Boyne felt sure that not one of the persons concerned would hesitate.

They could settle questions of business afterward; and it was purely as business that they regarded a matter in which the extent of the alimony was always the chief point of debate. And what could replace the excitement of a Longhi ball at the Fenice, or of a marriage of the Doge to the Adriatic, mimed in a reconstituted Bucentaur by the rank and fashion of half Europe? No one would be leaving Venice yet.

But, all the same, the days were flying. The increasing number of arrivals at Cortina, the growing throng of motors on all the mountain ways, showed that before long fashion would be moving from the seashore to the mountains; and when the Lido broke up, what might not break up with it? Boyne felt that the question must at last be faced; that he must have a talk about it that very day with Judith.

It was exactly a month since Judith and her flock had appeared at Cortina; and the various parents concerned had promised Boyne that the children should be left in the Dolomites till the Summer was over. But what was such a promise worth, and what did the phrase mean on lips so regardless of the seasons? Nothing—Boyne knew it. He was conscious now that, during the last four weeks, he had never gone down to the Pension Rosenglüh without expecting to be told that a summons or a command had come from the Lido. But so far there had been none. The children were protected by the fact that there was no telephone at the *pension*, and that none of their parents was capable—except under the most extreme pressure—of writing a letter.

When it was impossible to telephone they could, indeed, telegraph; but the inditing of a coherent telegram required a concentration of mind which, as Boyne knew, would become increasingly difficult as the Lido season culminated. Telegrams did come, of course, especially in the first days, both to Boyne and to Judith: long messages from Joyce about clothes and diet, rambling and unintelligible communications from Lady Wrench, setting forth her rights and grievances in terms which, by the time they had passed through two Italian telegraph-offices, were as confused as the thoughts in her own mind; and, lastly, a curt wire from Cliffe Wheater to Boyne: "Wish it definitely understood relinquish no rights whatever how is Chipstone reply paid."

To all these communications Boyne replied by a comprehensive "All right," and, acting on his advice, Judith did the same, merely adding particulars as to the children's health and happiness. "On the whole, you know," she explained to Boyne, "it's a relief to them all, now the thing's settled—I always knew it would be." She and Terry still cherished the hope that in the Autumn she would be permitted to take the children out to Grandma Mervin in America; or that, failing permission, she would be encouraged by Boyne to carry them off secretly. With this in view, she and Miss Scope saved up every penny they could of the allowance which Cliffe Wheater had agreed to make, and which Boyne dealt out to them once a week.

But all these arrangements were so precarious, so dependent on the moods of unreasonable and uncertain people, that it seemed a miracle that the little party at the Pension Rosenglüh was still undisturbed. Certainly, if it had been possible to reach them by telephone they would have been scattered long ago. "As soon as they break up at the Lido they'll be after you," Boyne had warned Judith from the first; but she had always answered hopefully: "Oh, no; not till after Cowes, if they still go there; and after Venice there's Biarritz. You'll see. And before Biarritz, there's a fortnight in Paris for Autumn clothes."

Cowes, in due course, had been relinquished, the Lido exerting too strong a counter-attraction; but after a few more glowing weeks that show also would be packed away in the lumber-room of spent follies.

The fact of having these questions always on his mind perhaps kept Boyne from being unduly disturbed by his discussion of the previous evening with Mrs. Sellars. In the wholesome light of morning a sentimental flurry between two sensible people who were deeply attached to each other seemed to him as nothing compared to the ugly reality perpetually hanging over the little Wheaters; and he felt sure that Mrs. Sellars would take the same view.

She did not disappoint him. When he presented himself at the luncheon-hour the very air of the little sitting-room breathed a new serenity; it was as if she had been out at sunrise to fill it with flowers. Boyne was not used to the delicate readjustments of a complicated sentimental relation. For so many years now, his feeling for Rose Sellars had been something apart, like a beautiful picture on the wall of a quiet room; and his other amorous episodes had been too brief and simple for any great amount of maneuvering.

HE WAS therefore completely reassured by the gaiety and simplicity of her welcome, and thought to himself once again that, after all, there was everything to be said in favor of a long social acquiescence. "A stupid woman, now, would insist on going over the whole thing again, like a bluebottle that starts in banging about the room long after you're sure you've driven it out of the window."

There was nothing of the bluebottle about Mrs. Sellars; and she was timorously anxious that Boyne should know it. But her timidity was not base; if she submitted, she submitted proudly. The only sign she gave of a latent embarrassment was in her too great ease, her too blithe determination to deny it. But even this was minimized by the happy fact that she had a piece of news to communicate.

She did not announce it till lunch was over, and they were finishing their coffee in the sitting-room: she was aware of the importance of not disturbing a man's train of thought—even agreeably—while he is in the act of enjoying good food. Boyne had lit his cigar, and was meditating on the uniform excellence of the coffee she managed to

give him, when she said, with a little laugh: "Only imagine —Aunt Julia's on the Atlantic! I had a radio this morning. She says she's coming over to Paris to see you."

Boyne had pictured Aunt Julia—when he could spare the time for such an evocation—as something solid, ponderous, essentially immovable. She represented for him the obstinate stability of old New York in the flux of new experiments. It was like being told that Trinity Church, for instance, was taking a Loreto-flight across the Atlantic to see him.

Mrs. Sellars laughed at his incredulous stare. "Are you surprized? I'm not. You see, Aunt Julia was always the delicate sister, the one who had to be nursed. Aunt Gertrude, the strong one, who did the nursing, died last Winter—and since then Aunt Julia's been perfectly well."

They agreed that such phenomena were not uncommon, and Mrs. Sellars went so far as to say that, if she didn't get to Paris in time to meet Aunt Julia, she was prepared to have the latter charter an aeroplane, and descend on Cortina. "In fact, we're only protected by the fact that I don't believe there's any landing-field in the Dolomites."

She went on to say that she would have to leave for Paris in a day or two, as Aunt Julia, who was accustomed to having her path smoothed for her, had requested that hotel rooms fulfilling all her somewhat complicated requirements should be made ready for her arrival, a six-cylinder motor with balloon tires and an irreproachable chauffeur engaged to meet her at the station, and a doctor and a masseuse be found in attendance when she arrived at her hotel—as a result of which precautions she hoped, after an interval of repose, to be well enough to occupy herself with her niece's matrimonial plans.

BOYNE gasped. "Good Heavens—what that cable must have cost her!"

"Oh, it's not the cost that ever bothers Aunt Julia," said Aunt Julia's niece with a certain deference.

Boyne laughed, and agreed that Mrs. Sellars could not prudently refuse such a summons. Somehow it no longer offended him that she should obey it from motives so obviously interested. He could not have said why, but it now seemed to him natural enough that she should hold herself at the disposal of a rich old aunt. He wondered whether it was because her departure would so conveniently serve to relieve a passing tension; but he dismissed this as a bit of idle casuistry. "The point is that she's going—and that she and I will probably be awfully glad to see each other when she gets back."

Mrs. Sellars cast a wistful look about her. After a pause she said: "You don't know how I hate to think that our good evenings in this dear little room are so nearly over," in a tone suggesting that she had rather expected Boyne to say it for her, and that he had somehow missed a cue.

"But why over? You won't be gone for more than a week, I hope? You're not going to let yourself be permanently annexed by Aunt Julia?"

She smiled a little perplexedly; evidently other plans were in her mind, plans she had pictured him as instinctively divining. "Not permanently; but I don't quite know when I shall be able to leave her——"

"Oh, I say, my dear!"

The perplexity lifted from her smile: it seemed to reach out to him like a promise. "But then I expect you to join me very soon. As soon as Aunt Julia's blood-pressure has been taken, and the doctor and the masseuse and the chauffeur have been tested and passed upon."

Boyne listened in astonishment. It had never seriously occurred to him that he was to be involved in the ceremony of establishing Aunt Julia on European soil. "Oh, but look here—what earthly use should I be? Why should I be butchered to make Aunt Julia's holiday?"

"You won't be. It will be—almost the other way round. I'm going to do everything I possibly can for Aunt Julia; everything to start her successfully on her European adventure. And then I'm going to present the bill."

"The bill?"

She nodded gaily. "*You're* the bill. I'm going to present you, and say: 'Now you've seen him, can you wonder that I mean to marry him at once, whether you like it or not?'"

The words fell on a silence which Boyne, for the moment, found it impossible to break. Mrs. Sellars stood by her writing-table, her slender body leaning to him, her face lit with one of those gleams of lost youth which he had once found so exquisite and poignant. He found it so now, but with another poignancy.

"You mean—you mean—you've changed your mind about the date?" He broke off, the words "of our marriage" choking on his lips. Through a mist of bewilderment he saw the tender mockery of her smile, and knew how much courage it disguised. ("I stand here like a stock—what a brute she'll think me!")

"Did you imagine I was one of the dreadful women who never change their minds?" She came close, clasped her hands about his arm, lifted her delicate face, still luminous with expectation. The face said: "Here I am: to be cherished or shattered—" and he thought again of the glittering fragments he had seen at his feet the night before. He detached her hands, and lifted them, one after another, to his lips. If only some word—if only the right word—would come to him!

"Martin—don't you *want* me to change my mind?" she suddenly challenged him. He held her hands against his breast, caressing them. "Dear—first of all, I don't want to be the cause of your doing anything that might offend your aunt—that might interfere—in any way—with her views." No; he couldn't go on; the words strangled him. He was too sure that she was aware they did not express what he was thinking, were spoken only to gain time. But of this she betrayed no hint.

With a gentle tenacity she pursued: "It's awfully generous of you to think of that. But don't you suppose, dear, I've been miserable at asking you to linger on here when I've always known that what you wanted was be married at once, and get back to work? I've been imprisoned in my past—I see it now; I had become the slave of all those years of conformity you used to reproach me with. For a long time I couldn't get out of their shadow. But you've opened my eyes—you've set me free."

"How monstrous to have waited so long for happiness, and then to be afraid to seize it when it comes!" Her arms stole up and drew him. "I'm not afraid now, Martin. You've taught me not to be. Henceforth I mean to think of you first, not of Aunt Julia. I mean to marry you as soon as it can be done. I don't suppose the formalities take very long in Paris, do they? Then, as soon as we're married, we'll sail for home."

He listened in a kind of stupor, saying inwardly: "It's not that I love her less; it can't be that I love her less. It's only that everything that happens between us always happens at the wrong time."

THE silence prolonged itself, on her side stretched and straining, on his built up like a wall, opaque, impenetrable. From beyond it came her little far-off laugh. "Dear, I'm utterly in your hands, you see!"

Evidently there had to be an answer to that. "Rose—" he began laboriously. Pretty as her name was, he hardly ever called her by it; he had always felt her too close to him to need a name. She looked up in surprize.

He began again: "But you see, darling, how things are——"

A little tremor ran across her face. "What things?"

"You know that—after you'd refused to consider the possibility of our getting married at once—I pledged myself——"

The tremor ceased, and her face once more became smooth and impenetrable. He found himself repeating to vacancy: "I pledged myself——"

She drew quietly away, and sat down at a little distance from him. "I suppose you're talking about your odd experiment with the Wheater children?"

"It's more than an experiment. When I saw the parents in Venice I told them, as you know, that I'd be responsible for the welfare of the children as long as they were left with me."

"As long as they were left with you! For life, perhaps, then?" She leaned forward, her face drawn with the valiant effort of her smile. "Martin! Is all this serious? Are you really asking me to understand that all our plans—our whole future, yours and mine—are to depend, for an indefinite length of time, on the whim of two or three chance acquaintances of yours who are too heartless and self-engrossed to look after their own children?"

Boyne paused a moment; then he said: "We had no plans—I mean, no immediate plans—when I entered into the arrangement. It was by your own choice that——"

"My own choice! Well, then, my own choice, now, is that we should have plans immediately." She stood up, trembling a little and very pale. Her thin eyebrows drew a straight black bar across her forehead. "Martin—I ask you to come with me at once to Paris."

"At once? But just now you said in a week or two——"

"And now I say at once—to-morrow."

HE STOOD leaning against the chimney, as far from her as the little room allowed. "I can't come to-morrow." He was conscious that she was making an intense effort to steady her quivering nerves. "Martin—I don't want to be unreasonable——"

"You're never unreasonable," he said patiently.

"You mean it might have been better if I were!" she flashed back, crimsoning.

"Don't be—now," he pleaded.

"No." She paused. "Very well. Come to Paris in a few days, then."

"Look here, dear—all this is of no use. No earthly use. I can't come in a few days, any more than I can come to-morrow. I can't desert these children till their future is settled in one way or another. I've said I'd stick to them, and I mean to. If I turned my back on them now, they'd lose their last chance of being able to stay together."

She received this with bent head and hands clasped stiffly across her knee; but suddenly her self-control broke down. "But, Martin, are you mad? What business is it of yours, anyhow?"

"I don't know," he said simply.

"You don't know—you don't know?"

"No; I only feel it's got to be. I'm pledged. I can't get round it."

"You can't get round it because you don't want to. You're pledged because you want to be. You want to be because Mr. Dobree was right— because——"

"Rose, take care," he interrupted her, very low.

"Take care? At this hour? For what? For whom? All I care for is to know the truth——"

"I'm telling you the truth."

"You may think you are. But the truth is something very different—something you're not conscious of yourself, perhaps—not clearly——"

"I believe I'm telling you the whole truth."

"That when I ask you to choose between me and the Wheater children, you choose the Wheater children—out of philanthropy?"

"I didn't say out of philanthropy. I said I didn't know——"

"If you don't know, I do. You're in love with Judith Wheater, and you're trying to persuade yourself that you're still in love with me."

He lifted his hands to his face, and covered his eyes, as if from some intolerable vision she had summoned to them. "Don't, Rose, for pity's sake don't. Don't let's say things——"

"But, dear, I must." She got up and came close to him again; he felt her hand on his arm. "Listen, Martin. I love you too much not to want to help you. Try to feel that about me, won't you? Then everything will be so much easier."

"Yes."

"Try to understand your own feelings—that's the best way of sparing mine. I want the truth, that's all. Try to see the truth, and face it with me—it's all I ask."

He dropped his hands, and turned his discouraged eyes on her. But he could only feel that he and she were farther apart than when he had last looked at her; all the rest was confusion and obscurity.

"I don't know what the truth, as you call it, is; I swear I don't; but I know it's not what you think. Judith's as much as a child to me as the others—that I swear to you."

"Then, dear——"

"Then I've got to stick to them all the same," he repeated doggedly.

For a time the two continued to stand in silence, with eyes averted, like people straining to catch some far-off sound which will signal relief from a pressing peril. Then, slowly, Boyne turned to Mrs. Sellars. His eyes rested on

A BRIEF SUMMARY OF THE PLOT

Altho "we are seven," we are but one. At least that was the way the Wheater children and stepchildren felt about it. Cliffe Wheater and Joyce, his wife, had been divorced, taken other helpmates, become divorced again, and then been remarried to each other. It was a frightful mess, particularly as all the children of the mixed marriages had made a vow to stick together, at the inspiration of Judith, aged fifteen, the real mother of them all.

Martin Boyne, a bachelor, had chanced upon the brood on board a boat bound for the Mediterranean.

He had at first thought that Judith was a child wife and the mother of Chip, aged two, whom she held in her arms, but the approach of a governess and the gradual assembling of the other children set him right. In the parents he recognized old friends who were wealthy, selfish, and engrossed in trifling with life. Judith's one concern was to fend off the advances of the divorced parents of the stepchildren, who had, of course, married again and wanted back their offspring.

One day in desperation she ran away from Venice with the governess and the children, and followed Martin Boyne up into the mountains, where he had gone to pay long-deferred court to the elusive Mrs. Sellars, for many years his adoration.

Judith is panic-stricken. Mr. and Mrs. Wheater are about to be divorced again and the children can not bear the thought. In consternation Martin rushes back to Venice and argues the idiotic parents into appointing him a trial-guardian to the young ones. The children are ecstatic at the idea, but Mrs. Sellars, who has finally succumbed to Martin's insistence that she marry him, begins to suspect that her future husband has a romantic feeling for Judith. Here is another kettle of fish. Is it possible that the charms of this ravishing widow will mean more to Martin than the fragrance of Judith's youth?

her profile, so thin, drawn, bloodless, that a fresh pang of self-accusation shot through him. He had often mocked at himself as a man who, in spite of all his wanderings, had never had a real adventure; but now he saw that he himself had been one, had been Rose Sellars's great adventure, the risk and the enchantment of her life.

While she had continued (during the weary years of her marriage) to be blameless, exemplary, patient, and heroically gay, the thought of Boyne was storing up treasures for her which she would one day put out her hand and take —no matter how long she might have to wait. Her patience, Boyne knew, was endless—it was as long as her hair. She had trained herself to go on waiting for happiness, day after day, month after month, year after year, with the same air of bright, unruffled vigilance, like a tireless animal waiting for its prey to appear. One day her prey, her happiness would appear, and she would snap it up; and on that day there would be no escape from her.

It was terrible, it was hideous, to be picturing her distress as something grasping and predatory; it was more painful still to be entering so acutely into her feelings while a central numbness paralyzed his own. All around this numbness there was a great margin of pity, of concern, of comprehension; but he knew this was not the region by way of which he could reach her. She who had always lived the life of reason would never forgive him if he called upon her reason now.

"Rose—" he appealed to her desperately.

She turned and he saw her face, composed, remodeled, suffused with a kind of astral brilliancy as cold as starlight. Her lips formed a smiling: "Dear?"

"Rose——"

She took his hand in hers with the lightest pressure. "Dearest, what utter nonsense we've both been talking! Of course I don't mean that you're to desert the Wheater children for me—and of course you don't mean that you're to desert me for them; do you? I believe I understand all you feel; all your attachment for the poor little things. How I should shiver at you if you hadn't got to love them! But we've managed to get each other all on edge, I don't know how.

"DON'T you feel what a mistake it would be to go in and out of this thing any longer? I have an idea that I could find a solution almost at once, if only I weren't trying to so hard. And so could you, no doubt." She paused a little breathlessly, and then resumed her eager monolog. "Let's say good-by till to-morrow, shall we?—and produce our respective plans of action when we meet again. And don't forget that the problem may solve itself without regard to us, at any minute."

By a miracle of self-control she had actually caught at the last splinter of the rock of reason still visible above the flood; and she clung there, dauntless, unbeaten, uttering the right, the impartial word with lips that pined and withered for his kiss.

"Oh, my dear," he murmured penitently.

"To-morrow?"

"Of course—to-morrow."

Before he could take her in his arms she had slipped out of reach, and softly, adroitly closed the door on him. Alone on the landing, he was left with the sense that that deft gesture had shut him up with her forever.

It was growing more and more evident to Boyne that he could recover his old vision of Mrs. Sellars only when they were apart. He began to think this strange state of things must be due to his having loved her so long from a distance, and having somehow, in consequence of their separation, established with her mind and heart an ideal relation to which her slightest misapprehension, her least failure to say just what he expected, was a recurring menace now that they were together.

At first the surprize of finding her, after his long absence, so much younger and more vivid than his remembrance, the glow of long-imagined caresses, the soothing harmony of her nearness, had hushed the inner dissonance. But while her shy, cool beauty was dearer to him than ever all free communication seemed to have ceased between their thoughts—he could regain it only during those long imaginary conversations in which it was he who sustained both sides of the dialog.

This was what happened when he had walked off the pain and bewilderment of their last talk. For two hours he tramped the heights, unhappy, confused, struggling between the sense of her unreasonableness and of his own strange predicament; then, gradually, there stole back on him the serenity always associated with the silent sessions of his thought and hers. On what seemed to him the fundamental issues—questions of fairness, kindness, human charity in the widest meaning—when had she ever failed him in these wordless talks?

His position with regard to the Wheater children (hadn't he admitted it to her?) was illogical, unreasonable, indefensible, was whatever else she chose to call it; yes, but it was also human, and that would touch her in the end. He had no doubt that when they met the next day she would have her neat little solution ready, and be prepared to smile with him over their needless perturbation.

The revelation of her deep submissive passion, which contrasted so sharply with his own uneasy self-assertiveness, was the only anxiety that remained with him. He knew, now, how much she loved him—but did he know how much he loved her? Supposing, for instance, that on getting back to his hotel, now, this very evening, he should find a line telling him that she had decided for both their sakes to break their engagement: well, could he honestly say that it would darken earth and heaven for him? Mortified, hurt, at a loose end—all this he would be; already the tender flesh of his vanity was shrinking, and under it he felt the sharp thrust of wounded affection. But that was all—how little in the balance!

He got back late to the hotel, and walked absently past the letter-rack toward which, at that hour, it was customary to glance for the evening mail. The porter called after him, waving a letter. It bore the New York postmark, and in the upper left-hand corner Boyne recognized the name of the big firm of contracting engineers to whom he had owed some of his most important jobs in past days. They still wrote now and then to consult him: no doubt this letter, which had been forwarded to him by his London bankers, was of that nature.

He pushed it into his pocket, deciding to read it after he had dined. And then he proceeded to dine, alone in a corner of the plain, unfashionable restaurant of his hotel, of which the little tables with their thick crockery and clumsy water-carafes seemed like the homely fragments of a recently disjoined *table d'hôte*, the long old-fashioned hotel table at which travelers used to be seated in his parents' day.

A coarse roll lay by his plate, the table bore a bunch of half-faded purply-pink cosmos in an opaque blue vase: everything about him was ugly and impersonal, yet he hugged himself for not being at the *châlet* table, with its air of exquisite rusticity, its pottery bowl of cunningly disposed wild flowers, the shaded candles, the amusing countrified food.

Yes; and he was glad, too, not to be sharing the little Wheaters' pudding at the Pension Rosenglüh; he was suddenly aware of an intense, unexpected satisfaction in being for once alone, his own master, with no one that he need be on his guard against or at his best before, no one to be tormented or enchanted by, no one to listen to and answer. "Decidedly, I'm a savage," he thought, emptying his plateful of savorless soup with an appetite he was almost ashamed of.

The moral of it, obviously, was that he had been idle too long, that what he was thirsting for at this very moment was not more rest but more work, and that the idea of giving up his life of rough and toilsome activity for the security of an office in New York, as he had aspired to do a few short months ago, now seemed intolerable. Too old for the fatigues and hardships of an engineer's life? Why, it was the fatigues and the hardships which, physically speaking, had given the work its zest, just as the delicate mathematical calculations involved had provided its intellectual stimulus.

The combination of the two sources of interest, so rare in other professions, was apparently what he needed to keep him straight, curb his excitable imagination, discipline his restless nerves, and make him wake up every morning to a steady, imperturbable view of life. After dinner, in the dreary little lounge, as he lit his cigar and pulled the letter from his pocket, he thought: "I wish to Heaven it was an order to start for Tierra del Fuego!"

IT WAS nothing of the sort, of course: merely an inquiry for the address of a young engineer who had been his assistant a few years earlier, and whom the firm in question had lost sight of. They appeared to have been struck with Boyne's estimate of the young man's ability, and thought they might have an interesting piece of work for him a little later, if he happened to be available, and was not scared by hardships and responsibility. Boyne crumpled up the letter in his pocket, leaned back in his slippery chair, and thought: "Heaven! I wish I was his age and just starting—for anywhere."

He let his mind turn on this for the rest of the evening. Perhaps he could make Mrs. Sellars understand that, after all, he had made a mistake in supposing he had reached the age for sedentary labors. Once they were married she would surely see that, for his soul's sake, and until the remainder of his youth was used up, she must let him go off on these big, remote, exciting expeditions which seemed the only cure for—for what? Well, for the creeping grayness of old age, no doubt.

The fear of that must be what ailed him. At any rate, he must get away; he must. As soon as the fate of the little Wheaters was decided, and he and Rose were married, and he had established her in New York, he must get back for a while into the glorious, soul-releasing world of girders and abutments, of working stresses, curvatures, and grades.

She had talked of having her little plan ready for him the next day. Well, he would have one for her, at any rate; this big, comprehensive one. First, the Wheater tribe transplanted (he didn't yet see how) to the safe shelter of Grandma Mervin's wing; then their own marriage; then—flight! He worked himself into a glow of eloquence, as he always did in these one-sided imaginary talks, which never failed to end in convincing her because he unconsciously eliminated from them all the objections she might possibly have raised. He went to bed with a sense of fresh air in his soul, as if the mere vision of escape had filled his spiritual lungs.

Mrs. Sellars had fixed no definite hour for his return to the *châlet* the next day; so he decided to wait till lunch, and drop in on her then, as his habit was when they had no particular expedition in view. In the morning he usually strolled down to see how the Rosenglüh refugees were getting on; but on this occasion he left them to themselves, and did not go out till he made for the *châlet*. As he approached it he was startled by a queer sense of something

"'TAKE AWAY MY CHILDREN? TAKE THEM YOU ARE, BUT I

impending. Oh, not another "scene"; he knew that Rose was much too intelligent for that. What he felt was just an uneasy, apprehensive qualm, as if the new air in his soul's lungs were being pumped out of them again, he didn't know why.

He glanced up at the balcony, lifting his hand to signal to her; but she was not there. He pushed open the hall door and ran up the short flight of varnished wooden stairs. The sitting-room was empty: it looked speckless and orderly as a tomb. He noticed at once that her littered writing-table was swept and garnished, and that no warm scent of viands greeted his nostrils through the dining-room door.

She had gone, then—he became suddenly sure that she had gone. But why? But when? Above all, why without a word to him? It was so unlike her to do anything abrupt and unaccountable that his uneasy start of fear returned.

He sat down in the armchair he always occupied, as if the familiar act must re-evoke her, call her back into the seat opposite, in the spirit if not in the flesh. But the room remained disconcertingly, remained even spiritually empty. He had the sense that she had gone indeed, and had taken

her soul with her. And the discovery made a queer unexpected void in him. "This is—absurd!" he heard himself exclaiming aloud.

"Rose!" he called out; but there was no answer. He stood up, and his wandering eye traveled from the table to the mantelpiece. On its shelf he saw a letter addressed to himself. He seized it and tore it open; and all at once the accents of the writer's reasonableness floated out into the jangled air of the little room.

DEAR: I had another radio yesterday afternoon from Aunt Julia, asking me to get to Paris as soon as I could, and I decided that I'd better motor over to Belluno this morning, and catch the Simplon Express. And I mean to slip off like this, without seeing you, or even letting you know that I'm going, because, on second thoughts, I believe my little plan (you know I promised you one) will be all the better for a day or two more

AWAY FROM ME?" JUDITH STOOD THERE, SMALL AND PALE. 'I DON'T KNOW WHO KNOW YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT'"

of quiet thought; so I'll simply write it to you from Paris instead of talking it hurriedly this morning.

And besides (I'll confess) I want to keep the perfect picture of our happiness here intact, not frayed and rubbed by more discussion, even of the friendliest kind. You'll understand that, I know. This being together has been something so complete, so exquisite, that I want to carry it away with me in its perfection. I'll write in a few days. Till then, if you can, think of me as I think of you. ROSE.

He sat down again, and read the letter over two or three times. It was sweet and reasonable—but also very sad. Yes; she had understood that, for a time, it was best for both that they should be apart. And this was her way of putting it to him. His eyes filled, and he wondered how he could have thought, the night before, that if he suddenly heard she was leaving it would be a relief to him.

But presently he began to visualize what the day would have been if he had found her there, and they had now been sitting over the lunch-table, "fraying and rubbing" their happiness, as she had put it, by more discussion—useless discussion. How intelligent of her—how merciful! Yes; he would think of her as she thought of him; he could now, without a shadow of reserve. He would bless her in all honesty for this respite.

He took a fading mountain-pink from the vase on the mantelpiece, put it in his pocketbook with her letter, and started to walk down to the village to send her a telegram. As he walked he composed it, affectionately, lingeringly. He moved fast through the brisk air, and by the time he had reached the foot of the hill he felt a pang of wholesome hunger, and remembered that he had not lunched. Straight ahead the Pension Rosenglüh lay in his path, and he knew that, even if the little Wheaters had finished their midday meal, Miss Scope would be able to persuade the cook to conjure up an omelet and some cheese.

Instantly he felt a sort of boyish excitement at the idea of surprizing the children; and, finding the front door unlatched, he entered the hall and walked into the private dining-room which had been assigned to them since the *pension* had filled up with adult boarders less partial than himself to what Judith called the "dinner-roar" of her little family.

He walked in unannounced, and was welcomed with a vocal vigor which must have made the crockery dance even in the grown-up *Speisesaal* across the hall. "Have the wild animals left a morsel for me?" he asked, and gaily wedged in a chair for himself between Judith and Blanca.

The return to uninterrupted communion with the little Wheaters always gave Boyne the same feeling of liberation. It was like getting back from a constrained bodily position to a natural one. This sense of being himself, being simply and utterly at his ease, which the children's companionship had given him during the Mediterranean voyage, but which he had enjoyed only in uncertain snatches since their arrival at Cortina, came back to him as soon as he had slipped into his chair between Judith's and Blanca's at the supper-table on the evening of Mrs. Sellars's departure.

He would not ascribe it to her having gone, but preferred to think it was because her going left him free to dispose of himself as he chose. And what he chose was, on the spot, to resume his half-fatherly attitude toward the group, and devote every moment of his time to them.

Being among the Wheaters again was like getting home after a long and precarious journey during which he had been without news of the people he loved. He felt that a great many things must have happened in the interval, that not a moment must be lost in gathering up the threads. And there were, in fact, many threads to be gathered.

He got a general outline of the situation that very evening from Miss Scope—learned that Terry's health was steadily improving, that the young Swiss tutor he had unearthed at Botzen was conscientious and kind, and got on well with Terry, but found Bun hopelessly unmanageable ("and nothing new in that," Miss Scope commented); that on the whole the three little girls, Blanca, Zinnie, and Beechy, tho trying at times, were behaving better than could have been hoped, considering the unusual length of their holiday; and lastly that Chipstone, even in the process of cutting a new tooth, retained his rosy serenity, and had added a pound or more to his weight.

All this was as absorbing to Boyne as if every one concerned had been of the highest interest and consequence. He had a long talk with the tutor, went carefully into the question of Terry's studies, suggested a few changes, and encouraged and counseled the young man. As to luring or coercing Bun up the steep way of knowledge, a stronger hand and a quicker brain would be needed; and while Bun ranged unchecked there was not much to be done with the little girls. Even Blanca, tho she felt herself so superior in age and culture, found the company of her juniors tolerable, and their bad example irresistible, when there was nothing better going.

But, as against these drawbacks, there was the happy fact that the air of the Dolomites, which had done all the children good, had transformed Terry from a partial invalid into a joyous, active boy who laughed at temperatures and clamored for second helpings. And so far the Lido had refrained from interfering. On the whole, therefore, as the weeks slipped by, Boyne had more and more reason to be satisfied with his achievement. To give the children a couple of months of security, with the growing hope of keeping them all together under old Mrs. Mervin's roof, had assuredly been worth trying for. The evening after Mrs. Sellars's departure he wrote a long letter to Grandma Mervin.

AS THE days passed, Boyne, once more alone with the children, found that his confused feeling about Judith had given way to the frank, elder-brotherly affection he had felt for her on the cruise. Perhaps because she herself had become natural and simple now that there were no older people to waken her self-consciousness, and put her on the defensive, she seemed to have become again the buoyant child he had found so captivating. Or perhaps it was just a part of his general satisfaction at being with his flock again, unobserved and uncriticized by the grown-up.

He and they understood each other, and he suspected that, even had their plight not roused his pity, his own restlessness and impulsiveness would have found an echo in theirs. "The fact is, I suppose we're none of us grown up," he reflected, hugging himself for being on the children's side of the eternal barrier.

Boyne, in the end, decided to write to old Mrs. Mervin without mentioning the fact to Judith. He had meant to consult her, had even intended to have a confidential talk with her on the day when Mrs. Sellars's abrupt departure had momentarily unsettled his plans; but when, a little later, the idea recurred to him, Judith was already re-established in his mind as the blithe creature of their first encounter, and he was restrained by a superstitious dread of changing in any way the harmony of their relation.

After all, he could plead the children's cause with their grandmother as well as Judith could; and if his appeal were doomed to failure, she need never know it had been made. He found himself insisting rather elaborately, in his own mind, on the childishness he was fond of ascribing to her when he talked of her to others; and now he feared lest anything should break through that necessary illusion.

He tried to combine, in his letter, the maximum of conciseness and of eloquence, and ended by reminding Mrs. Mervin that the various parents might intervene at any moment, and begging her to cable at once if, as he earnestly hoped, she could give her assent to the plan. The sending off of the letter was like handing in an essay at school; with its completion he seemed entering with the children on a new holiday. "Two or three weeks' respite, anyhow; and then," he thought, "who knows? I may be able to carry them all back to New York with me." Incredible as it was, he clung to the hope with a faith as childish as Judith's.

Mrs. Sellars had said that she would write in a few days. Instead she telegraphed to announce her arrival in Paris, and again, a little later, to inform Boyne of Aunt Julia's. To each message she added a few words of tender greeting; but ten days or more elapsed before the telegrams were followed by a letter.

Boyne found it one evening on his return from a long expedition with the children. He had ceased, after a day or two, to speculate on Mrs. Sellars's silence, had gradually, as the days passed, become unconscious of their flight, and was almost surprized, when he saw her handwriting, that a letter from Paris should have reached Cortina so quickly.

He waited till after dinner to read it, secretly wishing to keep the sweet flavor of the present on his lips. Then, when the task could no longer be postponed, he withdrew to the melancholy lounge, and settled himself in the same slippery chair in which he had sat when he read the letter of the engineers asking if he could trace the whereabouts of the young man to whom they wanted to offer a job. "It's to say she's coming back," he muttered to himself as he broke the seal. But Mrs. Sellars did not say precisely that.

The letter was one of her best—tender, gay, and amusing. The description of Aunt Julia's arrival was a little masterpiece. The writer dwelt at length on the arts she had exercised—was still exercising—to persuade the family tyrant that he, Boyne, was justified in wishing for an immediate marriage, and she added, on a note of modest

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PROUD AND PIG-HEADED

Sometimes the wiles of women will save a situation at the cost of common sense

BY ELISABETH SANXAY HOLDING

Illustrations by Harvé Stein

"'I DON'T CARE MUCH ABOUT LIVING "IN A DECENT, QUIET WAY,"' SHE SAID AT LAST. 'I DON'T NEED TO BE LOOKED AFTER'"

GORDON sat at his desk, his head bent over his work. But his eyes were always straying toward the open doorway, through which he could look into the inner office, and he could see her in there, sitting in a big armchair, her knees crossed, taking down Westley's dictation with that air of nonchalant efficiency. She was dressed all in white—cool white-linen frock, white shoes and stockings—as if she were some superior sort of creature who could move through the dust and grime of the city perfectly unspotted.

Westley he could not see, but he could hear him, stammering a little, "Got that, Miss Payne? Er—well—I-let's see. Just read that over, Miss Payne." Because he wanted to hear her voice, of course, her clear, unconcerned, young voice.

And Gordon at his desk could hear her too, every word she said; and he marveled, with a sort of scorn, at his own folly. He had no admiration for Sarah Louise Payne's efficiency, no liking for her air of casual good-fellowship. But he loved her.

He had not imagined that love could be so bitter and unkind a thing. It was like a duel between them, and she always won, because she was always cool and detached, and he was so often blinded by his anger and pain. Time after time he made up his mind that he too would be cool and detached, and that then he would win. But she had so cruel an advantage. She did not really care. The duel, which was in deadly earnest for him, was for her only a game.

She had conceded him a point to-day; she had consented to come out with him for this Saturday afternoon. Perhaps the white dress was a concession too? Not likely, tho. He could not believe that she would ever make the least effort to please him, ever care whether she did or not.

He turned to his work, a report he must finish this morning. But all the time he heard Westley's voice, and sometimes hers, and he knew that she was there, so near him, yet so aloof.

"Yes, I've got that, Mr. Westley."

There was a hint of amusement in her tone, he thought, as if she found Westley a little humorous. No doubt she did, she who was so cheerfully indifferent.

"I *can't* go on like this!" cried Gordon in his heart. "I can't work. I'm—I'm making a fool of myself. *Why* have I got to care—like this?"

He had been aloof and indifferent enough, himself, before he met her; a clever, resolute, rather unsociable young fellow, intent upon his own ambition. He had had no doubts of his success; he had been very sure of himself, quite content to stand alone. Then she had come, and he had to love her, with this miserable, bitter, unwilling love. There was no trace in her of those qualities he had always held dear in a woman, no tenderness, no mystery; only that air of good-fellowship that was a mockery.

"Hello!" came her voice from the doorway.

There she stood, and for a moment he could see in her what had conquered him. She was a young Diana, tall and fair and lovely, unassailable in her young strength and pride. A man could worship her if she would be truly that, if she would stay high as the crescent moon above the earth, he thought. But she would not; she would not be the goddess who could stoop in divine gentleness; she preferred to be the brisk, efficient Miss Payne, the matchless secretary, the good comrade.

He made no attempt to return her cheerful smile; he only looked at her somberly, and she went on her way across the room, and sat down at the typewriter. She was proud of the speed there was in her nimble fingers, those slender fingers whose touch against his forehead would be heaven to him.

Again he made a valiant effort to finish the report of his department, but the clatter of the typewriter was a torment to him. Men had loved and made songs of the women who sat spinning, of the merciful women who tended the sick, of women gathering flowers; *Werther* had loved *Charlotte* cutting bread. But to love a woman at a typewriter! He could have laughed at the idea if it had not hurt him so.

"I've got to finish this report!" he said to himself savagely. And he did finish it, but in a way that gave him little satisfaction. He was late with it, too. Sarah Louise Payne, the efficient, had finished all her work and left the office, and was waiting down in the lobby for him.

When he got out of the elevator he saw her there, looking into one of the shop-windows in the arcade, looking at hats, he observed; and that quite feminine occupation gave him a thrill of hope. If she really cared about hats, perhaps in her secret heart she cared for other sweet, absurd, feminine things. Perhaps, after all, his desperate plan would help him, even a little.

For, lying awake at night, he had made a plan. He had said to himself that if only she were to see that house, especially now, in the Springtime, it must touch her, must stir in her some response to its own enchantment. So many times he had imagined her in that house, thought how her fair head would look if she sat in the window, thought of her slim hand lying on the dark wood of the stair-railing, dreamed of her footstep in the old silence. If she saw that house she must love it, and realize how gracious and fine a life could be lived in it, miles from such things as typewriters.

"Hello!" she cried cheerfully when she caught sight of him.

"Hello!" he answered with an unsmiling glance which seemed to her critical. So it was. He was looking, in a sort of despair, for some flaw in her, some weakness, which would prove her less admirable and more lovable. But there was none. She was beautiful and wonderful, with her bright hair and her clear gray eyes, straight and strong, and terribly armed against him by that cheerfulness, that smiling indifference.

"Look here!" he said. "Are you very hungry?"

That made her laugh.

"What a question to ask a girl you've invited out to lunch!" she said.

"I mean—I wanted to take you somewhere—about an hour's run. That too long to wait?"

"I think I can stand it," she said. "I may get cross, tho."

He took no notice of that.

"This way!" he said, and they went out of the building and down the street and round a corner to where a rather battered little roadster stood.

"She's not much for looks," he said with obvious pride. "But she can step along."

"I didn't know you had a car," said Sarah Louise.

It occurred to her then how very little she did know about him. He had taken her out to dinner twice, had called for her at her boarding-house, very stiff and formal; and the second time he had asked her to marry him, in a disagreeable, sulky sort of way. He had told her that he was able to support a wife, and that had apparently been the one important thing in his eyes.

Sarah Louise had told him frankly that she did not want to marry him. "But there's no reason why we shouldn't be good friends," she had said.

He had made no answer to that except a queer, grim smile, and he had not mentioned the subject again. She saw him six days a week in the office, but there was certainly nothing loverlike in his manner. He wasn't, she thought, the kind of man to go on pleading a hopeless cause. So when he had asked her to come out with him to-day, she had accepted out of pure friendliness, because, altho she found him very exasperating sometimes, she liked him.

But, looking at him now, her heart misgave her a little. Perhaps, after all, she didn't understand him so well as she had imagined.

Well, she had said she would come, and here she was. She climbed into the little car beside him, and they set off. To one who worshiped efficiency his driving was deplorable; he was so tense, so impatient; he scowled at every delay. They came out of the city and up the Boston Post Road in a steady stream of traffic; then he turned off the main track into quieter roads, and he relaxed a little. But still he did not talk or look at her.

And not only was his silence chilling, but the May-day was not so warm as she had thought. The wind was fresh, and the budding trees trembled before it; the fields looked empty, a little melancholy.

"It's because I'm hungry," thought the practical Sarah Louise. "I wonder what road-house he's going to?"

In a deserted, dusty little lane a tire blew out.

"I'll help you," said Sarah Louise.

"No!" he said curtly. "Stay where you are!"

It took him a long time, but Sarah Louise was a model of good-humored patience; she was sorry for him because he was so mortified by this defection of his cherished car. At last he got in beside her, and they set off again. She saw by her watch that it was half past two, and she felt that her hunger was justified.

"He picks out such awful roads," she thought.

But young Gordon did not think them awful. Here, in

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More popular than ever in summer!

15 vegetables
Rich broth
Cereals
Fresh herbs
Seasoning

. . . 32 different ingredients
12 cents a can

SOUP

as the one-hot-dish of summer meals

DELICIOUS, invigorating soup! In the midst of all the cold meats, salads, iced desserts and beverages of the summer dining-table, good hot soup is a welcome contrast. It appeals to the appetite now with even greater charm. It has a bracing, tonic effect in the cold meal, which makes soup especially beneficial and healthful in the summertime. The hot, wholesome liquid food sets the digestive juices flowing more freely and in this way gives a renewed activity to a digestion steadily confronted with the task of assimilating so many cold foods.

NATURALLY enough at this season, every woman seeks to spread before her family all the cooling, refreshing foods which are so inviting. Her menus must be different and she shows her skill by the variety and tempting quality of the warm weather dishes. She also knows the little secret of the one-hot-dish in meals of this kind—how healthful it is, how necessary to make all the other dishes taste their very best.

This explains the great and ever-growing popularity of soup in the summer months. Whether served as the main dish of the shorter meal or at the beginning of the longer ones, soup is now served by millions of women, as a regular daily food on their tables—summer, winter—all the year.

KEEPING out of the hot kitchen, but still providing the finest of food for the family! Right now, women appreciate this advantage even more than ever. No wonder they are careful to keep constantly supplied with Campbell's Soups, whether away at a summer cottage in the mountains or seashore, or whether back home with the same three meals a day to provide. Adding an equal quantity of water, bringing to a boil and simmering a few minutes. That is all these famous Campbell's Soups require before serving on the table! And they are of such delicious quality that the proudest housewife is glad to serve them.

Read the full list of twenty-one Campbell's Soups printed on every label. Notice how much they help you to give delightful variety to your menus. Make your selections and order from your grocer. He has, or will get for you, any of the Campbell's Soups you select. 12 cents a can.

My, how Campbell's makes us grow!
Everybody tells us so.
We just beam with health and pride
With our Campbell's Soup inside!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

SUMMER MEALS ARE EASY ~ *with dishes like these*

Sliced Peaches

Just DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches, lady fingers and jelly — that's all. You'd hardly believe such an easy combination could be so good!

Yet it's desserts like this—cool and tempting, all of them easy to prepare—that make DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches such a favorite on hot, summer days. In every can, the finest fruit that California grows! Serve them tonight — and see what a wonderful treat they really are.

Fruits for Salad

Or perhaps it's a salad you want! How about the one at the right? Maybe it looks like work but it's far from that. Just open a can of DEL MONTE Fruits for Salad—turn out on shredded lettuce. Five delicious fruits in a single can. A touch of dressing and the whole job's done. No better, cooler, easier summer dish than this.

Asparagus Tips

DEL MONTE Asparagus, too, is unfailingly welcome these summer days. Delicious cold—just as it comes from the can. Tender enough to melt in your mouth. Adds a new touch of distinction to even the simplest meal.

Packed two ways — tips and long spears. Both are California asparagus —both, the pick of this famous crop!

Crushed Pineapple

Imagine the tempting pineapple cup shown here—with marshmallows and bananas. Good to eat, of course—but once again, a dish that's easy to prepare. And that's true of scores of other delicious pineapple treats — summer salads and desserts, fruit cups, drinks and frozen dainties. DEL MONTE Crushed Pineapple is the best of Hawaiian fruit—always ripe, tender and luscious — packed this way for widest possible use.

Try This Tempting Dessert

To prepare the DEL MONTE Pineapple dish shown here, combine DEL MONTE Crushed Pineapple with two marshmallows cut in pieces, for each individual service. Arrange sliced bananas and garnish with a whole marshmallow as shown.

For other simple fruit and vegetable recipes, just the thing for summer days, send for "The DEL MONTE Fruit Book" and our assortment of special recipe folders. All are free! Address Department 524, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco.

Just be sure you say **DEL MONTE**

IT PAYS TO INSIST IF YOU WANT THE BEST

Conducted by Nell Howard Enloe

THE HOME BUREAU

How the successful hostess prepares for unexpected company

BY IRENE COWAN TIPPETT

A FEW years ago I was living in an aristocratic little college town in the South where society prided itself on the simple elegance of its entertaining. The women of the exclusive college set vied with one another in preparing time-honored Southern dishes and were eager to add to their menus new dainties culled from cook-books or compounded out of abundant experience and fertile imagination.

My next-door neighbor was the widow of a college president. Altho a woman of moderate circumstances and never able to afford more than one maid, she entertained so beautifully, so continually, and apparently with so little effort as to cause her less capable friends to wonder constantly just how she was able to keep her household machinery in such perfect running order.

Frequently on Sunday afternoon, without any previous warning, a hungry party of motorists would descend upon her, and next day if one felt constrained to offer a word of condolence beginning with a sympathetic, "Just what *did* you give them, and how did you manage?" one would be answered with rippling laughter, "Oh, I enjoy lots of company, and it never bothers me to feed them!"

Some one once ventured an expression of sympathy to Florence Juanita, the one maid. "Well, you had about ten guests descend upon you last Sunday. My goodness, I could never stand it!"

Florence Juanita turned and looked at the little woman who had spoken, her keen eyes taking in at a glance the lines of worry about the mouth and the wispy brown hair, graying at the temples, and there was a look in the maid's eyes akin to pity when she said proudly:

"Me and Mis' Gertrude don't never worry 'bout company comin' onexpectin'. When dat do'-bell rings an' I goes to de do' an' invites de folks to come in whut looks hongry, I des sets 'em down in de exception-hall, an', bless yo' soul, befo' yo' kin say scat I an' Mis' Gertrude takes a look at dat pantry-shelf, an' befo' we quits we kin git up de bes' dinner whut yo' ever put in yo' mouf. I sho kin move fas'—when I has ter—an' fer as that's consarned, we don't never min' people droppin' in onexpectin'."

One morning I called to see "Mis' Gertrude," and said firmly that I intended to remain until she revealed the dark secrets of her renowned pantry. A ringing laugh greeted this assertion, and my earnestness in regard to the matter seemed to amuse her immensely. Having begun as a young housewife, and grown in grace gradually, she hardly realized to what an unusual degree of efficiency she had unconsciously attained.

"My first and best asset," she declared enthusiastically, "is a well-stocked, carefully selected *emergency-shelf* which holds enough for several unexpected meals, including breakfasts."

"But isn't the initial cost of this shelf frightfully expensive?" I remonstrated.

"Oh, it would be," she answered, "if I made one order of the entire contents of the shelf, but that is never necessary. Buy two or three things each week to begin with, keep an accurate list, and as fast as you consume your materials see that the shelf is immediately replenished. Hang a pad and pencil near your shelf, and make a memorandum of what is to be ordered, so that no items will escape you when you telephone your order. Attend to this end of the matter carefully and you will never have occasion to dread the casual guest. It's just like having a blank check in your pocketbook that can be filled out when you need it!"

I immediately produced a pencil and paper and insisted on writing down the articles she thought necessary to make up a well-stocked emergency-shelf, this list to be added to or subtracted from according to the individual interested.

And while I was writing "Mis' Gertrude" gave me many wise hints and some of her most successful recipes.

Various kinds of canned soups help out a meal immensely, especially in the Summer-time, when the rest of the meal is likely to be cold. As the hot dish of the meal soup is quickly and easily prepared, and there are many interesting combinations and touches which make even usual soups just a little different. Cream of tomato, made with milk instead of water, and served with ¼-inch squares of toast, is a general favorite. Chicken soup may be made with milk also, and when garnished with a dash of paprika it has a delicate flavor and festive appearance. Vegetable and the clear soups make a nice variety and an excellent introduction to any meal.

A jar of mayonnaise on your emergency-shelf will enable you to make salads and sandwiches quickly for Sunday night suppers or luncheon-parties. Salads as the main dish of a meal are becoming more and more popular, for they are so easy to put together, and may be arranged most attractively on a large dish and served at the table. Bread and butter, or baking-powder biscuits if you have time to make them, are all that is needed to complete the middle course.

To make a very satisfying salad just take a can of salmon and one of peas from your emergency-shelf. Heat the peas and boil for a few minutes. Let them cool, and toss together with the salmon and mayonnaise, place on a bed of lettuce, and garnish with sliced boiled eggs, olives, and pickles. If you cook your eggs for 45 minutes just below the boiling-point, they will be hard without being indigestible.

White cabbage cut as for slaw makes an excellent foundation for vegetable salads, and fruit salads may be combined pleasingly with nuts, raisins, or shredded coconut. There are three fruits that are always popular: the apple, pear, and pineapple. The first is used mostly with celery and nuts; the other two may be placed on beds of lettuce-leaves, covered with grated cheese, and garnished with small rings of peppers. The banana may be included in almost any fruit combination, but should not be added until just before serving.

A delicious pineapple salad may be made by combining a small can of pineapple, drained and cut in cubes, with ½ cupful each of chopped walnuts, celery, and marshmallows and ¼ cupful of red and 1 cupful of white cherries. Mix these ingredients, and chill before serving on crisp lettuce with mayonnaise.

There is really no end to the clever things that may be done with a few cans of tuna-fish. It may be creamed on toast, used for salad, or you may prepare a fish-loaf by mixing together 1 cupful of fish, ½ cupful of bread-crums, 2 beaten eggs, 1 cupful of mashed potatoes, ¾ cupful of sliced onions, and salt to taste. Pack this into a greased mold and pour over it 1 cupful of hot water with 1 teaspoonful of shortening and bake in a slow oven.

Photo by M. E. Hewitt

SALMON SALAD, GARNISHED WITH EGG AND PICKLES, MAY BE ATTRACTIVELY ARRANGED ON A LARGE PLATTER AND SERVED AS THE MAIN DISH OF THE MEAL

FOR YOUR EMERGENCY-SHELF

1 Can Chicken Soup
1 Can Cream Soup
1 Can Tomato Soup
1 Can Tomatoes
1 Can Peas
1 Can Sweet Corn
2 Cans Asparagus
2 Cans Pork and Beans
1 Can Beef Tongue
2 Cans Salmon
2 Cans Tuna-fish
4 Cans Evaporated Milk
1 Can Pears
2 Cans Sliced Pineapple
1 Can Peaches
1 Can Cherries
1 Box Salty Crackers
1 Box Cereal
1 Box Cracker-crums
1 Box Raisins
1 Jar Prepared Mayonnaise
1 Bottle Grape-juice
2 Bottles Ginger Ale
1 Jar Preserves or Marmalade
1 Box Marshmallow.
1 Bottle Pickles

THE PICNIC-HAMPER AND WHAT TO PUT IN IT

By Dorothy Howard

SUMMER is here, and we all want to be out-of-doors as much as possible, whether it be at the seaside or the mountains, by lakes, or in lovely rolling country. The children are starting off on long hikes or dashing out to swimming-parties, or father plans to take the whole family for a motor-trip. But always for mother there is the problem of the picnic-hamper and what to put in it—something hot for the baby, something hearty for the boys, dainty sandwiches for daughter, and a real substantial dish for father.

The basket must be planned and packed many hours before the food is to be eaten, sometimes even the night before, so that an early start may be made, or the necessities must be gathered together on the spur of the moment when brother suddenly decides to go fishing with some of the boys.

My salvation in these crises has always been my picnic-corner. There I keep all the necessities of a picnic—certain necessary utensils and prepared and canned foods that can be used as the basis of almost any picnic; boxes of convenient sizes for those parties when one of the children is asked to come and bring only her own lunch, and for larger parties a conveniently arranged picnic-hamper.

The picnic that is the most fun for mother is the one which does not require a lot of preparation beforehand, and the one which affords the most pleasure for father is the one which does not demand carrying too heavy luggage. As long as the children wear old clothes and have plenty to eat they are sure to have a good time. So I always keep in mind, when planning a picnic, good things to eat, packing as little additional paraphernalia as possible, and systematically contriving so that I will not be too tired to enjoy the fun and yet may have plenty of tempting things for every one.

In my picnic-corner I keep, first, of course, the containers. Recently I have acquired a marvelously fitted hamper which just fits on the running-board of the car and holds white-enamel cups and plates for six, as well as knives, forks, and spoons. These I always keep washed and in place ready for the picnic *de luxe* when we are starting off for a long trip or have guests along. But before I had this very convenient hamper I used an old, inexpensive suitcase fitted with wide-mouthed jars with screw tops for salads and some tin cracker-boxes for sandwiches, fastened inside of the lid with strips of elastic, and paper plates, cups, and spoons.

When we go for supper in the woods or on the beach this suitcase is light to carry. The paper utensils may be burned as soon as the picnic is over, so that none of the pleasure of a short evening is curtailed by dishwashing.

Every picnic demands a certain number of small tools and utensils, and these I keep in my picnic-corner, too, so that I need never use the regular household supply and run the risk of having some favorite frying-pan or can-opener left by the side of a brook or hopelessly lost in the long grass of some open field. Altho all my tools and utensils are not used for each picnic, I find the following invaluable to have on hand: paper napkins, plates, spoons, and cups, of course: then oil-paper for wrapping the sandwiches. It comes in a long, narrow box with a metal bar on one side, so that the paper can be evenly torn off. A box of elastic bands for holding the packages of sandwiches together does away with tangled string. A bottle-opener, corkscrew, can-opener, and salts and peppers, with closing tops, are very convenient aids.

For Bonfire Picnics

I HAVE also for bonfire picnics a small frying-pan, a tiny grill with legs, an old saucepan, and canned heat, which will warm a small amount of food when fires are forbidden by the fire-wardens. Two vacuum-bottles, one for cold drinks and one for the baby's food, complete my list of tools and utensils.

There are also certain staples a few of which are needed in the making of almost every picnic, and of these, too, I keep a supply on hand in the picnic-corner. Among the most important are: bottled salad dressing, mustard, evaporated milk, chilli sauce or catchup, olives, pickles, a box of marshmallows, sweet crackers, a box of seedless raisins, a few jars of jams, jellies, and marmalades, peanut butter, deviled ham, some prepared chocolate or malted milk, and for picnics where cooking is to be done cans of baked beans, corned beef hash, and spaghetti and cheese.

For cold drinks I have on hand a few bottles of ginger ale and grape-juice or any other bottled product which my family particularly likes. Ice we take in the vacuum-bottles and the drinks in their original containers, and make the punch on the picnic-grounds. You can take a much greater quantity this way, for having enough to drink is always one of the problems of a picnic-planner.

With these supplies on hand one never has to say "No" when a small voice asks, "Please may we go on a picnic," but instead "Yes, if you'll just go round the corner and get a couple of loaves of bread and some butter."

And speaking of bread, don't always use just white bread. There is Graham bread, brown bread, and whole-wheat, raisin, and nut bread. All of which make delicious sandwiches and give variety to the picnic menu.

It is never necessary to leave the baby home because picnic food is indigestible. Prepare her food as usual; put it in the vacuum-bottle, and it will be hot and ready for her at the regular feeding-time. She will be so proud of having her very own vacuum-bottle that she will not want the more elaborate things which you have prepared for the others.

In our house there are several kinds of picnics. In early Spring and late Fall, when the air is cold and tingling, we want hot drinks and dishes that may be heated over canned heat or a real grill, or we have corn or potato roasts. But then there are the dog-days, when the valleys are shimmering with heat, and we escape to a cool, shady spot by a brook or lake, and then we long for cold drinks and daintily packed refreshing sandwiches of lettuce, cucumbers, and tomatoes.

I am going to give you a few of my own favorite sandwich fillings; but first I want to warn you not to bring salty things on your picnics and be sure to have plenty of fresh fruit. Plenty of napkins are another necessity, for they can be used for many things—for wiping out the dishes and as towels, as well as for sticky fingers.

Here are some of my favorite sandwich fillings, perhaps you would like to try them—the Deviled Ham Delight is quite a meal in itself. To make it: Cream ¼ pound of soft, fresh American cheese and blend it with a small can of deviled ham. Soften the mixture with 1 tablespoonful of mayonnaise and spread on thin buttered slices of rye bread with a piece of crisp lettuce between.

For Baked Bean Huskies, mash 1 cupful of cold, left-over baked beans and mix well with 1 small, finely chopped onion. Moisten with 1 tablespoonful of mayonnaise and 1 teaspoonful of chilli sauce or catchup. Flavor with ¼ teaspoonful of salt and mustard to taste. Spread thickly between thin slices of tongue on buttered whole-wheat bread.

For Delicious Nut Bread and Cucumber Sandwiches cut the cucumbers in slices and soak them until crisp in cold, salted water. Spread the nut bread with butter and mayonnaise creamed together. Put a crisp lettuce-leaf on 1 slice of bread and 3 or 4 slices of cucumber on the other, add a dab of mayonnaise, and put together in pairs.

Photo by M. E. Hewitt

Food contrast makes the picnic menu interesting

SAVORIES	PIQUANCIES	SWEETS	BEVERAGES
Cream Cheese	*Appetizing:*	Cake	Ginger Ale
Cold:	Deviled Eggs	Sweet Crackers	Grape-juice
Ham	Olives, Pickles	Doughnuts	Malted Milk
Chicken	Sharp Cheese	Turnover Pies	Cocoa
Beef	Mayonnaise	Raisins	Coffee
Tongue	*Refreshing:*	Marshmallows	Tea
To Be Heated:	Tomatoes	Prunes	Root Beer
Corned Beef Hash	Cucumbers	Figs	Lemonade
Baked Beans	Fruits	Jelly Sandwiches	Fruit Punch
Spaghetti, Tomato Sauce	Lettuce	Cookies	Chocolate Malt

The foregoing lists may help you to organize your picnic menu so that you won't discover when it is too late that, altho you have included many good things, they are all of the same type. There is nothing more difficult to enjoy than a menu which is heavy with sweets or consists only of the more filling savory foods. So in planning your menu choose something from each of the four lists above, and remember that refreshing foods and drinks are all important on a picnic, particularly if you are not absolutely sure of your water-supply.

Their Glamorous Beauty has captured the younger set in Chicago .... Washington .... New York

Miss Betty Byrne

An exquisite blonde with spun-gold hair, velvety brown eyes and rose petal skin. Miss Byrne, daughter of Judge and Mrs. Stanton J. Peelle of Washington, D. C. says, "I look my best after using Pond's."

Miss Florence Noyes

(Left) A Titian beauty, with delicate, apple-blossom skin. Miss Noyes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest High Noyes of Chicago, a favorite of society, uses Pond's preparations to keep her skin always exquisite.

Miss Bay Morris

(Right) A vivid brunette with clear, pale olive skin. Miss Morris, daughter of Mrs. Waterbury Morris of New York City, is an expert equestrienne. She says, "Pond's Creams are quite the nicest I have ever used."

THEY are as exquisite as rare flowers—these three modern Graces! As soon say which is loveliest, the tropic rose, gorgeous poppy, or delicate anemone, as choose from amongst these beautiful American girls — a vivid brunette, a Titian beauty, an ethereal blonde.

Enchanting types . . . worlds apart in their individual kind of charm, but alike in the fact that each is the acknowledged leader of her own distinguished set. Alike, too, in that each possesses the most essential quality of feminine loveliness—an exquisite complexion.

How do these girls guard the beauty of their lovely skins? Each frankly acknowledges her debt to Pond's. Each on her dressing table gives the place of honor to the Two Creams, the dainty Tissues, the restorative Freshener.

These four preparations used so successfully by blonde, brunette, and Titian beauty, should be used together daily in the delightful Pond's way:

Pond's Preparations in the lovely gift containers used by these beautiful girls

FIRST apply Pond's Cold Cream generously. Its purifying oils penetrate deep down into the pores, lifting out every particle of dirt. Then with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, so caressing and absorbent, wipe away all dirt and oil.

NEXT tone and firm your skin with the exhilarating Freshener. Last apply the faintest breath of Pond's Vanishing Cream for exquisite finish.

See how lovely you are after just one treatment! For the first week the coupon brings you a delightful supply of all four preparations.

INTRODUCTORY OFFER: Mail coupon with 10c for trial size of all 4 Pond's preparations.
POND'S EXTRACT CO., Dept. G
106 Hudson St., New York City

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Street_____
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The Pond's Way to Beauty

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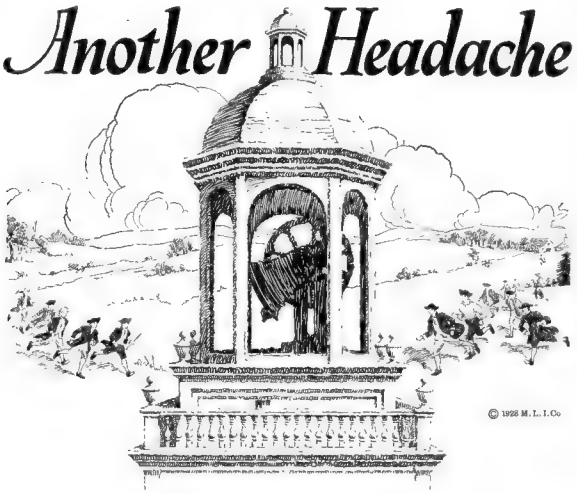
Another Headache



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"CLANG! Clang! Clang!" rang the bell in the old town-hall and at once the whole countryside was alert. The bell meant danger—usually FIRE!

"Bang!Bang!Bang!" goes the pain in your head—and it, also, is a warning of danger, perhaps grave danger, somewhere in your body.

Can you imagine any villager being stupid enough to cut the bell-rope because the clanging of the bell annoyed him—thus silencing the alarm while the fire raged? When you take a pill, or powder, or wafer to stop a headache, you may deaden the nerves which are carrying an important message of danger to your brain—but the "fire" goes on.

Headaches are usually symptoms of unhealthy conditions, perhaps in some totally unsuspected part of the body. There is almost no physical ailment which does not at some stage manifest itself in headache. That pain, if heeded in time, may be counted a blessing.

Fortunately the causes of the vast majority of headaches—indigestion, eye-strain, sinus and teeth infections and wrong posture—can be located promptly. But some of the obscure causes of headache can be found only by patient, skilful search. The trouble may come from a cause so remote from the head as a bone out of place in the foot or a toxic condition from a diseased gall-bladder.

"The humblest and least distinguished of all the organs of the body can order the lordly head to ache for it, and the head has no alternative but to obey."

What Causes Headache?

WHEN your head pounds with pain your first thought should be, "What causes it?" not "What shall I take to relieve the pain?" That headache may come from any one of many causes. Among them are:

Indigestion
Fatigue
Impure air
Eye-strain
Nose or sinus trouble
Infected teeth
Incorrect posture
Infectious and contagious diseases
Nervous disorders
Emotional strain
Disordered kidneys, liver, gall-bladder
Intestinal difficulties
Foot trouble
And many other abnormal conditions

It is risky to attempt to diagnose your own headache. You may guess wrong and waste precious time prescribing for an imagined ailment while the real trouble grows steadily worse. To still the voice of pain without finding its source is like cutting the bell-rope and ignoring the fire.

Beware of headache remedies composed of habit-forming drugs which may injure the digestion, destroy red corpuscles of the blood, undermine the nervous system, depress or over-excite the heart action, and at best may give only temporary relief.

Give your doctor a chance to find the cause of your headache. While he is searching for the cause let him prescribe something to relieve the pain, if you must have relief.

When another headache comes, take warning!

A booklet giving helpful information about headache may be obtained free on request to Booklet Department, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, 1 Madison Avenue, New York City. Ask for Booklet No. 78-P.

Haley Fiske, *President.*

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts

TINY RECIPES FOR TINY FOLKS

By Helen Treyz Smith

WE LIVE on Baby Street—at least the milkman, the postman, and the townfolk call it that. In ten months' time last year seven newcomers arrived in seven different houses that can be seen from our front porch. Our sonny is a "one and only," but all the others have older brothers and sisters. You can imagine life is not dull on this short street.

What fun we have, tho! All seven mothers could tell you the exact weight of each of the seven babies at any given time, and we all knew when Jane started to creep and Bobby to walk.

We all agree on one thing, and that is that fitting the family menu around custard, junket, and rice pudding, day in and day out, is a bit hard on the older members of the family. We want pie and plum pudding occasionally. But soup, junket, and corn-starch must be made just the same, and because of this we find our tiny recipes invaluable.

It is best not to allow children to taste foods with a decided flavor, because once the taste for the more flavorful foods is acquired the bland-tasting ones no longer satisfy. Fruit makes an excellent dessert for children, both the fresh fruits and the canned, as well as the stewed dried fruits. Try preparing the stewed dried fruits in a waterless cooker for a change. Then make sure the adult members of the household do not eat them up before baby has a chance! Tomato-juice may be used as a substitute for orange-juice when oranges can not be obtained. Tomato-juice can also be introduced in vegetable soup and in a purée. It is excellent in the diet. The strained juice thickened, with a pinch of sugar and of salt added, is very nice served on Graham cracker or on very thin, crisp toast.

Vegetable Purée

3 Tablespoonfuls Green Vegetables (Strained) — 1½ Teaspoonful Butter; 1½ Teaspoonful Flour; ½ Cupful Milk; Pinch Salt

MELT the butter. Add the flour and blend. Add the milk gradually and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Add the vegetables and salt.

Vegetable Soup

Soup-bone or ½ Cupful Inch Cubes of Meat; ¾ Cupful Diced Carrots and Turnips; ½ Cupful Chopped Celery; ½ Teaspoonful Salt; Water to Cover

COOK until tender. Strain. Some of the vegetable may be given with broth.

Tapioca

1 Cupful Milk; 1½ Tablespoonful Sugar; 2 Tablespoonfuls Tapioca; Pinch Salt; Flavoring

COOK the milk, tapioca, sugar, and salt in the top of a double boiler for 15 or 20 minutes. Remove and add the flavoring. This may be served with prune- or berry-juice poured over it.

Baked Custard

1½ Tablespoonful Sugar; Few Grains Salt; 1 Cupful Milk; 1 Egg

BEAT the egg slightly and add the other ingredients. Bake in a cup set in a pan of water in a moderate oven.

Boiled Custard

USE the preceding recipe, separating the egg yolk from the white. Heat the milk in the top of a double boiler. Add the sugar and salt to the slightly beaten egg. Pour the hot milk on this sugar-and-egg mixture and return to the double boiler. Cook until it thickens. Beat the egg white until stiff and fold into the custard.

Corn-Starch Pudding

1 Cupful Milk; 2½ Tablespoonfuls Sugar; 2 Tablespoonfuls Corn-starch; 1 Egg; Pinch Salt; Flavoring

MIX the dry ingredients. Add the milk and cook in a double boiler until thick. Add the egg, slightly beaten. Remove from the fire and add the flavoring. Pour into cups.

Corn-Starch Blanc-Mange (Without Egg)

1 Tablespoonful Corn-starch; 1 Tablespoonful Sugar; ½ Cupful Milk; Flavoring

MIX the corn-starch and sugar. Add the milk and cook until thickened. Add the flavoring and pour into molds.

Rice Pudding (1)

½ Cupful Boiled Rice; ½ Cupful Milk; 1 Egg; 1 Tablespoonful Sugar; Flavoring

MIX the ingredients, pour into a slightly buttered baking-dish, and bake slowly until firm and slightly brown on top.

Rice Pudding (2)

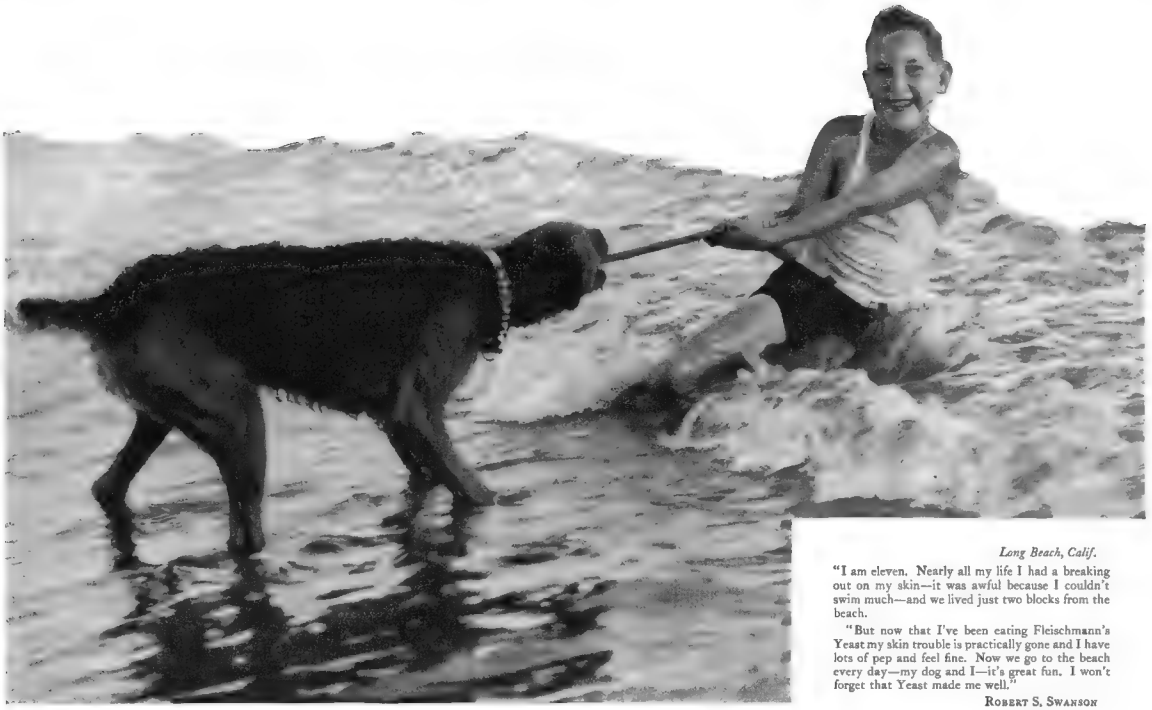
1 Cupful Milk; 1½ Tablespoonful Rice; 1 Teaspoonful Sugar; Pinch Salt

MIX the ingredients and cook in a double boiler until a grain of rice is soft when tried between the thumb and finger.

Junket

1 Cupful Milk; 1½ Tablespoonful Sugar; ½ Junket Tablet; Few Grains Salt; Flavoring

WARM the milk to about the temperature of the body. Crush the junket tablet and add it with the other ingredients to the milk. Pour into a dish (or dishes) and set in a warm place to harden. Cool before serving.



Long Beach, Calif.

"I am eleven. Nearly all my life I had a breaking out on my skin—it was awful because I couldn't swim much—and we lived just two blocks from the beach.

"But now that I've been eating Fleischmann's Yeast my skin trouble is practically gone and I have lots of pep and feel fine. Now we go to the beach every day—my dog and I—it's a great fun. I won't forget that Yeast made me well."

ROBERT S. SWANSON

"They thought I couldn't keep the job"

Plymouth, Mass.

"My family thought that business was the last thing I should go into, in my run down condition. But at that time (shortly after my mother's death) I never needed anything so much to occupy my mind. So finally the doctor said that if I was determined I should at least build myself up by eating Fleischmann's Yeast. I began eating it every day.

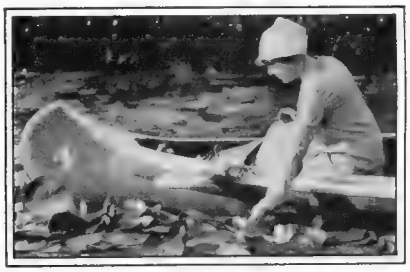
"Well, I got the position I had set my heart on and was later made manager of the office. Thanks to Yeast, I have energy enough to work all day and go to lots of dances in the evenings."

OLIVE A. WILSON

EVERY time you resort to drugs and exhausting cathartics you merely put off the day of reckoning. All drugs are a temporary measure at best—that is how they differ from Fleischmann's Yeast. Yeast is a *food*—fresh as any garden vegetable.

As your intestines are strengthened by eating yeast, food wastes are got rid of promptly, completely. Digestion has a clear track ahead! Appetite revives. Your very complexion—now radiant, smooth—proclaims a body internally *clean*.

You can get Fleischmann's Yeast from any grocer. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in any cool, dry place. Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast in the diet. Address Health Research Dept. A-54, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York City.



Milwaukee, Wis.

"For seventeen years I was in such a condition from constipation and stomach trouble that every part of my body seemed affected. I was weak from the pains and dizziness—and steadily growing worse. Fleischmann's Yeast seemed such a simple means of relief that I had little confidence in it. But a friend's urging finally induced me to try it. In three months' time my elimination was regular. My appetite is now very good, and I am again able to sleep well."

MRS. ENNIE C. CLEVELAND

(RIGHT)

Cleveland, Ohio

"After years of suffering, I was finally being compelled to take a laxative every day. I did this to reduce as much as possible the frequency of my attacks of indigestion and headache.

"Naturally, with my condition as deeply seated as it was, I waved aside the advice of friends who urged me to try Fleischmann's Yeast. But nine months ago I was prevailed on to try it. Three weeks later I was able to discontinue laxatives. My indigestion has disappeared. Headaches likewise."

JOHN V. ROWAN

***So simple*—this new way to health:**

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals: just plain, or in water or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation physicians recommend drinking one cake in hot water—not scalding—before each meal and before going to bed. And train yourself to form a regular daily habit. Harsh, habit-forming cathartics can gradually be discontinued.

LITTLE JOURNEYS IN BABYLAND—No. 4

When should Baby be bathed?

A regular bathing hour daily is best for Baby, preferably before the second morning feeding. In hot weather, a sponge bath during the day or at bedtime often makes baby more comfortable and induces sleep.

Baby's Bath

As an aid to Baby's well-being, authorities agree that a healthy baby should be bathed at least once every day. With this example set from birth, Baby soon acquires a desire for cleanliness which contributes to health and happiness all through life.

Of prime importance also, is the after care of Baby's sensitive skin. Careful mothers find Mennen Borated Talcum their faithful ally. Especially in creases and deep folds of the skin where thorough drying is difficult and where perspiration irritates, this modern, scientific baby powder absorbs moisture and forms a delicate protective film that is anti-frictional and antiseptic. It not only guards against chafing and rawness, it is wonderfully soothing, cooling and comforting to Baby.

This is because Mennen Borated Talcum is especially prepared for babies from the finest talcum obtainable, air-floated to zephyr softness, and mildly medicated.

Surely your baby deserves the soothing touch of Mennen Borated Talcum!

If Baby's physician advises an ointment, use Mennen Baby Ointment. Safe and soothing for dry skin, diaper rash, scaly scalp and prickly heat. Water proof and healing.

Fill out and mail coupon below for free booklet, *"Bathing the Baby"*.

The Mennen Company, Newark, N.J.
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Borated Talcum
—*the* Baby Powder

The famous Mennen Shaker Package—25c

The Mennen blue & white Puff Box of Borated Talcum. A powder puff in every box—$1. Good for Mother, too.

The Mennen Company, Newark, N.J.
Send me the booklet, "Bathing the Baby", free. 4—7

Name .....

Address .....

THE BABIES' ALMANAC

Baby's care between four and five months of age

BY DR. EMELYN L. COOLIDGE

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

THE average weight of a boy baby of 4 months is given as 13 pounds and 3 ounces, while his length is 24½ inches. We again remind mothers that these figures are only averages and may differ considerably according to the birth-weight of the special child.

The subject of teething interests all mothers, many of whom worry about this process much more than is necessary. To lay every ill of babyhood to teething is a great mistake, for the real cause of the trouble is often overlooked and poor baby may be allowed to become really ill because his mother thinks he is "only teething" when some error in feeding or general care is really responsible for his indisposition.

The first real signs of teething are often present between 4 and 5 months of age, when the baby begins to "drool" from his mouth. Next the gums begin to swell, usually the lower ones first, next the upper ones. Sometimes there are a few restless nights and fretful days, with some loss of appetite. Slight indigestion and occasionally fever may occur, but these symptoms should not continue. If they do it is *always* best to call a doctor, who will examine the baby and find any other cause for his illness that may be present. A change in his feeding or care may be all that is needed to make him quite well again.

The time at which babies cut the first set of teeth varies in different families, some cutting them very early, others late. Prolonged illness and rickets are also causes for late dentition in babies. When a baby is correctly fed and cared for and no teeth have appeared at 1 year of age, a doctor should be consulted in any case, but until then a mother need not worry because her baby has no teeth, provided she is giving him the right care and food.

Cool, boiled water is the best teething - lotion; the hot, swollen gums may be gently rubbed with sterile gauze or linen wrapped about the mother's finger and dipped in the sterile water. Do not allow others to "feel for teeth"; germs are easily introduced into the system in this way. Everything put into a baby's mouth must be absolutely clean. On very warm days when the baby seems especially uncomfortable try giving him several sponge-baths with 1 teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda to a pint of water at 98 degrees F. This treatment will often soothe a fretting, teething baby so that he will have a refreshing nap afterward.

Dress him lightly and keep him as quiet as possible, reducing the strength of his regular food formula a little by pouring out an ounce of it from each bottle and adding 1 ounce of boiled water in its place for a few days, until the weather is cooler and he seems more comfortable. July is a trying month to many babies, especially if they are also teething.

Prickly-heat rash is very irritating to babies and may be greatly relieved by the frequent tepid sponge-baths with bicarbonate of soda, described above. After the bath a very little pure toilet-powder may be dusted on the irritated parts of the skin. A linen shirt worn next to the skin, then a very thin silk-and-wool band outside of this, will relieve the itching from heat-rash very much.

Our leaflet "How to Help a Teething Baby" is full of simple hints for mothers of teething babies, and will be sent on request if the required stamped envelop addressed to yourself is enclosed.

Mothers often write to know if it is dangerous to change milk in Summer-time when they go away. If one can obtain about the same grade of milk to which the baby is accustomed at home, there is not much risk; but if only a very rich milk or one that is not quite pure can be had, then there is great danger of upsetting the baby in warm weather. Raw, certified milk of fat percentage between 3 and 4 is usually the best for babies. If very rich milk must be used, then it is wiser to skim off the top 2 or 3 ounces of the quart bottle before making up the formula.

Do not forget that the Fourth of July can be spent safely and happily without the use of firecrackers and other dangerous things of this nature. Young children especially should have other means of celebrating provided for them.

Free Child Health Service

IF your baby is under 6 months of age you may join our Special Correspondence Course in Babycraft, by which you will receive monthly help until the baby is 2 years old. Send us the baby's name and age, and an Admission Blank will be sent you.

If you want advice about older children up to the age of 12, ask for a Question Form for our Good Health Extension Class.

No diseases will be treated by mail nor medicines prescribed.

No blanks will be sent or inquiries answered unless you enclose a United States stamped envelop addressed to yourself.

Address your correspondence to Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review, New York, N. Y.

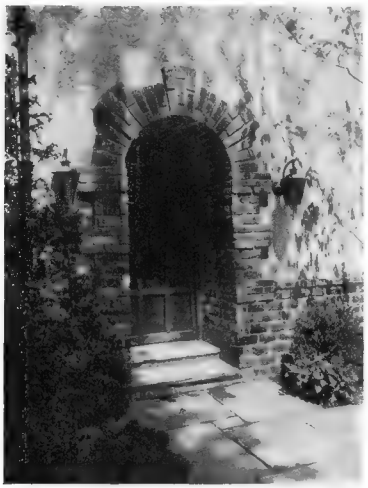
DOORWAYS THAT LEND INTEREST

Even the simplest homes can be made distinctive by good details and materials

BY

COLLIER STEVENSON

Photos by John Wallace Gillies



Lewis Bowman, Architect

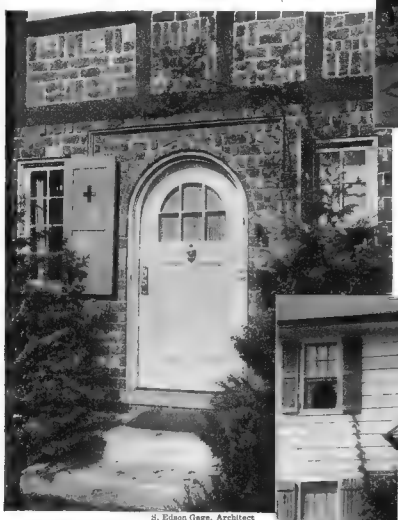
LIGHT-HUED, trowel-marked stucco is a popular wall-material that can often be made doubly effective by combination with red brick, as suggested above.

John Russell Pope, Architect

IN ADDITION to solidity, stone walls have adaptability in their favor. This adaptability is instanced above by a pleasing use of stone for the walls of a dignified Colonial house, which is graced by a simple, fanlighted doorway of appropriate design.

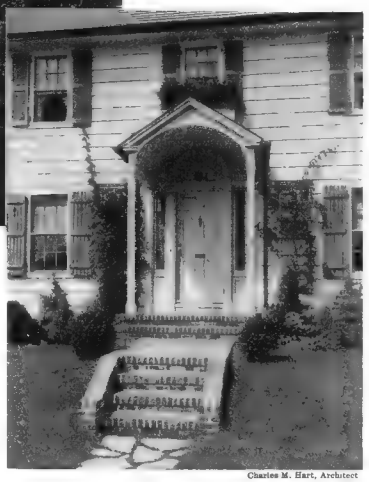
Frank J. Forster, Architect

WHITE-COATED brick, partly laid in herring-bone design, was selected for the walls of the English house shown above. Half-timbering varies the brickwork, and enlivens the sturdy, brown-stained doorway, which has a leaded side-light.



S. Edson Gage, Architect

UNASSUMING tho it is, the gracefully arched, white doorway illustrated above is thoroughly dignified in appearance. Quaintness is lent to it by an antique brass door-knocker, and also by a six-paned light that follows the contour of the arch. As a happy background for this doorway, there are walls of brick—one of the oldest and most versatile of all the structural materials in use to-day. The brick, warm red in general hue, is here laid with wide, white-mortar joints that serve to accent every variation in the basic color. There is a further contrast effected by the introduction of dark half-timbers in the upper walls, after a style identified with the architectural treatment of numberless old English houses.



Charles M. Hart, Architect

George R. Thompson, Architect

FRAME is capable of many interesting variations, two of which are portrayed above. The main walls of the house are of stained shingles, but the walls of the projecting entry are of white-painted boarding, carefully matched, and so laid that the surface shows no joints. Of interest, too, is the withdrawal of the wide, side-lighted Colonial doorway to a location beneath a roof that promises ample shelter from the elements at all seasons of the year.

THE Colonial entrance pictured at the left is not only thoroughly in keeping with the house of which it forms a part, but it is in line with a preference that many home-owners have for well-protected doorways. In this case, protection from the weather is achieved by a projected portico, but similar results could easily be secured either by recessing the doorway within the house-walls or by arranging a simple hood above the door.

A doctor wrote this advertisement!

The husky young gentleman on the pony is the son of a doctor. And along with the picture of his son, the doctor sent us a letter that speaks more emphatically than any advertisement we ourselves could possibly write. So we'll just let the doctor write this advertisement!

"THE use of Eagle Brand Milk, in my practice among babies who for any reason have to be taken from the breast and fed on artificial food, has been so much more satisfactory than any other food that I now always start these babies on Eagle Brand without ever considering any other food.

"We have five children of our own and four of them have been raised on Eagle Brand, as the mother has not been able to furnish the proper food. We have never had a sick child in the bunch and the boy whose picture you have (on the pony) weighs 48 pounds at the age of four years. He has been on Eagle Brand since he was three weeks old and has never been sick a day in his life."

Yours very truly,

A. L. M. . . . . , M.D.
Fort Worth, Texas.

MAIL THIS COUPON!

THE BORDEN COMPANY I-P R.-7-28
Borden Building
350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me my free copies of "Baby's Welfare" and "What Other Mothers Say" My baby is . . . . months old.

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

City . . . . . .State . . . . . .

Photos by M. C. Hewitt

Rooms by Margery Sill Wickware Decorator

COOL, COLORFUL FABRICS FOR SUMMER

Chints and cretonne add personality to a room

THE best way to obtain a restful room is to do the basic background in varying tones of one color; but such a room, no matter how seemingly restful at first glance, would become very monotonous when lived in for a while, so you should do what the skilful decorator would do, and add interest in the modern way by the use of well-chosen, colorful fabrics.

For Summer you will find that the warmth of heavy velvet and woolen draperies and couch- and chair-coverings is not desirable, and I would suggest that you choose in their place materials which will add a note of cool crispness. Chints, cretonne, scrim, and organdy are particularly appropriate for use in warm weather and will give satisfaction for all-the-year use.

There is a wide range of choice in colors and materials offered for you to select from, and no matter how discriminating your taste you will find charming solid colors or attractive designs to suit the needs of the rooms you are decorating.

You will find among the glazed English chintses and cretonnes formal yet friendly patterns, gay with color, which will add a touch of smart modernism to an otherwise unprepossessing room.

If your upholstered chairs are too worn or warm-looking to appear at their best in Summer rooms, you may make slip-covers for them very easily from any firm-textured material.

For the formal living-room, glass-curtains of cream scrim finished with a deep tailored hem and hung in straight, full folds will give a feeling of gracious dignity.

For the bedrooms, organdy curtains in pastel shades to harmonize with the predominating color of the room are delightful. It is crisp and yet soft enough to drape gracefully; made with wide ruffles, it adds a touch of cool freshness that is very pleasing. Organdy may also be used very successfully for draping the "made" dressing-table, as well as for the "matching sets" bound in a contrasting color for the dressing-table and the stand for the bedside lamp.

S W I F T

Many a summer menu problem is solved by the unusual goodness of Premium Ham. Blending deliciously with cool salads, Premium's mellow, distinctive flavor tempts appetites in the hottest weather. It is a great help, many women have found, to have a supply always on hand and so they buy the whole Premium Ham for summer use.

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

It is not necessary to parboil Swift's Premium Ham
Swift's Premium Ham
Swift's Premium Bacon
Swift's Silverleaf Brand Pure Lard

Be sure it is Premium

Look for the blue tag. The brand Swift's Premium on the rind. The blue Premium label. The word Swift on the sanitary wrapper.

Tropical Baked Ham
with vegetables in jelly

Place a Premium Ham in boiling water and simmer, allowing 30 minutes to the pound. Remove rind and rub with fine bread crumbs and orange marmalade. Bake in moderate oven (375°F) about 45 minutes. Serve with vegetable jelly molds, made by adding fresh or canned vegetables to lemon jelly. (Left-over vegetables and fruits can be used this way.)

Swift & Company

FOUR SUMMER LUNCHEONS

that Appeal to the Imagination as Well as the Appetite

Crisp, crunchy Puffed Wheat—and with it finest summer strawberries and cream. Always a supreme favorite.

Surprise cookies! Make with a cracker, meringue, Puffed Rice and a dab of jelly or jam. Simple—and good.

This delicious Puffed Rice-date souffle is an easy summer dessert. See simple recipe elsewhere on this page.

A refreshing midday salad: Dip pieces of banana in mayonnaise and roll in Puffed Wheat. Serve on lettuce.

Warm-weather suggestions to brighten luncheons and bring the charm of fresh variety to your table

SOMETHING different! Something new! That is what women of today are seeking to make luncheons attractive, to stimulate flagging appetites during the dog days. Colorful, dainty, dishes that attract the eye, and through it, the appetite.

The recipe suggestions on this page provide quick and simple ways women have found to achieve that result. Try them yourself if finding simple warm-weather delicacies is your problem.

Each recipe has a delicious ingredient, Quaker Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice, cereal foods wholly and delightfully different in taste and form from all others.

Quaker Puffed Wheat is whole wheat steam exploded to 8 times its natural size, then oven toasted to a supremely delicious crispness. The flavor is like nutmeats. Over 20% is bran, but you would never know it, so delightfully is it concealed.

Quaker Puffed Rice is the finest selected rice, also steam exploded. The flavor is delicate and unusual. The food value, high in carbohydrate.

Both foods meet the modern idea in diet by attracting the appetite. In both all food cells are broken in the process of steam exploding. Thus digestion is made easy.

Served as suggested here, or plain, with milk, or half-and-half, they in themselves supply the Great Adventure of a Change. Try them today.

Recipe for Puffed Rice and Date Souffle

In this delicious pudding, Puffed Rice grains crisped in butter, take the place of nutmeats.

- 3 eggs
- 1 cup sugar
- ½ cup fine cracker crumbs
- ½ pound chopped dates
- 1 teaspoon baking powder with pinch cream of tartar
- ½ teaspoon vanilla
- 2¼ cups Puffed Rice

Crisp Puffed Rice gently in warm oven, adding three tablespoons melted butter. Beat egg yolks and add to them sugar, cracker crumbs, dates, baking powder and vanilla. Fold in stiffly beaten whites and Puffed Rice. Set pudding dish in pan of water and bake one hour in slow oven.

Get Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice at your grocer's.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

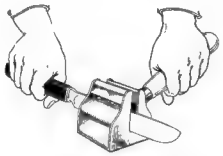
HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Inexpensive appliances that make quick work of every-day tasks

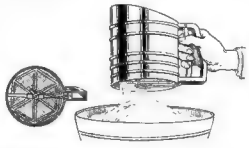
LATELY when I have been choosing something for myself in the shops, I have seen so many small ingenious appliances which make home-making much easier and more interesting that I have thought, "If only I could tell Pictorial Review readers about these!" Finally I spoke about these appliances in an editorial meeting, and our art editor said, "I will have pictures made, and then you can write about them." And since showing pictures and talking in printed words is about the only way I can visit with almost three millions of you in your own homes, I have decided to take this page for my very own.—N. H. E.

This little rubber plate-scraper, found at any notion - counter, will entirely remove the crums and grease from your best china without a single nick or scratch. Keep another for removing the last drop of cake-batter, mayonnaise, and egg from the mixing-bowl on baking-days, and dish-washing will be made into a clean, neat job.

For scrubbing pots and pans, especially burned ones, this mop, made of cotton cord wrapped with strands of flat copper wire, is invaluable. A little soap and water, a twist of the wrist, and the work is done. The long handle prevents the hands from coming in contact with the grease and grime.

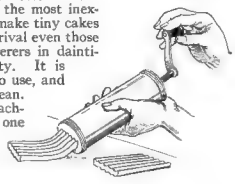


Sharp knives are essential in preparing food rapidly. This sharpener is convenient in size and does the job quickly and easily.

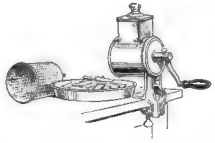


Flour packs so readily that to insure accuracy it needs to be sifted before measuring. This double-meshed sifter, held and worked with the same hand, makes quick work of the sifting and also distributes the baking-powder evenly through the flour.

The waterless cooker shown above is an invaluable addition to any woman's kitchen. It is a great help in cooking foods, especially vegetables, so as to save as many as possible of the vitamins and minerals which doctors and dietitians so unanimously recommend. It will cook a whole meal with no bothersome watching after it is put in, giving the home-maker several hours of freedom, and when all the trays and pans are removed it makes a large covered vessel to use for the occasional but all-important quantity cookery.

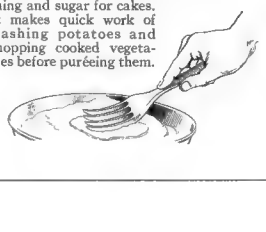


The tricky little device at the right enables even the most inexperienced cook to make tiny cakes and cookies which rival even those of professional caterers in daintiness and originality. It is inexpensive, easy to use, and little trouble to clean. There are two attachments besides the one illustrated, which is perfect for making most delicious cheese-straws for tea-time. Or with scarcely any extra trouble you may garnish your meats with an interesting border of fluffy potatoes simply by mashing them and putting them through this little machine.



A glass top for pressing the food down, a knife for grating without crushing, and another one for slicing vegetables and fruits uniformly for steaming, or cutting potatoes for deep-fat frying, are some of the good points of this inexpensive and very compact little time-saver.

The fork pictured below has very deep tines and is really equivalent to four small sharp knives with only one handle. It is a wonderful help for blending shortening and flour for biscuits and pie-crusts. You may also use it for creaming shortening and sugar for cakes. It makes quick work of mashing potatoes and chopping cooked vegetables before puréeing them.



A thrill for summer appetites - - relief for "summer nerves"

POSTUM - - - hot *or* iced

DOESN'T summer sort of "get" you at times? Your appetite flags—you can't sleep at night—you're "touchy" during the day.

Physicians warn to be careful of your diet. Torrid days and hot, sticky nights are enervating enough without overtaxing your nerves with harmful mealtime stimulants.

Try this simple diet change—Postum in place of caffein beverages! Try it for your appetite's sake! Try it for those "summer nerves"!

You'll find Postum's flavor refreshingly different—rich and mellow. Millions prefer this flavor to that of any other mealtime drink!

Two Wonderful Drinks for Summer!

ICED POSTUM MADE WITH MILK

Dissolve eight level teaspoonfuls of Instant Postum in half a cup of boiling water.

Mix with three and one-half tall glasses of cold milk.

Sugar to taste, and serve with a little cracked ice.

ICED POSTUM MADE WITH WATER

Dissolve eight level teaspoonfuls of Instant Postum in half a cup of boiling water.

Mix with three and one-half tall glasses of cold water.

Sugar to taste, and cream. Serve with cracked ice.

This is a sufficient quantity for four tall glasses. More, or less, may be made in the same proportions. The attractiveness of either drink is increased by putting a tablespoonful of whipped cream on the top of each glassful—or beating into the drink, with an egg-beater, a heaping tablespoonful of vanilla ice cream for each glassful. If ice cream is used, no cracked ice is needed.

You'll find, too, that Postum never "gets on your nerves", never keeps you awake, or affects digestion. For Postum contains no caffein.

Postum is made of whole wheat and bran, blended and roasted, with a little sweetening added. Served hot or iced, it makes a delicious drink, with an appealing flavor all its own. And it's *so* easy to prepare! You can make it right at the table!

The best way to test Postum's benefits is to make it your mealtime drink for thirty days. Then, on a basis of results, decide if you will ever go back to caffein. Four out of five decide "No!"

Carrie Blanchard, food demonstrator, will help you start your 30-day test.

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"Let me send you, free, one week's supply of Postum, with my personal directions for preparing it, as a start on the 30-day test.

"Or if you would rather begin the test today, get Postum at your grocer's. It costs less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup.

"Please indicate on the coupon whether you prefer Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."

© 1928, P. Co., Inc.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

POSTUM COMPANY, INCORPORATED P.—P.R. 7-28
Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM . . . . . ☐ *Check*
(prepared instantly in the cup) *which you*
POSTUM CEREAL . . . . . ☐ *prefer*
(prepared by boiling)

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CO., LTD.
812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario.

TRE-JUR

THIS LITTLE LADY made a pledge and kept it

She promised modern women greater beauty at a smaller cost—today her image is the emblem of fashion and the symbol of thrift.

She stands for Tre-Jur, and Tre-Jur stands for the greatest values in all the world of Toiletries. It isn't only that Tre-Jur Compacts are so economically priced. If their price tags invite purchase, it is surely their quality and beauty that make friends.

Where can one buy, *at any price*, compacts more of the mode—as slim as Tre-Jur's "Thinest", or as daintily lovely as the "Little One"? There are singles and doubles—each ingeniously designed, each exquisitely fashioned.

Some in smart gunmetal; others enameled in the newest costume colors. All bring a purity and excellence of ingredients, unmatched. All are new, smart, adorable, and available in either *Joli Memoire* or *Charvai* fragrances.

And where can one buy, *at any price*, a powder such as Tre-Jur's?

Tre-Jur's Face Powder is pre-blended

Pre-blending brings the smooth delight of a light powder and the adhering loyalty of a heavy one. *Pre-blending* results in a powder that clings but never cakes—that is most satinizing, most flattering.

Visit any important drug or department store and ask for Tre-Jur. You will agree that the little trade-mark lady nods to you from toiletries that are triumphs of fashion and thrift.

Houses of Tre-Jur, Inc., Paris and New York.

"Little One" Compact. A slender, silver disk—with generous powder-cake. Price 50c

Tre-Jur Talc. Soft, pure, air-floated. Delightfully scented with Joli-Memoire 25c

"Thinest" Compact. Thin as a dollar piece. Rich gun metal, or enameled in your choice of smart costume colors. ... $1

Tre-Jur Rouge and Lipstick. Smooth, lasting. Superlative quality. Five shades; each 50c

Tre-Jur Bath Powder. De Luxe quality—refreshingly scented—generous quantity $1

"Pre-blended" Face Powder. Clinging, flattering, fragrant. Your choice of 5 shades. Amazingly priced 50c

THE BRILLIANT LADY MARY

Continued from Page 12

the handsome men with their bows and graces and power—power to win and dismiss and be the queen I was for one brief night in a foretaste of heaven!"

Unfortunate girl! she set herself to study, little knowing the crime she committed and must later hide and atone for. What gentleman can tolerate a learned lady or forgive any superiority to himself, be it what it will? She stole lessons in arithmetic and Latin from her young brother's tutor, who, inmeshed in the frightful tedium of the country, fell in love with the brightest, beautifulest girl he had ever dreamed of in his existence and bartered Latin verbs against a smile.

THOSE smiles were frosty and remote, but the lessons involved a certain amount of companionship, tho it must be with a table between them and the defeated and corpulent Mrs. Blayney slumbering audibly in a chair near the door. Alas! it ended all too soon. Having mastered the elements, the young lady retired with her lexicon into the library, locked the door, and her place knew her no more.

But, mingled with a little vanity for seasoning, it is surprizing what she learned and how happy it made her. She began to tell herself that she might attack the world far otherwise than on that radiant night haloed in memory, and could see herself cold and brilliant as an iceberg raying out wit many-faceted from all her surfaces and dominating the men by attainments far surpassing their own.

It was about this time and in this very mistaken notion that she sent a translation from the Latin to the worldly Bishop Burnet with a strong plea for female education surrounded with such moral reflections on the duty of submission in her sex and its frivolities as convulsed the bishop with laughter in one so young, and caused him to read portions to ladies of his acquaintance with comments that set poor Lady Mary still more at a disadvantage. The passage ran as follows:

"I am not now arguing for an equality of the sexes. I do not doubt God and nature have thrown us into an inferior rank: we owe submission to the superior sex, and any woman who suffers her vanity and folly to deny this rebels against the law of the Creator. But what follows the careless education given to women of quality is its being so easy for any man of sense to corrupt them. The common method is to begin by attacking their religion, and I speak now from my own knowledge and conversation among them, there are more atheists among the fine ladies than among the loosest sort of rakes." Concluding with a long Latin quotation.

This was handed about town and roused the greatest mirth and many questions as to her young Ladyship's experience with the rakes of Thoresby, coupled with the hope that her own religious principles would enable her to withstand their assaults.

Certainly the impression gained ground that so whaleboned a young lady would not be very severely tempted and would be no acquisition to gaiety in town. She could have torn her hair when she heard what had got about, and it is certain that for the rest of her life her attachment to bishops was temperate. She wrote them no more letters. Time, however, has its revenges and rewards in store for all alike, and what Lady Mary regarded as one of the curses of her life was now to prove a blessing.

It was the disagreeable habit of travelers passing Thoresby and other great places to ask permission to view the family pictures and relics of antique days, and as many of these were centered in the library her young Ladyship was routed up-stairs while the fat Mrs. Blayney earned her fee by escorting the visitors and regaling them with romantic history tricked out by her own imagination.

On this July day, sunny and beautiful, it having been rumored that some distinguished traveler was in the offing, Lady Mary, leaving the library clear, had betaken herself to a great beech by the lake and sat there with her book on her lap. She perceived a heavy coach and six winding up the avenue, and, seeing the men's liveries were unknown to her, made up her mind that this was a sight-hunting stranger, and, turning her page, forgot the whole business.

The day was warm, the sighing of the trees monotonous and soothing, and, leaning her head against a nook in the beech-trunk, slumber overtook her, and the book dropping on the grass, the picture of the Dryad and her tree was complete.

She did not hear a light step on the grass, nor see a good-looking stranger in modish gray traveling-coat and hat part the boughs which formed her leafy tent and look in upon her with cautious softness of movement. Had she known it she would have closed her parted lips and contrived that faint smile associated with heavenly thoughts which should always grace the lips of sleeping and virginal beauty.

The newcomer, however, eyed her with curiosity and admiration—well deserved, because a prettier young woman never fell asleep beneath a beech-tree. Very softly he possessed himself of the book—Plutarch's lives of ancient Greek and Roman worthies—and raised his eyebrows in astonishment, fearing he beheld a female pedant.

It must, however, be said in extenuation that she had the grace to fall asleep over it, and, admitting the justice of this silent plea, he sat down just outside the leafy screen and immersed himself in the volume, which was very much to his taste. Thus they remained for near half an hour. At the end of that time, having conducted Julius Cæsar to his assassination, the gentleman placed a blade of grass in the book as her mark and coughed.

Women awake in different degrees of beauty—any experienced person will bear me out in this—and Lady Mary awoke charmingly, with the languid, fawning grace of a cat stretching herself with feline delays. She then sat up slowly, looked about her, and saw she was not alone. In a spring she was on her feet.

"Sir, this is the private garden and ."

He was on his, bowing:

"Madam, I am well aware of it. But I am not a stranger to your family—nor to you."

The warlike glare in her eye subsided into a doubtful smile.

"I fear I have scarcely the honor to recall the circumstance——"

"That, Madam, is scarcely surprizing. You were eight years old. You were attired in a dress of crimson velvet, your hair dressed with crimson rosettes of ribbon, and you stood on a table with your father behind you, and made one of the most charming speeches I ever heard in my life."

The past rushed on her with a pang of memory.

"The Kit-Cat Club!" she gasped, and stood looking at him.

INDEED it gave her a shock, half pleasure, half pain. She had thought that heavenly night forgotten by all but herself. It was buried, the primroses of ten years had grown and faded over it, and she might well suppose it dust. Now, in resurrection, it looked her smiling in the face. Her usual manner was assured and a little careless, but she faltered then.

"Sir, I remember very well. But—who are you?"

His hat was off already and under his arm, but he gave it the proper flourish as he bowed a shade lower than necessary.

"Madam, allow me to present to Your Ladyship Edward Wortley Montagu; not unknown to my Lord Marquis

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DON'T FOOL YOURSELF

Since halitosis never announces itself to the victim, you simply cannot know when you have it.

Nice people recognize *the risk - and avoid it*

Listerine, because of its marked power as a deodorant, ends halitosis.

RECOGNIZING, first, that halitosis (unpleasant breath) is widespread, and, second, that its victim is seldom aware of its presence, nice people avoid the risk entirely by using Listerine.

Simply rinse the mouth with it. Every morning. Every night. And between times before meeting others. It immediately ends halitosis. The breath becomes sweet and inoffensive. And how important that is in social, home and business life!

Listerine ends halitosis because it strikes first at the cause. And then conquers the effect. Being antiseptic, it checks fermentation from which odors usually arise. Being a powerful deodorant, it then dispels the odors themselves.

If you have the slightest doubt about Listerine's amazing power to deodorize, make this test. Rub a bit of onion on your hand. You know how hard this odor is to remove. Next apply Listerine clear. Immediately the odor disappears. Even the odor of fish yields to this treatment.

Don't take the chance of offending others when, by simply using Listerine halitosis can be prevented. Keep a bottle handy in home and office. And use it. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

READ THE FACTS
⅓ had halitosis

68 hairdressers state that about every third woman, many of them from the wealthy classes, is halitoxic. Who should know better than they?

LISTERINE

The safe antiseptic

HAVE YOU TRIED THE NEW LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM?

Cools your skin while you shave and keeps it cool afterward. An outstanding shaving cream in every respect.

Did Ann Little Choose Wisely?

Like thousands of others she can smile *her answer*

Long ago she learned that people watched for the quick flash of her gleaming teeth . . . her glorious smile.

Ever since this picture was taken, Miss Little has depended on Colgate's to keep her teeth sparkling clean.

RADIANTLY beautiful . . . with a charming personality. That is the way you'd describe Miss Ann Little. Her close friends agree that much of Miss Little's beauty is due to her remarkable teeth . . . teeth that fairly glisten when she smiles.

Her own explanation is extremely simple. "Twelve years ago," she says, "I started using Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. And all these years I've depended on this one dentifrice to keep my teeth sparkling clean and healthy."

In this country, and in foreign countries the world over, you will find thousands and thousands of men and women like Miss Little who because they began using Colgate's ten, fifteen, even twenty years ago, have teeth exceptionally sound and beautiful today.

There is nothing mysterious about these enviable results. The men and women fortunate to secure them did nothing that you cannot easily do yourself. They visited their dentists for periodic inspections. And they used Colgate's.

In such a vital matter as the care of the teeth, could there be any safer guide than the actual experiences of thousands of people like yourself?

Also wouldn't it be an immense satisfaction to know that the dentifrice you were using was the one which dentists recommend most frequently?

So for lovely teeth . . . just ask your druggist for Colgate's. Or, if you prefer, let us send you a tube to try. Mail the coupon.

Colgate & Co., Dept. 209-G, 595 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

Please send me a Free sample of Ribbon Dental Cream.

Name .....

Address .....

Continued from Page 40

of Dorchester. I was a guest at the club on that happy evening, and as I am on my way to Wharncliffe Lodge I determined to stop at Thoresby that I might see——"

"The antiques!" she prompted with a smile, for he had hesitated.

"Yes, the antiques. But also—to be honest, I desired to see to what degree of loveliness the toast of those gay gentlemen had attained."

A difficult remark to answer! She could scarcely ask whether she fell below or exceeded memory, and an unwonted shyness sat on her drooping lashes. She was shy but with grace and her answer was irrelevant.

"Sir, the peaches on the south wall are most delicious now. Shall we fill this basket?"

He picked it up in polite agreement and they proceeded gravely to the walled garden, each anxiously estimating and enumerating the other's forces and defects.

Let the superior sex come first with its opinions.

He found she was no debtor to the promise of childhood. She had amply fulfilled her obligations. A more sparkling brown beauty he had never beheld, darkest brown in hair and eyes, velvet-skinned, with a lovely damask in the fruit-bloom of cheeks and lips. Vivid in coloring, in expression, high-bred in the easy sway of her walk, and the grace of little hands and feet, she had the points which can not be matched outside the pale of high-breeding nor enumerated within it, being as intangible as air or sunshine; yet something may be said.

If race tells in dog or horse it may certainly do as much in man, and the Lady Mary Pierrepont looked her name in the way she carried her lissom body. He liked that in her, for women outside the barrier of his own class did not interest him. Blowsabella had no chances with Mr. Montagu's refined and somewhat supercilious taste.

She, on the other hand, beheld a young man (she guessed him at thirty and was six years too low in her estimate) exceedingly well dressed in the latest fashion, good-looking in a fair-haired, gray-eyed fashion, very usual in well-bred circles, and discernibly very high in his own good opinion, which also is neither common nor repellent in good English families. She decided him worth courtesy, and the decision introduced a sparkle in her smile which deepened his appreciation.

The south wall was rosy and golden with peaches of superlative size and flavor, and, filling the basket, they returned under the beech-tree and sat down to discuss them, and there formality fled alarmed. How was it possible to be stately with fruit-juice dripping from chins and fingers? They laughed and ate and washed their hands in the lake and were excellent friends.

"A beautiful place but a lonely!" says Mr. Edward, drying his hands upon a handkerchief laced like a lady's. "It is said in town, Madam, that you have turned it to such purpose that you are beauty and wisdom united. Your letter to Bishop Burnet——"

She was crimson to the ears in a moment.

"That letter! Oh, that I had never written it! They tell me it was handed about with all the wits roaring at me for a young fool. The old brute!—he might—But I loathe bishops!"

"The fools might roar, but what you said was excellent good sense to my notion. Who can dispute that a woman's sex is inferior to a man's and that submission becomes her? And it could not be better put."

NOW, this was like a handful of cold water from the lake flung in her face. She had written it, for such things are proper to be written to bishops and other exalted persons, but it was certainly neither her opinion nor intention for her conduct in life, tho she was very well aware of its despotism in the world at large.

Women were always set aside for men except in matters of compliment, which means no more than a tinsel-flower on a cake. She knew well that her own aptitude left father and brother gaping behind her, and so with every man she met, including the companies gathered at the Marquis's hospitable board, and had thought—imagined somehow—that this last relic of her glory at the Kit-Cat Club had the altar ready for her to ascend and the incense duly prepared of a fine appreciation of her talents. It nonplused her for a moment, and he took this for modesty and was reassuring.

"Not but what a sensible man will always find a delight in fostering aptitudes peculiar to the other sex, and I am the last to deny——"

He went on, but she scarcely heard, so swiftly was she shaping her resolution by what she saw in him. She had heard her father discourse on the gentleman's perfections, not omitting his wealth, be sure. And never fairy princess imprisoned in a cleft tree by an ogre longed more to see the gallant knight of romance capriolling toward her on his war-horse than young Lady Mary.

INSTANTLY she knew she had one reputation to live down—the pedant—another to make—the sweet, submissive Eve, discriminating but wholly subdued by the magnanimity and superiorities of the male incarnate in one man. It was pretty to see how she changed her course instantly like a bark in a wind.

"Mr. Montagu, very loose and unfair talk has gone the rounds about me, as if I wished to assert any pretensions to being a learned woman, and I do assure you it is not so—far from it. I am a very ignorant girl, but because I would have you understand my case I will say a few words. I have known few men and women, and so perhaps I have reflected more than talked. My grand desire is to have friends who will set me the example of how to wear knowledge with grace and combine it with humility. Oh, I could be an apt scholar! I have heard you have an elder sister who is the pattern of her sex. If I could have the privilege to know her, to correspond—" she hesitated, on a pause.

He caught at that for reasons. Mr. Edward was one of those gentlemen whose leading passion is instruction, not of himself, but others, and it is very possible he might see an opportunity of using his sister as a channel for the improvement of Lady Mary by himself. It is also possible that Lady Mary might intend the same.

"My sister," he said reflectively "is certainly all she should be, full of good sense and humility combined with proper self-respect. She is now visiting at Wharncliffe Lodge——"

Lady Mary's clear voice cut across his.

"Oh, if she would but visit me! Would it be too dull? Would she consider it? All the world talks of her perfections. Shall I write a letter begging the favor of Mrs. Wortley's company?"

She used the formality of the period to an unmarried lady of a certain age and with care, knowing that Mr. Wortley Montagu's sister was considerably his senior and therefore to her mind an autumnal flower indeed. Even as she spoke, her mind was racing with terror over the prospect of the lady's awful proprieties for her daily companion. Heavens! how should she endure it? And yet—! But a most agreeable smile graced his lips. The charming docility of such a beautiful girl was sweeter than the peach-juice which still flavored them.

"It will please my sister prodigiously, and I will do myself the favor to escort her to Thoresby on any day Your Ladyship is condescending enough to name."

"'Twill be my salvation!" sighed Lady Mary. "If you did but know the low opinion I have formed of women from the fools of fashion! I said once that the only consolation for being a woman was that one can't marry one, and goodness! how they all threw up their hands!"

Mr. Montagu nearly threw up his own in consternation at such a stinger from such innocent lips, tho on his own side of the argument. She hurriedly modified it.

Continued on Page 44

Two exclusive new features in the *Improved* Kotex

and—Prices Reduced

THE Improved Kotex was two years in the making. When it was finally perfected, our enthusiasm for this remarkable improvement decided a tremendous change in production: the doubling of our output to meet anticipated demand. As a result, you get the Improved Kotex today, with its exclusive new features, for less than you formerly paid for it.

The New Exclusive Advantages

In Kotex—and Kotex only—you get the new form-fitting shape, perfected after long research in our laboratories, after consultation with 27 women doctors, 83 nurses, 6 specialists in feminine hygiene. Our experiments covered years.

Corners are scientifically rounded and tapered, by an exclusive process, so that the pad is perfectly adjusted. However filmy or clinging your gown, it may now be worn with absolute assurance of exquisite grooming—no bulk, no awkwardness will affect the smart outline of the costume.

And the gauze wrapping is softer, the filler made fluffier—through new methods perfected by Kotex scientists, permitting a degree of comfort never before possible.

1 ***Form-fitting, non-detectable shape,*** with corners scientifically rounded and tapered to fit. Now the most clinging gowns may be worn without altering slender, smooth lines.

2 ***Softer, fluffier*** — thus ending chafing and similar irritation.

& ***All the qualities you have always known in Kotex are retained.***

Approved by Women Doctors, Nurses

These important changes were made under the supervision of women doctors and nurses because they could appreciate your problems from a woman's point of view as well as professionally. Their approval of each detail is particularly significant. And these remarkable new improvements, which carry their enthusiastic endorsement, are only obtainable in Kotex.

Former Exclusive Features Retained

The remarkably absorbent powers of Kotex remain; the same protective area is there. Cellucotton wadding which is exclusive to Kotex has all the advantages of any water-proofed absorbent, plus its own unique qualities—5 times more absorbent than cotton—discards like tissue—you simply follow directions; it deodorizes thoroughly while being worn.

You buy Kotex by name, without embarrassment . . . in two sizes, Regular and Kotex-Super. At all drug, dry goods and department stores. Supplied also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by The West Disinfecting Company.

Remember, nothing else is remotely like the new Improved Kotex. Buy a box today to learn our latest and greatest contribution to woman's hygienic comfort.

KOTEX COMPANY
180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago

"I wouldn't be without it any more *than I would be without soap*"

—writes one woman of this step in the toilette which women consider essential to personal irreproachableness.

By Ruth Miller
Authority on Perspiration Problems

Odorono was made by a physician and physicians commonly advise its use as the most hygienic way of dealing with perspiration embarrassments. Today they know that perspiration does not rid the body of poisons. It is over 99% water and its principal function is the regulation of body temperature. Keeping the skin dry in small areas with Odorono is perfectly safe and healthy.

WOMEN of leisure, trained nurses by the score, physicians' wives and sisters, high school girls, saleswomen and dressmakers—the great procession of women that play such a vivid part in life today all write to me.

Always they tell me in fascinatingly varied and personal ways that they consider keeping the underarm dry and fresh all the time is an absolutely essential part of an adequate toilette. . . Only when they know that dampness on the underarm is impossible do they feel clean and well dressed.

When the underarm becomes damp one never knows when an unpleasant odor of perspiration will be noticeable. When a cherished frock will be ruined by an ugly damp stain, when one will appear less fastidious than a lady should.

So religiously year in year out women who insist upon complete personal irreproachableness use Odorono. So regular a part of the toilette is it that four million bottles are used every year.

As one woman says, "I wouldn't think of being without Odorono any more than I would think of being without toilet soap. I have used it constantly for ten years."

Simply apply Odorono after the bath a few times a week. The underarm stays perfectly dry and fresh in spite of heat, nervousness and exercise, making impossible the reproach of odor and of stained dresses.

There are two strengths of Odorono. Regular Odorono (ruby colored) used at night twice a week keeps average skin dry. Odorono No. 3 (colorless) milder, for sensitive skins must be used more often. At toilet goods counters 35c, 60c. The new Odorono Cream Depilatory 50c. If you have never known Odorono send 10c and coupon for complete samples.

New 10¢ Offer: ***Mail coupon and 10¢ for four samples; Odorono, Odorono No. 3, Odorono Cream Depilatory and Deodorant Powder.***

Ruth Miller, 147 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.
I enclose 10c for 4 samples.
Name_____
Street_____
City_____ State_____
(Print name and address plainly)
In Canada address The Odorono Company, Ltd., 468 King St., West, Toronto, Ont.

Continued from Page 42

"But when I know Mrs. Wortley I shall think very differently. Oh, Mr. Montagu, the little chance I have had; the instruction I need! Represent it to her, I beg you."

He promised, seeing the case was urgent, and was truly regretful when the dipping shadows warned him to make the next stage to Wharncliffe Lodge.

"I shall not easily forget the happiness of this meeting!" he said, "and Your Ladyship may command my best efforts in any direction pleasing to you."

She cast her eyes down modestly.

"I shall never have any claim to your assistance but my earnestness in desiring it."

On that they parted, the best of friends, but Mr. Montagu perched on the altar rather than the lady, and she wafting the incense dutifully before him. When the news reached my Lord Marquis that Mrs. Anne Wortley was established at Thoresby he elevated his hands to heaven and exclaimed, "Fraise God, from whom all blessings flow. The clever little slut!"

The entry in Lady Mary's diary was, "At last!"

But it must be owned, notwithstanding, that Mr. Wortley Montagu had grown up something more of a prig than is altogether desirable in the rescuing hero.

The concluding instalment of "The Brilliant Lady Mary" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published July 25th.

SECOND HONEYMOON

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No disguise with that woman. She was like a carpet slipper, as easy, as easy—as she didn't mind telling him she'd got into a deuce of a row with a man. Her manager had fired her, and because she'd heard that Mr. Murray was a prince with stage managers and helped women who hadn't a cent, was why she was here. And she'd laughed from ear to ear. She hadn't played all over the world, beginning in small towns at sixteen, without knowing a man when she saw one: "I'll say you know women," perceiving a side of him that Joan never suspected.

And she'd come nearer and nearer, using his handkerchief that lay on the table, lighting his cigaret, telling him how she knew all kinds—had gone as far as China with a man once and worked her way back. But the most impossible was the real tightwad gentleman who'd backed her this Winter, who disappeared in the shuffle.

She spread her life out before him like a dark river, strands and strands of it swirling, until all of a sudden something snapped in him, and he wanted to plunge into the stream and wallow and wallow. All big men got caught in these great masculinities—Hamilton and others. It went with dimension, as little Joan in her innocent head would never know.

"Knitting?" he asked.

"Knitting," she answered. And if he asked it once again she'd go off with any one in spite of the children. "I ran away because my husband said nothing but 'knitting,'" she'd say to the judge, establishing a perfectly new woman's law in the courts, and she dropped a stitch suddenly, for the telephone-bell rang.

"That's the beast calling him up," she knew, watching pallor eat up his face as she picked up her stitch ostentatiously.

He knew it too, "for it would be just like that wild hooligan to telephone me here," he thought, rising carelessly. For wasn't it an infernal nuisance, he wanted to know, to have a telephone ring this way? "Going to have it turned off." Stretching, going into his dressing-room, not hurrying.

Like a sexton passing the plate, she thought—but he doesn't dare shut his door.

So she heard plainly his "Too bad, too bad. Well, if it has to be, I'll make the old train"—yawning. "All right, coming, right along—coming—" Infernal nuisance, these clients, that called a man up in the night. Could she pack a bag quickly, for he supposed he'd be out till morning. Could she please hurry (for the Toloosa woman wasn't some one to keep waiting).

SHE must find a way quickly. she thought, taking his slippers and wrapper, leaving him six feet of beautiful brawn in stockings and shirt-sleeves, leaning against the mantelpiece.

How? How? She was beating up her mind furiously now, when a way came suddenly to her out of the mess, like the miracle of the roses to St. Elizabeth, she thought, as she went into the kitchen to take a box marked "Rice" off a shelf.

Now his innocent little Joan was packing his slippers, his wrapper. Now his little woman was tucking in silk socks and one change of underwear carefully. Now his little saint was folding in his pajamas, the fanciest kind, striped pink and white, with a coat of arms on the pocket. Now his little sanctuary was sending him off on his second honeymoon as she poured the rice from the box into both pockets, stuffing in two handkerchiefs to keep in the grains.

Now he'd know for certain, she thought, shutting the bag, hearing he'd be back early to-morrow. Wished he were Joan in her little white bed. "Kiss the children." He'd actually kiss me, she thought, if I let him, sitting back on the sofa, knitting very quickly now, for he was going, and that hooked her heart. "Confounded nuisance!" He was waving —gone now——

She'd sit here the whole night. Days, if it were necessary. "I'll not move until he comes back and the lie is finished and ended between us. Then if he doesn't like it I'll go" she said to herself, knitting up one ball after another, so that at ten the blankets would cover twins, and at eleven it was perfectly ridiculous to go on unless it was intended for a baby elephant.

Nevertheless knitting and knitting, never stopping, for the stitches brought him nearer as a clock does. If she stopped she'd die, she thought, hearing a cab at twelve and the down-stairs door bang. Stretched with listening now, but knowing nevertheless he never would come—sure it wasn't, couldn't be he.

"INFERNAL nuisance!" he had said again in the elevator, shooting down and away from Joan, left an innocent flower in a garden whose walls were cool as an evening prayer, becoming remoter every minute as he whirled down-town in a taxi, thinking how the Toloosa woman had lunged out of his office that afternoon, one hip out, then another, like something going into the jungle.

He was out in the jungle to-night, he thought, paying the taximan. He was wildness on the trail, hearing that the lady was waiting up-stairs. He was on the brink of capture now as the door—"Number six; turn to your left, sir"—opened on the woman's wide smile.

Because she knew it was he—the first minute she'd seen him she knew he was a man to come across. Had thought she knew life, but how he stayed so young kept her guessing, as she poured out champagne she'd gotten from the tightwad. Sure of one thing, tho—wherever he was women would come after him; he wasn't the quiet kind.

No, certainly never a quiet, every-day man. He was a buccaneer, a soldier of fortune, and he told her about the stenographer and the actress, who'd tried to kill herself, and about many others, for

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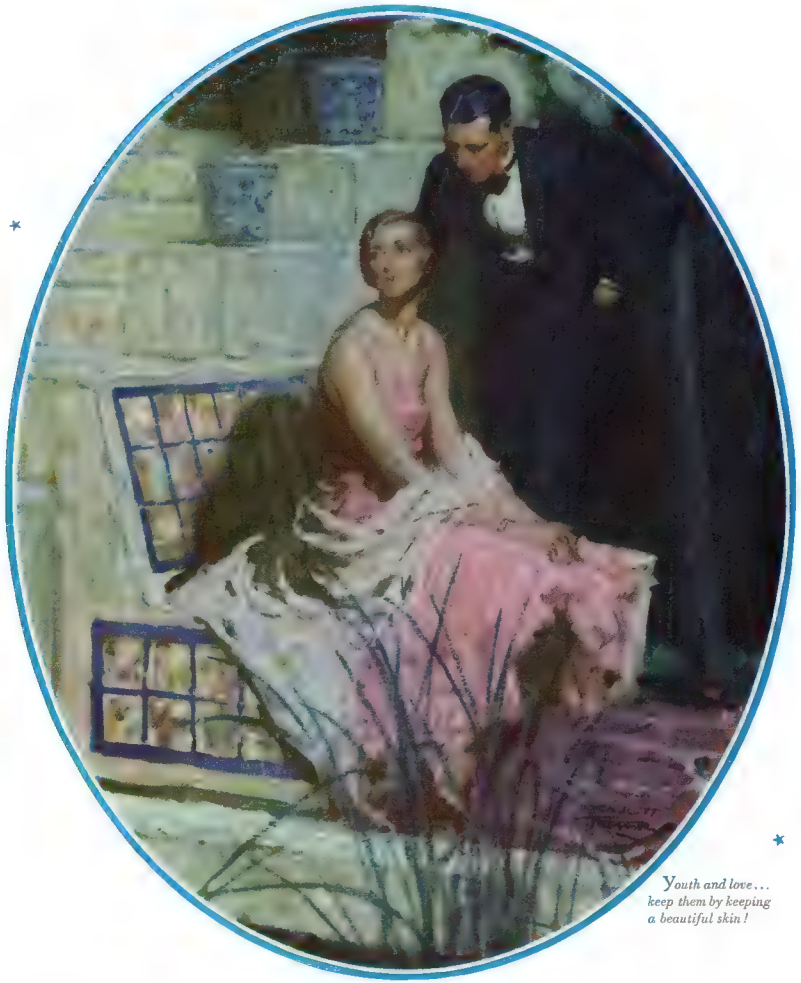

Youth and love... keep them by keeping a beautiful skin!

The present.. the wonderful Present..

THE WONDERFUL PRESENT—it is all that really belongs to us!

If you long for a beautiful skin—begin *now* to give it the day-by-day care that will build up its resistance—keep it smooth and clear and brilliant with health and vitality!

Never again will your skin respond quite so quickly and satisfactorily to the right care as now—this very night! In a month—in a year—it will have lost a little of its power to recuperate; you will find it harder to bring it back into perfect condition.

Begin now, to give it the habit of health—of beauty. Care for it in the way skin specialists recommend—with warm or hot water, ice, and Woodbury's Facial Soap, the soap especially made for a sensitive skin.

Thousands of beautiful women—debutantes—college girls—women guests at America's most exclusive resorts, most splendid hotels—are today building up a clear, lovely complexion with Woodbury's Facial Soap and the Woodbury skin treatments—treatments based on the clean, sure methods of modern science.

The right treatment for *your* skin is given in the booklet that comes free with every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

If you have a smooth, naturally good complexion—use the treatment for normal skins given in this booklet.

If you are troubled with blemishes, blackheads, oily skin, or any similar defect—use the special treatment recommended for that trouble. See what a noticeable improvement you can bring about in even a week or ten days.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks. Begin, tonight, with this wonderful soap, to gain the charm of "a skin you love to touch!"

You too can have the charm of "a skin you love to touch"

Now—the large-size trial set!

The Andrew Jergens Co., 2113 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10 cents please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder, the treatment booklet, "A Skin You *Love to Touch*," and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2113 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

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Perfect Jams and Jellies *every time*

with only ONE MINUTE'S BOILING

Miss Alice Bradley, Principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery and Cooking Editor of Woman's Home Companion, says: "I strongly advise all housewives to make all their jams and jellies with Certo because:—*It's easier*—Takes only one minute's boiling. *Tastes better*—No flavor boiled away. *Better color*—Not darkened by long boiling. *No worry*—Never fails to set. *It's economical*—Fifty per cent more from given amount of fruit and no waste from failures."

ANYONE, EVEN WITHOUT PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE, can now make perfect jams and jellies; for Certo has eliminated all the guesswork—all the hard work and worry from jam and jelly making. You can use any fruit you like—fresh, canned or dried—or bottled juices, and be assured of a perfect, tender set every time.

Banana Nut Salad with Jelly

Fig Jam makes a delicious Cake Filling

Crackers and Cheese with Grape Jelly

ARE you still struggling with the old, tedious and uncertain way of making jams and jellies? Why do it when, with Certo, as millions of women have learned with delight, you can make better jams and jellies at less expense and do it in much less time.

The old-fashioned way required that you boil away about half the fruit juice. And why? Simply to reduce the amount and to concentrate the natural jellifying substance of the fruit to a point sufficient to jell the remaining juice. This process was necessarily wasteful and costly, tedious and uncertain. Worst of all, this long boiling darkened the fresh fruit color and destroyed the delicate fresh fruit flavor.

The modern Certo method turns all the fruit and fruit juice into jam or jelly, for, instead of boiling away half the delicious fruit juice as formerly, in an effort to make it jell, now, with Certo you simply add enough of the natural jellifying substance of fruit (Certo) to make up for what is lacking in the fruit itself. In other words, you start off with just the correct proportion of fruit or fruit juice, sugar and natural jellifying substance to jell *all* the juice, not half of it, and then you boil only one or two minutes as called for in the recipe. As a result you not only get more jam and jelly, but it's better in color, flavor and texture.

You will find, in figuring up the cost, that even with Certo added, your jams and jellies made in this simpler, quicker and easier way, cost you from 1 to 3 cents less per glass. And you are certain of a perfect, tender set every time—never a failure.

It is true, Certo recipes do call for a slightly larger amount of sugar than is required in the old-fashioned, long boiling recipes, but this extra sugar is needed simply to jell the juice that formerly was boiled away. There is no more, and often less, sugar in a jar of jam or jelly made by the Certo method than in one made in the old-fashioned way. This extra sugar, therefore, is not an expense, but an economy. Get Certo from your grocer.

free . . .

Nearly 100 recipes for jams, jellies and marmalades, and booklet beautifully illustrated in color showing new and interesting ways to serve them. Just mail the coupon. If you want trial half-bottle of Certo send 10c (stamps or coin).

Certo is now packed with the recipe booklet under the label of the bottle so that you will be sure to have complete instructions for making nearly 100 delicious jams, jellies and marmalades.

Certo is simply the natural jellifying substance of fruit itself, refined and bottled for your convenient use with all fruits.

CERTO CORPORATION
191 Granite Building, Rochester, N. Y.
(*If you live in Canada, address: Certo, Cobourg, Ont.*)

Please send me free recipes and booklet in color on jams, jellies and marmalades.

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City _____ State _____

☐ Check here and send 10c if you want trial half-bottle of Certo.

Continued from Page 44

it was hard for a man so prominent as he to keep to the straight path when so many women——

"Oh, you're the greatest ever," she called, moving about the next room, dimly, on the rim of "the greatest ever." For he was partly Casanova now, partly Napoleon. No need to hide it, either, from this woman who knew men, who was coming toward him now in pink that washed all over her hair, her face, her hands, holding something striped from which little grains fell like hail on the carpet. Her feet crunched them. "Some baby's honeymoon," she was saying, laughing, unsprung laughter like uncorked champagne, fizzing and fizzing.

And he saw that the grains were falling from his pajamas.

Rice—honeymoon—that was ten years ago with Joan beside him in a motor-car, ducking while they threw handfuls at her. Honeymoon? Heavily his mind pushed aside cotton-wool fumes, trying to connect familiar points strangely distant.

"Who packed your bag, baby?"

"Oh, my Heavens—Joan!" was the answer. And as lightning strikes a man just once, he supposed, he knew that Joan had been laughing at him all the time. He stood cataleptically still, for her laughter brought her right into the room. The walls he'd built so carefully were in ruins—which was beastly luck for the Toloosa woman coarsening innocently beside her.

"AND she's quite dirty, dear, if you go into her neck," he could hear Joan saying. Anguish to have his wife see that the whole situation was shop-worn. Nothing to do but to get out the quickest possible way, but not before the Toloosa woman had shocked Joan considerably by telling him he was an awful tightwad himself, reaching a beak of a hand across the onyx table for the hundred-dollar bill. So Joan saw it was the commonest bargain, all of a piece with the stenographer and the actress, laughing at him more now, to watch how he stuffed the pajamas into his bag, and scooted out to the elevator, running out on the streets, up two blocks before he hailed a taxi in a regular panic.

FOR ten years she'd been laughing at him! His apartment hall seemed strange, and the bench he sat down on, feeling faint—because how could a man be sure of anything when his wife turned out something entirely different? He walked up the stairs slowly; making the six flights last a long time, because at the top was a woman who might make a scene, might stick him with a knife. He knew her so little, and richly deserved anything. Anything—but he hated nevertheless to walk through his door, a naked man without a single defense, entirely vulnerable to this stranger-woman, who looked just like the Joan he'd left on the sofa knitting—as the latch-key turned, a living thing in her side, as she sat, frayed now with waiting for his feet to come over the threshold.

They were in the room now, dragging a little. Not any David in them—just feet she saw, and she lifted her eyes, strangely excited, for "I'm coming alive," she thought, meeting his knowledge of her knowledge in a fusion that was bridal, it was so utterly different from the way they had ever looked at each other before.

He was trembling, a little frightened now, for the first time in his life not finding any phrase—unable to cover the beautiful exposure.

"Knitting?" he asked her in what she thought was the loveliest possible way.

She answered: "Knitting." And he couldn't have borne it if her voice had been a shade different.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO TO SCHOOL AGAIN?

Continued from Page 4

These conventions, both national and State, are intensive schools in parenthood. Lectures are given by authorities in the various fields of education and child study, and forums are held where questions may be asked and vital problems brought forward for discussion. Classes which educate parents to a proper understanding of their children's problems and welfare are directed by authorities on the subject at hand.

Last Fall I attended the convention of the New Jersey Parent-Teachers Associations at Atlantic City. More than a thousand parents—for there were fathers as well as mothers—were in their classes at seven-thirty each morning.

After two hours of vigorous coaching and concentration they assembled in the convention hall, where they listened to addresses on mental hygiene, physical education, children's reading, juvenile protection, week-day schools in religion, sex-education in the young—the subjects which were debated by the parents from the floor, with the officials and scientists on the rostrum.

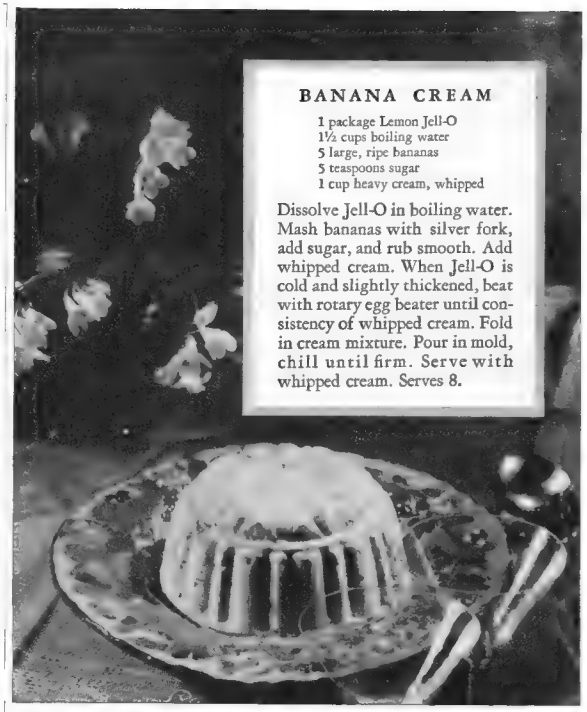
Inspiring and even touching it was to see these men and women, from all ranks and files of life, absorbing authoritative information, taking precious notes for thought and future digestion and to be passed on to the members of their home associations. Alive to every question, when the answers did not suit them they were quick to take the floor, bringing their doubts to dissection and analysis.

I heard these thousand women and two or three hundred men pledge themselves to work to bring about the day when every home in America would be presided over by intelligent, trained parents, when every school in America would have competent and intelligent teachers. A rousing cheer was given for the pledge, one demanding persistent and tedious personal effort on their part, that in every community at least two illiterate parents should be reclaimed during the year. This pledge is renewed annually and is being conscientiously carried out.

It is the business of the illiteracy committee of each association to discover the illiterates among the parents of school-children. In their zeal they become veritable sleuths, questioning children as to whether or not their parents read a newspaper, and, if so, the language in which it is printed. There is the town bank, too, which may reveal that marks instead of names are signed to checks. The task is often difficult, for illiterates when not sensitive may be suspicious, especially in our remoter rural districts, where a distrust of "larnin'" has been handed down from father to son through many generations. By persistent tact and effort many cases such as that of Matilda Helving and her son are being adjusted.

THE fine activity of the individual association is well illustrated by that at Milton Point, near Rye, N. Y. In a rural district such as this the homes are often some distance from the school. In Winter the cold and the condition of the roads have made it difficult and sometimes precarious for the children to go home for luncheon. With those who lived near by there was the danger from passing automobiles, of colds from wet feet, of other fears which fret the anxious and conscientious mother. There were children, too, whose anemic faces, pale lips, lagging energies, indicated that, perhaps, they were the victims of malnutrition. Box or basket luncheons, no matter how carefully planned, lack the necessary hot dish which growing girls and boys must have in the middle of the day. Pennies maybe were spent for indigestibles at the corner store.

The problem was discussed at the meetings of the parents and teachers.


BANANA CREAM
1 package Lemon Jell-O
1½ cups boiling water
5 large, ripe bananas
5 teaspoons sugar
1 cup heavy cream, whipped
Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Mash bananas with silver fork, add sugar, and rub smooth. Add whipped cream. When Jell-O is cold and slightly thickened, beat with rotary egg beater until consistency of whipped cream. Fold in cream mixture. Pour in mold, chill until firm. Serve with whipped cream. Serves 8.

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20 MULE TEAM BORAX

Several of the mothers were college women who had studied home economics. They knew the relation of proper diet to the physical and mental development of the child.

Their knowledge was brought to good account in the establishment of a cafeteria in the school, where for fifteen cents a balanced luncheon, containing the correct number of calories, vitamins, proteins, and phosphates, those vital factors in building up the bones and brains of the young, may be obtained. The lunch-room is managed by one of these mothers, who works without pay, and who gives each child the individual attention accorded her own, so that little eyes will grow no larger than their stomachs.

Then there was the question of play-time. Children who have been away at school all day may wish to stay indoors when at home. Especially is this true of the sensitive, overthoughtful, or unsocial child or of one who likes to be with older people. To be constantly nagging a child to stay outdoors vexes even the most patient of mothers. Children out-of-doors need constant watching; their play requires direction. A school playground, equipped for sports, with competent direction, was the answer obtained through the co-operation of the Parent-Teachers Association and the school board.

In order that as much time as possible may be spent out-of-doors the noon recreation has been divided into half an hour for luncheon and half an hour for play. This, in addition to an hour and a half after school, has brought roses to cheeks which once took their color from the snowdrop.

THIS late Winter I went to a meeting of this association held in the schoolhouse, where, if possible, the meetings of all these local associations are held. Altho it was a blustering, sleety day, thirty mothers were present. It opened with a study class, the topic for the day being the several systems of "progressive education."

A mother, who had made a special study of the subject, presided, reading a paper which created a lively discussion.

One mother strongly objected to the modern cry for expressivism. "I know whereof I speak," she declared with no little fervor. "I was led into experimenting with my children. I sent them for a year to a school which was said to be the last word in modern education. They were to be taught self-development. They were to learn to express themselves in their own way. Inhibitions, I was told, and complexes, were due to suppressions. In so far as I could see they were to be allowed to do exactly as they pleased.

"As I wanted to give the system a fair trial I followed the instructions for the child in the home as laid down by one of the chief expositors of this new order. The result was that my children were impossible to live with. They wanted their own way in everything. They grew selfish, fretful, demanding, impertinent, and forward. It has taken me two years of the severest discipline to bring them to their senses."

Other mothers at the meeting had similar experiences to relate. Their leader explained that there was a happy medium between the restricted traditions of yesterday and the real child guidance of to-day. They were given a list of books to read by educational authorities. One knew, from their interest and real earnestness, that here were mothers determined to make of parenthood a vocation rather than a desultory avocation, the results of which will be sure to justify their devotion.

An hour was spent in this discussion when the meeting moved on to the assembly hall, where they listened to a talk on reading by the town librarian. The recommendation of such children's classics as Kingsley's "Water-Babies," MacDonald's "Back of the North Wind," Kenneth Grahame's "Wind in the Willows," for those who have gone beyond the words of one-syllable stage; of the novels of Walter Scott, of Thackeray, of Dickens, of Robert Louis Stevenson, of James Fenimore Cooper; of the essays of Thoreau, of Emerson, for the older boys and girls, implied, because of the interest shown in the recommendation, that here a young generation would develop a fine taste in literature.

AT THE end of the session, in which the principal of the school added his word of advice in matters literary, seven children, one from each grade, recited reviews they had written on their favorite books, their tastes ranging from Kilping, Kenneth Grahame, Stevenson, Joseph Conrad, to George Alfred Henty, James Oliver Curwood, and Joseph Lincoln. And they were able to tell why they liked these books—and this more intelligently than many grown folk are able to do.

A feature of this association, as it is of many others, is the "get-together" parties—the "father and sons" dinner, which seeks to bring boys into closer comradeship with their fathers; the "mothers and daughters" dinner, the football dinner, the Christmas and New-year's party, which tend to make the schoolhouse the social center of the community.

An activity, promising much for the future of the child, is the "Summer round-up" of preschool children, advocated by the National Congress. It is finding favor and bringing results especially in towns where there is a large industrial population.

Every Summer, during vacation, a committee of parents makes it its duty to find out the names of the children of the community who are to enter school at the beginning of the term, to visit their parents, and to suggest to them that under the guidance of proper authority the children are put in the best possible physical and mental shape. If there are tonsils, adenoids, or teeth to be looked after, they are urged to give them the proper attention. If children are too thin or if they are nervous or have digestive disturbances the mother's attention is called to them.

SPACE does not permit me to tell of the many fine things that this organization, which is taking such a hold on parents that it is growing by leaps and bounds, is doing for the growing child. It is an effort toward that conscious parenthood which, if persisted in, will give to every child born in this land the full opportunity to develop his talents toward a comprehensive and competent citizenship. It promises a day when the youthful criminal will be reduced to the irreducible minimum, when the grown-ups will no longer find excuse to shake their heads and ruminate wofully over the foibles and follies of the oncoming generation.

THE FOURTH—A HOLIDAY

Continued from Page 2

When one is finished the little boys debate together as to which they want next. The raconteur must not be sensitive to interruptions. While the story is going on the little boys shift from side to side, scratch themselves, throw sticks at one another, bury themselves in sand, and give the impression of absolute inattention. This is largely fictitious. If you stop suddenly any one of them can tell exactly where you were and what comes next.

At the end of two hours I felt like a pump in a nearly dry well.

Finally the fire burned low and I issued an ultimatum to the effect that every one must now turn in. Selecting a log of driftwood for a pillow, I hollowed out a form in the sand and rolled up in my blanket. From where I lay I could see the children preparing themselves for

Continued on Page 55

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Compare this dentifrice to *any*. The results will convince you.

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Large tube 25¢

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JUST AMONG OURSELVES

EDITOR'S NOTE

This page belongs to you—the readers of this magazine—the members of the Pictorial Review family. It is printed for your benefit, your instruction, your assistance. Some of the problems now confronting you may have already been solved by others whose letters appear on this page. Their experience is for your guidance and counsel. No names or addresses will ever be printed without consent and all communications will be considered confidential.

If you wish immediate advice enclose a stamped envelop addressed to yourself.

Address Marion Lambert, Pictorial Review, 222 West Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

THERE was just a shade of doubt in my mind when I devoted that page to the young men and women who were puzzled and dismayed by the problems incident to long engagements. In spite of the fact that a good many letters had come in on that subject I wondered whether it would appeal to my younger audience as a whole and whether their elders would like it. That slight doubt was promptly dispelled. Those letters released a whole flood of confidences from the young and a rush of sympathetic, understanding letters from those who could speak from longer experience.

Such wonderful young people we have to-day! So brave, so frank, so sincere! Looking life and love squarely in the face; acknowledging their difficulties and temptations; admitting that waiting for marriage brings problems; resolutely setting themselves to find the right answers to the problems. Give them half a chance and they meet you in fair and reasonable discussion and are eagerly grateful for your interest.

This letter is selected from a whole group of its kind:

I wanted you to know that some of us are appreciating your discussion of that most serious problem of long engagements versus *early marriages. It was such a comforting feeling to find on "our page" to-night the very problem which has been so perplexing to us.*

We two have been engaged for three years and were in love two years before that. I have been teaching school for a year. He is in his junior year at a professional school (medical) and intends to take the internship and a post-graduate course. He must *because he has always been a brilliant student and has every opportunity for a creditable career. In the meantime here are we two—healthy young humans. We have our ideals, and we are keeping to them, but sometimes even we wonder how!*

*If only our parents wouldn't take it quite so matter-of-fact! They seem to think it no hardship at all to be young, in love, and see marriage off—*way *off—in the future. We two have solemnly vowed that no child of ours shall have to go through the same experience if we can help it.*

And to those who say do not tie yourself when young, we answer: We two have found a greater joy, a greater peace, a greater understanding, and an infinitely greater love, even while finding it so difficult. Marriages made easier for those truly in love, yes, we want that. But if we must wait, then we prefer to wait together, growing up together, learning, striving, stumbling, helping, but always together. *May I, speaking for us two, thank you again?*

Another Waiting Sweetheart.

Then this from a young man. So *many* men have written on this topic that I feel this is no longer a "woman's page"!

My brother and I are only two years apart and always were the best of pals. When we were in our early twenties we both fell in love. My brother decided to marry on his small salary, and his wife was so patient and so willing to sacrifice that their love grew instead of getting less. Now, after a few years of struggle, they have a comfortable home, two babies, a car, and are welcome in the best circles of our town. My brother is considered one of the most reliable young men, and other men respect him very much.

I thought he was a fool. I was not going to be tied up so young with a wife and all the other responsibilities of a home, My sweetheart wasn't willing to make sacrifices either. We discussed all our problems and decided there was no use waiting for the ceremony. Who would know? Finally people began to wonder why we didn't marry, so we decided the time had come.

We bought a lovely home and the best of furnishings; still we seemed to be getting farther away from each other. In ten months a baby came. Next year another. Both of us resented being burdened with them. I went out evenings. My wife was suspicious of me, even tho I didn't go out with women. This marriage didn't last three years simply because we laid the grounds for jealousy by not living right before we were married. It certainly did not pay, and I say to young people don't be so selfish. Don't shirk a few hardships. People shun me now, don't trust me, think I was a slacker. I don't blame them. I was!

Another young man closes his letter thus:

The best "companionate marriage" is an honest marriage of two young people who are brave enough to face the world and make their way in homespun if they can afford nothing better. That is all there is to this whole modern marriage problem.

Another girl writes:

I am engaged to a man whose income is small, so we must wait. In the meantime there is a feeling of being constantly on guard, lest our emotions carry us too far. Surely love was never meant to be like this! Because we really love each other we keep our lives above reproach, but I feel constantly bewildered.

There must be an answer. But I want to ask others who have sought advice from their elders, did you get any help? *I got only mockery. I am constantly told how foolish it would be for me to leave a comfortable home "just for love." Tell me, does love* always *so turn to ashes that these older people can never recapture even in memory the ecstasies of their own young love?*

No, my dear, love does *not* always die. In fact it more often lives than dies. This country is full of happy homes, and of people who still are glad that they were true to their ideals, kept their faith, and won through to happiness. Read this:

Sixteen years ago my lover and I thought if only times were easier on the young, if only homes were simpler, if only he were better established! Marriage seemed an eternity away, and, oh, how we loved! We felt so hopeless, so alone, so tormented. We even felt the unfairness.

A neighbor's son was married suddenly. Mothers of both parted with furniture and household necessities. One father gave cows and chickens, the other a team of horses. An aunt rented a farm for payment of taxes. And can't you hear me saying, "If I was going to have a child our parents would do likewise, but since we want to be good *they don't care if we* never *can marry"? So I say to all you young people: We know, we understand. To-day it is your problem; yesterday it was ours.*

But we did wait—don't forget that. It can be done. And always we have been so glad we held fast to what was right. We know that a love that will last through such a period of self-discipline is the real article. When our own children come to the mating-period and we wonder if they can withstand temptations, we will know that it can be done, because we did it.

But like the girl who didn't wait, I, who did wait, say get married as soon as it is reasonably possible. Pool your resources; get a pay-envelop, the best you can command; don't miss happiness because of what the neighbors will say; make it your task to see how much you can get out of life together. I am not encouraging you to rebellion and recklessness. I am urging you to show the qualities of courage and stamina which your ancestors had when they founded the homes from which you descended.

I have picked these few quotations from more than a hundred letters on this topic. These letters differ in many ways. Some advise marrying while still in college. Some advise both man and woman to hold to their jobs until they "get a start." Some say early marriages are best; others say they are foolish. But *on one point* these writers agree: that those who through the period of courtship hold fast to their ideals are the only ones who are *sure* of coming to peace and happiness in the end.

In the last analysis this problem is largely one of economics, is it not? If there is money enough to found a home, there is at least an even chance for happiness. The question is just how much money is "enough."

This morning a girl's letter said to me:

Won't you please tell me what a young couple can get along with? My family say a man should have at least five thousand a year. Now I know there are hundreds of couples who get along with much less—but I wish I had some definite *statements to make to mother. It seems silly, but I* do *need help.*

Clara.

There are not only hundreds of such couples, my dear; there are hundreds of thousands of them. But you must remember that conditions vary with localities. An income which means poverty in a large city may mean wealth in a rural community.

I wonder if some of you young folks will answer Clara's sincere request for "*definite* statements." Others have asked for similar help. You modern brides who live by budgets, will you share your experiences?

His first love

Mother—radiant and youthful, with the charm of that schoolgirl complexion. This simple daily rule is known to thousands:

Youth is charm, and youth lost is charm lost, as every woman instinctively realizes.

To keep youth, keep the skin clean and the pores open. Banish artificial ways in skin care. Natural ways are best.

Use soap, but be sure it is a soap made basically for use on the face. Others may prove harsh. That is why, largely on expert advice, women the world over choose Palmolive for facial use.

Retail Price

10c *Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped*

WHAT mother's heart but quickens at her small son's adoration? What, in life, is sweeter than those worshipful eyes that follow every move and hang on every word?

Keep that devotion, mother! Hold that love. Always be, to him, the beautiful princess of fairy book delight. And above all else, keep youth, keep beauty as your most priceless asset.

That schoolgirl complexion is synonymous to natural charm, today. And thousands of women, in keeping that schoolgirl complexion, are holding their youth through the thirties, into the forties and beyond . . . .

This daily rule in skin care that countless thousands know

Keeping the skin cleansed, the pores open, with a pure beauty soap—a soap made for *one purpose only* and that to guard the skin—is the important thing to know. That is Nature's beauty secret.

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging its balmy lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today, then note the amazing difference one week makes. The Palmolive-Peet Company, Chicago, Illinois.

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KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

"Now, don't you go 'til I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So, toddling off to his trundle-bed,
He dreamt of the pretty toys;

And they wonder, as waiting the long years through
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue,
Since he kissed them and put them there.

—Eugene Field

EUGENE FIELD WROTE "LITTLE BOY BLUE" IN 1889 ~ ABOUT A YEAR LATER "LYSOL" DISINFECTANT WAS BORN ~ SINCE THEN IT HAS PROTECTED THOUSANDS OF HOMES AGAINST THE COMMON DISEASES WHICH SO OFTEN LEAD TO NEEDLESS SORROW.

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Continued from Page 50

the night. Two of them had long, narrow Kashmiri blankets we had brought from India. These they stretched out like strips of carpet, lay down on one end, and wound themselves up, sticks, stones, and all, until they looked like large jelly-rolls. The others wandered around in search of a comfortable place, their blankets trailing behind them. Silhouetted against the glow of the driftwood fire, they looked like hobgoblins.

Theoretically we then settled for sleep. Practically we did nothing of the kind. The children did not feel that the day was over. They threw pebbles into the fire, chattered, and occasionally got up and changed their position. They found sticks, thrust them into the fire, drew them out again, and played with them as torches. At this, feeling that not only the blankets but eyes and hands were endangered, I sternly called a halt. Comparative peace reigned. Occasionally one of them stuck his head up from a blanket roll like a turtle from a pond. At last they dropped off to sleep.

IT WAS a glorious night. The stars shone brilliantly. The waves lisped on the pebbly beach with that suggestion of loneliness which only the sea or the great mountains give. Occasionally the hoarse note of a heron drifted down from the black. There was a slight breeze which kept off the mosquitoes and the majority of the gnats. I lay and dozed in comparative comfort.

At one o'clock I was roused by a slight noise. In the light of the dying fire I saw Teddy and Sonny sit up. After a whispered conference they crawled out of their blankets and started down the beach. I called to them to find out where they were going, and they answered, "For driftwood for the fire to cook breakfast."

I told them that breakfast was still some time off, but let them go. In a few minutes they returned, their arms full of sticks. In putting these on the fire they roused Kim and Willard. That finished the night as far as sleep was concerned. They went in relays to get wood. They chattered together. At intervals they asked me whether it was yet time to start breakfast.

At last the stars paled. The gray light of dawn showed the shadowy woods and beach. I crawled out of my blanket and told them we would start cooking. By six breakfast was over, and we broke camp and loaded the automobile.

When we got home the household was still asleep. That did not bother us. We never entirely lock the house. It has always been considered sufficient to lock the front door, but leave the back door open. I suppose this is on the theory that any well-bred burglar will realize, when he tries the front door and finds it bolted, that he is not wanted and will go away.

We tiptoed up-stairs. Teddy went to his room, Sonny and I to my dressing-room. Parenthetically, my dressing-room is more of a fiction than a fact. Whenever we move into a new house there is always much formality about setting a room aside for "father's dressing-room." Once that is done, the conventions are satisfied. The next thing I know I open my closet one morning to find that my clothes have been retired to a far corner and that E.'s dresses are occupying the rest. Then I get home some evening and find that a child has been moved into the room. Every one of the boys has at some time lived in my dressing-room. Quentin was for a long time an occupant because, as was explained, neither Quentin nor I slept well, so we would not disturb each other.

At this time, for some reason of domestic economy unknown to me, not Quentin, but Sonny was my roommate. That morning his bed stood in one corner, with the clean, white sheet turned back invitingly. I pulled off my filthy clothes and went to a bathroom, where I shaved and scrubbed until I was clean again. When I returned to my room I found Sonny in bed. He had not taken off his clothes; he had not washed. There he lay sleeping peacefully, his grimy little head and hands outlined against the sheets. What was washing to him? Merely an inconvenience forced on him by his mother.

My mother used to say that I was a brave little boy, frightened only by a cake of soap. I am afraid my sons have the same characteristics. Twenty-five years ago I remember going to wake my cousins, George and Jack, who were to join me on some expedition. I climbed over the back porch into their room and roused them. They got up and hastily pulled on their clothes. Then they poured some water into their basins, swashed a piece of soap in it a couple of times to give it a misty look, dipped their tooth-brushes to wet the bristles, and set them back in the tumblers. That finished their toilets. Unwashed but safe from detection by a vigilant parent, they swarmed down the back porch with me.

Remembering all this, I left Sonny sleeping in dirt and comfort and went to the spare room, where I dozed on the sofa until the house began to stir.

The camping-trip might be over, but the glorious Fourth had just begun! Two little boys joined Teddy. All morning firecrackers and torpedoes sputtered and cracked on the front lawn.

In the afternoon came the second phase of the celebration. All the Roosevelt children and some of their friends gathered at our house. That meant a party of thirty, for there were well over twenty Roosevelt children living at Cove Neck.

Games came first. These were organized with the aid of the parents who came with their offspring. The athletic field was the front lawn. It was necessary to divide the contestants into classes as they ranged in age from sixteen to six. To do so was difficult, as boys and girls ran around with such frantic energy that it was impossible even to count them.

When the classes were finally formed we had flat races, broad jumping, sack-races, and potato-races. There were surprising reversals of form. Champions arose in the most unexpected places. Perhaps the most striking instances were in the sack-race. After watching the three classes run their heats in this event, it seemed possible to combine the winners for a grand championship event. This we did. The race was run amid frenzied excitement. The sixteen-year-olds were beaten. Sonny, age eleven, won. Pressing him closely and taking second place was Clochette, K.'s daughter. She was only seven, and a cunning little yellow-haired, black-hearted villain, as active as a kitten.

When the games were finished I gave out prizes. These had been bought by E. at the village. They consisted of alarm-clocks, flash-lights, knives, balls of twine, and candy. To many grown-ups certain of these, notably the alarm-clocks, may seem strange. Should this be the case, it merely goes to prove that those grown-ups have forgotten their childhood. If you are ten years old, what could be more delightful than a clock of your own, to wind yourself and to dissect if you wish?

The children clustered around and presentations began. The scheme of award was not perhaps quite that of more conventionalized games. Like the dodo-race in "Alice in Wonderland," the main end sought was to arrange matters in such fashion that every one had a prize.

THEN came supper, where the amounts stowed away, particularly by the little boys, were really remarkable. Afterward there was to be a movie. Unfortunately, it was not quite ready. It was manifestly impossible to keep thirty active children in the house without an occupation. I was told to take them out on the lawn and have some more games.

There comes a time when thinking up new games for children is next to impossible. I started them as rapidly as I could at anything—hand-wrestling, high jumping. They were filled with soup, chicken, vegetables, bread, ice-cream, cake, milk, and lemonade, but that made no difference to them. They ran around with the aimless fury of puppies.

At last E. called that the movie was ready. In we all trooped. The picture was shown in the drawing-room. All the household was assembled. Balocca, my

"She's gained 2½ lbs. in 2 weeks"

. . . *I wouldn't be without Ovaltine—it is wonderful. My 9-year-old daughter who refused to drink milk and after a sick spell was very run-down, has gained 2½ pounds in two weeks.—Mrs. J. M. S.*

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Mother: An important new discovery for your child has been made in Switzerland. The nation universally credited, as you know, with the world's most important discoveries in child development.

The 3-day test offered here is made by a laboratory of outstanding importance in the scientific world. The endorsement of over 20,000 doctors, and scores of the most important hospitals, throughout Europe and America, is back of it.

Thus the wisdom of accepting it need not be urged upon you. Just use the coupon.

It is not a medicine—but a delightful Summer "Shake-up" drink.

Weight increases of 8 ounces to 1½ pounds a week are commonly credited to it.

Nervousness, irritability, lack of appetite are often noticeably curbed in the space of a few days!

What It Is

It is a food-drink called Ovaltine. A scientific *food-concentrate* not to be confused with "malt" or chocolate preparations, in this country, which may look or taste like it.

It is a highly concentrated food with the remarkable power of converting the starches from other foods your child eats into strength and energy; oatmeal, cereals, potatoes, bread, etc., that comprise *over half* your child's normal diet. Consider what this means. These starches, when undigested, fail in providing food energy. They invite acidity and digestive disturbance, leading to toxic conditions.

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In the opinion of world-respected scientists, based on tests of over 30 years, it marks a notable advancement in child health. For your child's sake, try it.

Accept Test

Results will be marked and noticeable to you. Weight quickly increases. Nervousness subsides. You give in Summer Ice Cold as a delightful "shake-up" drink. You serve at meals and between meals. Children revel in its deliciousness. It greatly increases the food value of milk. It digests when virtually no other food will.

Druggists and grocers sell Ovaltine in several sizes for home use. Also at soda fountains. For a 3-day introductory package send coupon and 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. A 50c shaker will be sent with it, *free.*

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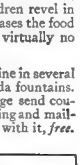

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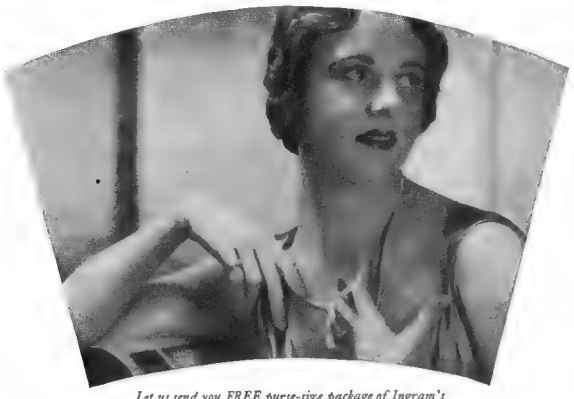

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orderly during the War, ran the machine. The children clustered on the chairs and sofas, the littlest ones on the floor, chattering like so many magpies. In order to keep the light out, the shades were pulled down and the doors were closed. The room grew hotter and hotter until it bid fair to rival in temperature the Black Hole of Calcutta, but the children did not seem to mind.

Half-way through I had to leave, as the fireworks were yet to come, and my cousins, George and Jack, had arrived to get them ready. The first point we had to decide was where to set them off. If we used the lawn, we would be firing them over the highroad, which would unquestionably irritate the passers-by. If we used the beach just across the road, the children would be scrambling over and back in front of automobiles. Eventually we picked a strip of beach some distance away, backed by a saltmarch.

I got into a Ford filled with boxes of fireworks and bumped to the appointed place. It was dusk. We hastily separated the rockets, Roman candles, etc., and established a dead-line beyond which the children were not to go. This was hardly complete when the various family automobiles began to arrive—Fords, Chevrolets, station-wagons, Packards. From them spilled children in every state of excitement.

We marshaled them in mob-formation to leeward and dealt out Roman candles to them. Of course the moment they lighted the candles they became oblivious of everything but the fascinating and slightly fearful sparks that were flying. They wandered aimlessly back toward the boxes where the other fireworks lay. Bellowing fiercely, the grown-ups drove them away. One child in the absorption of the moment shot his Roman candle into E.'s foot with disastrous effects to the foot.

In a short time the Roman candles were all discharged. Then the grown-ups set off the larger fireworks. Even here there was a certain degree of incident. Philip, six foot four and very slim, was knight commander of the pinwheels. There were a series of explosions, and then half revealed, half concealed, in a sunburst of sparks, we saw Philip lying on his back, apparently wrestling with a lighted pinwheel. Later he explained that when lit it had come loose from its fastening and chased him.

Rockets streaked the black sky, broke in stars, and floated lightly down. Geysers spouted fountains of flame. At last all was finished. Parents reclaimed their particular children. No one was badly burned. All had had a delightful time. One little blue-pinafored girl remarked as she scrambled into the automobile beside her father, "It's nearly as good as Christmas."

When we got to our house the children were sent to bed at once. A few minutes later E. and I started up-stairs. As she left a note for Clara to call me next morning in time for the usual early train, E. turned to me and said, "The Fourth—a holiday!"

LITTLE MISS CINDERELLA

Continued from Page 19

"But—but doesn't that make you *miserable?*" she burst out.

"Oh, no; why should it?" the man asked coldly, looking up. But when he saw the sudden sympathy in her face, the childish dark-blue eyes widened, staring at him blankly, the pose of the beautiful little proud head and tense, slender body expressing nothing but indignation and protest, a sudden change came over him.

"Yes, it makes me wretched—*wretched,*" he said in a low voice, with a little laugh. And he buried his head in his hands, and tumbled his hair with the grip of his big fingers. "To live in an atmosphere like this—it's hell!" he said, looking up, still smiling. "It's been this way now for years—four years—five. Alice in her room, I in mine; no life in the house—no love. And all the time these little affairs, these safe little tea-time affairs with tame cats—letters and telephone-messages and whispering, and these veiled allusions right before my face, because I am such a dear old stupid——

"When we were married it was going to be so different," he went on simply. "We were going to be so simple—there were going to be kids, of course. Instead of all the cursed beauty-parlor stuff, all this perfuming and running about to sex-plays and reading sex-books. Excitement, that's what they're all after——"

He stopped abruptly; his voice died away on the quivering air. He did not change his position, his head buried again in his hands, his voice half angry and half amused.

Linda sat petrified with amazement, shock, and a sort of shame for him, this pleasant, commonplace rich man who had thrown his pride aside and bared his soul to her, helplessly, terribly, like a broken child.

There was silence in the room for a few minutes, except for the lisping of heavy Winter rain at the window. Gray sat on, his hands tumbling his hair, and Linda remained motionless, watching him with fascinated eyes, her own chestnut mop still curled into ringlets and spirals by the rain, her breath a little uneven, and her dark eyes full of sympathy and concern.

Then, as abruptly as he had given way to the mood of bitterness, Gray mastered it. He sat up, and brushed his hair back with his palm, and smiled at his companion with quite his usual composure.

"Well, that's that!" he said briefly, unemotionally. And then in a louder tone, "Yes, come in, Pomfret. We're all through."

Pomfret stalked in for the tea-things, and Linda got up, and went slowly through the big blue drawing-room on her way up-stairs.

The front door was being noiselessly closed by Peacock as she went through the great square hall, and Linda saw Alice's beautiful draperies disappearing up the wide stairway. Richard had just gone, then?

She was passing Alice's door a minute later, when Alice called her. The other woman's voice sounded fluttered and oddly low. Linda went in, to find her standing by the window of Gray Trezavant's up-stairs study, one of the real beauties of the old brick house. It occupied an octagonal bay that jutted over the carriage-drive below; its deeply cased windows were furnished with old-fashioned folding shutters, and painted a creamy colonial white; the wainscoting was creamy white, too, and the old fireplace a classic in creamy marble.

There were two Copleys over the mantelpiece in thin, old oval frames, and bookcases, sunk into the heavy walls, lined the entire room except for the thin, high window set in each angle of the octagon. Linda had been in this room before, and she liked it better than any other in the whole magnificent mansion.

Alice's back was to the door, and she did not turn as Linda came in, but continued to stand at one of the windows, her head erect, her shoulders well back, but her hands pressed over her eyes.

"Alice—?" Linda used the name quite unconsciously. Could she be crying?

Instantly Alice turned, and took down her hands, and showed a face radiant, confused, shining with a sort of inner joy. It was the face of a woman still thrilling from the arms of her lover, hardly returned to earth, ecstatic and dazed.

"Linda—!" she whispered. She came to Linda, beautiful and fragrant and

Continued on Page 58

The distinguished taste of MISS MABEL CHOATE is reflected

in this charming Bedroom in her New York home

LUXURIOUSLY livable is this delightful room in Miss Choate's New York home, just off Fifth Avenue. Flowers and sunshine, books and pictures, a chaise longue, fireplace and big roomy desk make it as comfortable as it is charming.

In perfect harmony is the Simmons Bed, an Early American model distinctive in its simple elegance of line.

Miss Choate has chosen it in cherry maple, a new finish most attractive with her furniture of old cherry. She says: "I like this charming Simmons Bed, in the authentic Early American style, so quaint and attractive. It is well-made, and is designed in excellent taste. The combination of Simmons Bed with Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Spring is ideal for comfort."

This is a typical example of the successful use of Simmons Beds, so decorative and so varied in design. You can always find a charming Simmons Bed just right for your room. Being made of metal they endure forever and their lovely smoothness cannot chip. In carefully-grained wood finishes and chic modern color schemes.

In furniture and department stores, Simmons Beds are $10 to $60; No. 1025, $35.00. Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50; Simmons Ace Spring, $19.75. Rocky Mountain Region and West, slightly higher. Look for the name "Simmons". The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.

A LUXURIOUSLY SPACIOUS BEDROOM IN MISS CHOATE'S HOME

This charming room is decorated in restful greens, greys and browns. The walls are grey-green, a charming background for Miss Choate's interesting collection of original drawings and lithographs. Curtains, bed-spread and chair coverings are grey-green chintz flowered in rose. Quaint slipper chairs are in buff brocade. For the bed Miss Choate has chosen Simmons model, No. 1025, finished in cherry maple. "It is in the authentic Early American style," she says. "So quaint and attractive, designed in excellent taste." (Above) A livable corner of this spacious room. The chaise longue covered with black satin adds an interesting decorative touch. It is comfortably placed between the handsome wood-burning fireplace and a sunny window, with a built-in bookcase for personal books and a casual table conveniently near.

MISS MABEL CHOATE

Miss Choate inherits the distinction and charm of her famous father, the late Joseph Choate, who was so long Ambassador at the Court of St. James. Widely traveled, a leader in social and philanthropic movements. Her acquaintance includes most of the interesting and gifted people of our day.

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The most joyous days of summer . . . . *are unkindest to your skin*

SUMMER brings glorious outdoor days . . . days of motoring and boating, days at the seaside and on the links . . . days whose constant sun, wind and dust will quickly coarsen your delicate skin unless you give it intelligent protection.

How foolish it is to allow a few hours' exposure to undo the faithful care of past months, when a little simple precaution will so surely guard the loveliness of your complexion!

With Dorothy Gray's exquisite and scientifically formulated preparations you can easily protect your skin and at the same time enhance its individual charm.

After exposure and before retiring use first, Dorothy Gray's light *Cleansing Cream*, which sinks into the tiny pores and gently removes every particle of cosmetics and injurious dust. Then pat on *Orange Flower Skin Tonic*, a mild, cooling astringent which normalizes the pores and refreshes the skin.

Before going out of doors and before applying rouge or powder use *Astringent Cream*. This pearly, fluffy cream refines the texture of the skin and holds powder smoothly for hours. If your skin is inclined to be oily, use instead *Astringent Lotion* to protect your skin and correct an unlovely shine.

Summer's sun and wind rob the skin of its natural oils. One of Dorothy Gray's three lubricating creams will keep your skin smooth and supple:—*Special Mixture*, for a dry skin; *Tissue Cream*, non-fattening, for a plump face; *Special Skin Cream*, for a thin face.

Strawberry Hand Lotion will keep your hands smooth, while Dorothy Gray's mild *Bleach Cream* has a whitening effect on throats burned in an unsightly red "V", on troublesome freckles and tan.

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glowing, and put her arms on the girl's shoulders, and faced her squarely, laughing, trembling, almost in tears. "I like him so much!" she whispered.

Linda felt clumsy and cold and awkward; a sort of disgust, a shame for the other woman, silenced her.

"Tell me you like him—Dick, I mean," Alice said whimsically, impulsively. Linda lowered her lashes, straightening a bit of silver lace on the shoulder of Alice's robe of peach-colored chiffon and lace and narrow silver ribbons.

"Very much," she said in a low voice.

"No—I'm an utter fool, I know!" Alice said, laughing, only partially regaining calm and self-possession. "But isn't he a dear?"

"He's charming," Linda said with a little effort, clearing her throat.

"And so are you!" said Alice, kissing her. "Now go make yourself beautiful for the dinner!"

Linda went slowly to her luxurious room, and entered it, and shut the door. She put her hat and coat away in the deep closet, hung her street suit carefully in the ideal dressing-room, got herself into a loose wrapper, and bent over the shining enamel of the tub to turn on the hot water. And all the time the resentment in her heart smoldered like a physical pain.

Alice—Alice had everything, even Linda for audience and confidante! Now she would expect Linda to dress for this dinner, be sweetly awed and appreciative all through the evening, be just her amiable, adaptable self the next day.

Linda would have a few more weeks of this through Alice's graciousness, and then Alice, smartly frocked and buried in candy and flowers and magazines, would sail on a big steamer, and Linda would go back to the Bon Ton Agency.

And besides the insolent surety and the income and the beauty and power, Alice had Richard. Perfectly safe to enslave him, with this big solemn brick house for a background, and Gray Trezavant on guard. Linda's face burned, remembering the conversation in the little library a few minutes ago; Alice and Richard enjoyably fencing, and her stupid, superfluous self entirely in the dark.

Her very entering there, unexpected and uninvited, would be cause for merriment between them when next they met. "Wasn't it funny to have innocent little Linda sitting there, probably waiting for me to go up-stairs!" Alice would say happily.

LINDA bathed in the beautiful tub, and brushed her chestnut hair at the great mirror framed in flashing lights, and put on the sheer silk stockings and the buckled slippers and the beaded evening gown without the slightest consciousness of what she was doing. The room was merely a blank about her; the only realities in the world were Richard, handsome and kind, maddeningly master of himself, and beautiful, arrogant Alice Trezavant, whom he had kissed this afternoon. Probably they had gone from the tea-room into the big dim, beautiful music-room across the hall; they had had a few thrilling seconds there, his arms about her, her lovely head crushed against his shoulder.

The thought was insufferable; Linda couldn't bear it. "I don't know how I'm going to get through this horrible evening!" she said to herself in despair.

The Wilkinsons' dinner was for the younger crowd; a few elders played bridge in an adjoining room, while the defrauded juniors, robbed, by a sudden death, of the dance that was to have followed, turned on the radio, and filled in their time as best they might "until it was late enough to go down to one of the clubs."

Richard was not there. At twenty-seven he was considered much too old for this group, some of whom were still in college. Linda, bored and cold and feeling herself more than ever an outsider, struggled in vain to rise to the spirit of the occasion, to be enthusiastic over the reservation of a table at the Hula Hula Hut. She had never been to the nineteenth floor of the great hotel, where the Hula Hula Hut had been appropriately established in groves of cotton-palms, lumpily stuffed monkeys, bark tables, and painted beaches. She had read of it often in society columns, and she might have said, a few weeks ago, that she would like to see it.

But to-night somehow everything seemed twisted and unsatisfying. Gray Trezavant, who was leaving at midnight for Washington, was playing bridge; Alice was in a dim corner, murmuring in French to a dapper stranger; and among all these churning youngsters Linda did not know one well enough to single out from the rest as a companion. She wished fervently that she might slip away, go home, just get into the dark somewhere, and straighten out the events of the puzzling day and think.

ALICE was being sweetly attentive, concentrating her gaze courteously upon the Frenchman; he was captivated, Linda could see—every one was captivated by Alice. And when Linda thought of Alice's soul, serenely secure of Richard's devotion, knowing that to-morrow would bring her fresh evidences of it, she felt a wave of actual hate rise within her, and that she could have strangled the other woman with her own hands.

In two taxicabs eleven of them were presently off for the Hut, which proved to be a sort of up-stairs restaurant, very hot and noisy, and hung with ropes of cotton-leaved vines, and draped with ribbons of colored carnival-paper. Colored men were playing jazz-music; the air was thick with curling cigaret-smoke and the smell of heavy foods; perspiring waiters were moving through the crowded tables at a tilted run, their trays balanced high above their heads.

They always seemed to be playing the same piece of music, Linda thought. "Yow—yow—yow—yee—ow—" There was a picture painted on the big drum; a little seascape with white sails and palms. "Jim's Martinique Jazzboes"—that was what the band was called—on the menu. Linda wondered feverishly, wearily, if this scene often reminded them of their native island.

One young girl, dancing laxly in the arms of a voluble, obviously drunk young man, presently turned a cart-wheel in the middle of the floor; at a near-by table a girl was crying as she powdered her face, crying and telling a long story in a whining voice. One young man in Linda's party stuck a lighted cigaret carefully erect in the food of the girl next him. The food, also listed on the menu, was breast of young chicken, *sauce velours, aux champignons et petits pois*. It cost four dollars a plate, and the cover-charge was inconspicuously mentioned farther down, at five dollars. But every one laughed when "Fatty" Saunders put the cigaret in place, and Linda laughed, too.

Fen Foster, who was a very rich young man, sat next to Linda, and told her how he hated dancing. He liked study. Linda, playing the game as well as she could, said that it was surprizing to find any one nowadays who really liked good books. Fen then said that his chauffeur was the most remarkable fellow he had ever met; he said he would rather talk to that chauffeur than to any man he had ever met. He said that, by George! that man had the most interesting ideas of any man he had ever met.

LINDA was bored, but she wanted to appear to the other girls popular and included, and so she feigned deep interest in the chauffeur.

Betty King and Virginia Tilghmann leaned across her, and talked to each other.

"Did you telephone—you know, Virginia?"

"Oh, my dear, yes!"

"And how were we?"

"Oh, very so so!"

"I should imagine."

"Well, of course. Was he there?"

"Not then, he wasn't."

"But wasn't the whole thing too ridiculous?"

"Well, exactly."

Continued on Page 61

H A V E A C A M E L

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Hires Extract for flavoring

CAKE

Cream ¼ cupful butter, 1 cupful sugar and 1½ teaspoonfuls Hires Extract; add 2 eggs one at a time unbeaten, and beat the mixture until it is light and creamy. Sift 1¼ cupfuls flour, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder, and ½ teaspoonful cinnamon, and add to the mixture alternately with the ½ cupful milk. Fold in ½ cupful chopped nuts or dates and bake in cup cakes, layers or shallow pan. Spread with icing flavored with Hires.

GELATINE

Pour boiling water over ½ cupful sugar and ¼ teaspoonful salt. Add 1 teaspoonful Hires Extract and 1 inch stick cinnamon and boil for 5 minutes. Soften 2 tablespoonfuls gelatine in ½ cupful cold water, stir into 5 cupfuls boiling water and pour into wet mold, set away to harden.

ICE CREAM

In your favorite recipe for ice cream use as flavoring one teaspoonful of Hires Extract to each quart of ice cream desired. Sweeten to taste.

CANDY KISSES

Cook 3 cupfuls of brown sugar and a pinch of salt in ½ cupful of water until it spins a thread when dropped from a spoon. Add 1½ teaspoonfuls of Hires Extract and pour over the stiffly beaten white of 1 egg, beating while pouring. Continue beating until quite stiff, then drop by teaspoonfuls on waxed paper

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Continued from Page 58

"If you ask me," said Virginia, "that's that."

"Oh, entirely."

"I think it's about the silliest thing I ever heard."

"I think it's one of the most remarkable things, when you come to think of it, that I ever heard."

"Well, when you come right down to it, it's just absurd."

"That's what I think."

The sweating colored boys played madly, grimaced, and twisted their bodies about. The saxophonist stood up, and indicated the steps of a Charleston as he played. A young man at a neighboring table got to his feet, and shouted "Ladies and gentlemen—" but the group about him, in wild shrieks of appreciative laughter, pulled him down before he could go further. The room got hotter and hotter, the air thicker and fouler; it was half past three o'clock when Linda was dropped from a car, containing three other exhausted and silent young persons, at the Trezavants' door.

She felt ashamed and sick and headachy, reaching her quiet, orderly room, with the bedclothes opened down into a smooth fold, and the low light burning in the dressing-room and at the bedside. Her cool night-clothes, her slippers, her wrappers, and blessed silence and solitude again claimed her.

She climbed into bed, determined to leave all thought until to-morrow; Alice and Richard and herself could wait until then. The old brick house was absolutely still; a little glimmer of light came in over the wide, paneled window-sills, through the bare branches of the park, below Linda's room. The old French mirror over the mantelpiece doubled the mottled ceiling vaguely, high up in the dark.

Such a wonderful house, such a fairy-tale experience altogether—and such a troubled, confused, and angry heart! The Winter dawn was creeping into the room before Linda slept.

ALICE sent for her before she was fairly dressed the next morning. Linda had been wondering how they would meet, wondering if she could conceal from Alice the agitation and distaste that this frankly acknowledged—more, frankly boasted—love-affair on the part of a married woman had aroused in a watching girl.

But Alice apparently felt no compunction. She was sitting at a charmingly appointed little breakfast-table by the fire, when Linda went in, with letters and newspapers strewn about, and sunshine slanting in across a background of flowers and books, behind her. Alice had a bowl containing violets on the breakfast-tray; she had bent her face over them, and scooped her hands about them, the better to hold their perfume. She looked up from them, laughing.

"See the flowers my nice beau sent me!"

Linda smiled. But she felt her voice heavy and constrained.

"From Richard? He sent me some, too."

Alice looked up animatedly, surprized, and pleased.

"Did he? Now, that was cute of him!" she said approvingly. "He does the nicest things! Even Gray likes him—he can't help it. Sit down, Linda. Coffee? Now tell me," said Alice in a very luxury of confidence, "tell me, do you think I'm a very silly woman? Because you know—" she was flirting with Linda, just as she might have flirted with a man, all shining eyes and rosy flushes, over her cup "—you know I do like that same silly, impulsive boy werry, werry much!"

It was all disgusting to Linda. Silly, undignified, in a woman of Alice's position. Linda spoke stiffly and lifelessly:

"He's awfully nice."

"Oh, my dear, he's very much more than that," Alice said seriously, almost reproachfully. "He's one of the cleverest fellows in the world—no, I mean it. He went out to Hollywood last year—all simply wild about him, and one man out there offered him three hundred a week—imagine, that *kid*—to do something or other, scenarios, or something. He turned it down quite coolly. And he's too delicious telling about it—nothing at all! I'm boring you to death? But this really is interesting," she broke off to say perfunctorily.

"The funny part of it was," resumed Alice, buttering a roll, "that I didn't know him at all at that time. Oh, of course I'd heard his name," she amended it hastily, "and the Trezavants have known his family for generations, and all that. But I mean I never had placed this particular boy, and when we met—it was at a tea at the Richies'; I thought Harriet Richie was in love with him—and I think she *was*," the speaker diverged casually. "But that's no matter! I hardly nodded to him; I just thought he was a nice kid; paid no attention to him——"

There was a great deal of this. Alice was too thoroughly absorbed in the excitement of her affair, too pleased to have a listener she could trust, to notice the rather pale face, and the stern, unsympathetic eyes with which Linda watched her.

"Gray," Alice went on with a little upward curl of her lip, "Gray is really being most generous about it—I must say that. I think he feels that I've given him eight of the best years of my life, entertained his friends, and managed his house—and I do really believe that Gray—whose nature makes it impossible for him to love any woman," Alice diverged smoothly—"Oh, he knows it," she said, as Linda raised surprized brows. "Gray can't love; he's utterly incapable of it!—I think that Gray, in a way, feels that I have a right to find the higher thing if I can——"

It went on and on. Linda listened.

"Now, Gray's mother, who hates me like poison—she's that magnificent old Mrs. O'Connor Trezavant, who lives in the white-brick house," Alice was presently saying—"Gray's mother, when I used to see her at all, used to talk to me about children, dear little children, for dear Gray. All right, I say, if a man and a woman love each other. But when they *don't*——!"

And as she talked, slowly, steadily she descended in Linda's estimation, slowly revealed herself as a brilliant, beautiful shell that encased no woman at all, that held merely a selfish, narrow, little soul stretching out greedy hands for everything that could make it more important, more envied, more admired in the narrow, little, selfish social circle—and nothing more.

The brilliant and beautiful Mrs. Gray Trezavant! It was a disillusionment for Linda, and Richard supplied an even deeper one. Their egotisms, their selfishnesses caused in her a sort of weariness of distaste. "Fools—fools—fools!" she said to herself impatiently.

But it was more serious than mere foolishness. The day after the revelation passed somehow; they went to lunch at some club, and then Alice played bridge, and Linda went with two girls to see a picture exhibition, and had tea downtown, and then some persons came in to dinner, and every one went to see a new movie. And on the morning of the day after, Alice said:

"Gray's delayed in Washington, Linda, for several days. And somebody very nice is coming to dinner to console the widow. Now, what boy shall I ask for you?"

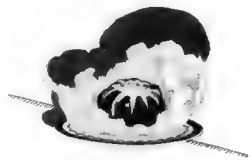
"Oh, don't ask any boy for me," Linda said proudly and coldly. "I'll—I'll—I can go somewhere——"

AND at the moment she hated the big brick house, and the servants and luxury and evening gown, and would have been glad to be back at the Bon Ton again.

"Oh, my dear, but you *can't!*" Alice said happily and kindly. "I couldn't dine here alone with him. This is Gray's house, after all, and these are Gray's servants! No, we'll have a cozy little foursome—I'll ask Carter Harwood; he's a nice kid."

Linda, seething within, wanted to say, "You'll not ask anybody to come play gooseberry with *me*. I'll not do it. I'd rather slip off by myself to Mrs. Possing's, and go to a movie afterward with Andy Starr."

crisp summer salads with a tang



ROSE SALAD

It even looks cool

Cut 6 peeled tomatoes almost through in petal-like sections; season with salt. Blend 2 teaspoons minced onion, 3 tablespoons minced celery, 3 tablespoons Premier Salad Dressing. Fill tomato centers with this mixture. Serve on chilled lettuce with Premier Salad Dressing.

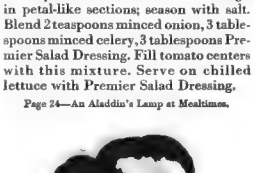
Page 24—An Aladdin's Lamp at Mealtimes.

MELON SALAD

Simple and refreshing

Chill thoroughly 3 cups diced melon, ½ cup Premier Salad Dressing and lettuce or romaine. Lightly mix the Premier Salad Dressing and the melon. Serve in a salad bowl lined with crisp lettuce. Garnish with strips of pimiento or chopped parsley.

Page 30—An Aladdin's Lamp at Mealtimes.

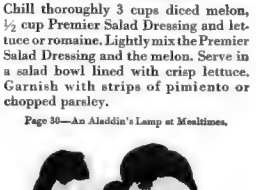


CAULIFLOWER SALAD

Main dish for luncheon

Break cooked cauliflower into small pieces. Mix ¼ cup Premier Salad Dressing and ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon paprika, 1 tablespoon chopped chives or onion tops. Mix lightly with cauliflower and let stand for 1 hour.

Page 25—An Aladdin's Lamp at Mealtimes.



BLACK EYED SUSANS

A colorful fruit salad

Slice 4 peaches and arrange like daisy petals on four beds of chilled lettuce. Chop and blend with Premier Salad Dressing 8 pitted dates and 8 almonds. Pat into four balls for centers of daisies. Serve with Premier Salad Dressing.

Page 31—An Aladdin's Lamp at Mealtimes.

Premier SALAD DRESSING

"MEALS in a minute"... that's what we want in summer. With tangy Premier Salad Dressing, cool, refreshing salads and sandwiches can be made so quickly and deliciously that they seem to take no time at all to prepare.

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PINAUD'S SHAMPOO

But she could not be rude just because Alice was, and she had to smile and appear amused and interested in the situation.

"I don't care if you and Carter give us a few minutes' *tête-à-tête* after dinner—" Alice went on, unsuspectingly cheerful. "But appearances must be preserved!"

And altho Linda dressed slowly that evening, hating herself and the rôle she found herself obliged to play, Alice was even more slow, and Carter did not appear until dinner was half over, so that Linda, going down-stairs at half past seven, found herself alone with Richard.

He looked very handsome, and was kind and attentive in manner, as always; bending his sleek, dark head over Linda's fingers as he greeted her, sitting opposite her, beside the fire, with affectionate and appreciative eyes all for her.

Linda felt clumsy and angry and helpless; the rough-headed bear cub again. Little prickles stung her skin; her words came in spurts, and were not the words that she had wanted when they came.

"Mrs. Trezavant is late," Linda said jerkily.

Richard raised politely surprized eyebrows, as if he wondered why she should introduce Alice's name, and that made her angry afresh.

"I wanted to go somewhere for dinner," Linda said bluntly, awkwardly. He must not think her unaware of the real situation. "But she wanted me to stay here," she added.

"She's quite marvelous; don't you think so?" Richard asked blandly.

"I know *you* think so," Linda agreed significantly.

He smiled, unruffled. "I admire her very much," he said composedly. Suddenly he stood up, on the hearth, with his back to the fire, looking splendid and tall, and every inch an aristocrat, in his faultless evening dress. "Come here a minute," he said with an imperative jerk of his smooth head; "I want to speak to you."

Linda got up, and went to the hearth, too, to stand just before him, with her little chestnut head thrown back, and her dark-blue eyes fixed unsmilingly on his. Richard lightly laid his hands on her shoulders.

"I like you better than any one else in the world," he said simply. "Do you believe it?"

She felt a trembling happiness deep within her, a sort of heady joy. But she would not yield too quickly. "I can't believe it!" she said in a whisper.

STILL lightly holding her, he bent quickly and kissed her forehead, smiling at her when once again they faced each other.

"Alice is a very lovely person," he told her. "But —we all know Alice. If it wasn't your humble servant, it'd be somebody else with Alice. She must have admiration——"

Linda did not answer this. She stood looking at him, bright-eyed and attentive, for a long minute. Then she said in a quick, shamed whisper:

"It's made me—*wretched*. It's made me hate the whole thing, my being here—pretending to belong to it, forcing myself in here just because I was discontented. I haven't known what I was eating, or where we were going, or anything——"

"Which only goes to show what a silly little girl you are!" Richard said.

"I wanted to run away to-night, to go back to Mrs. Possing's and the Bon Ton!" confessed Linda, with her first hint of a smile.

"You little idiot!" Richard said. "You're the most beautiful creature alive, and you're—what? Twenty-two. Fight it out. Stay here until something better shows up, and then jump to that. This is your chance! Don't let Alice's nonsense cut you out of it. You know," he said with a little change of voice, "you know that I'm here, right behind you."

"But so oddly," she said ingenuously, with her liquid eyes shining close to his, "so oddly, it seems—dull to me. Is that a terrible thing to say?" Linda interrupted herself, laughing. "But it *does*. Waking up is fun, and my room, and all that. But then we shop, or go to a beauty-parlor, and then lunch, and they play bridge, and there's nothing but a walk, or a movie, and then dinner, and the same thing! And Alice," she said, widening her eyes demurely, "talking of nothing—but *you*!"

He flushed becomingly. "I can't help that. And as for the rest," he said, "of *course* it's dull. These people haven't anything to do but amuse themselves, and they're always trying to find new ways to do it. Cards and movies and beauty-parlors—those are all only time-killers. What did you *think* it was going to be like?"

"I don't know," she said vaguely. The hurry of it, the fever of it, the stupidity of it she had laid to her own peculiar position so far. But upon considering his words, it occurred to her for the first time that perhaps this dry burning in the blood, this rushing and spending and gossiping, these fiery jealousies and cold hours of boredom, were inseparable from life in what was known as society's upper circles. Perhaps they all felt that way——

"Get as much fun as you can out of it," said Richard. "And you and I'll get together now and then, and laugh at them all. Don't forget that—" he smiled his own half-teasing, all-affectionate smile—"don't forget that you're my own little girl!" he said in an undertone. And then, more loudly, as Alice came in, "Alice, we've been clawing society apart, and we don't like it!"

LINDA was happy. Dinner that evening, with a foolish game of Minoru that followed it, and the laughter, and lights, and beauty and richness of the evening, were all more like what she had always fancied life must be in this sort of a group than anything that had gone before. She felt keyed to it, felt once again her laughing, confident, friendly self. Carter was very funny, Richard in high spirits, and Alice once again the dignified and admirable wife of the city's richest man. It was impossible to believe to-night that she was the same woman who had babbled so fatuously of her admirer, had forced Linda to sympathize in her latest affair of the heart.

Two other men came in at about half past nine, and it was decided that they would all walk to a movie. But upon leaving the house the night proved so unexpectedly warm and fine, so sweet with a premature breath of Spring, that they strolled instead, laughing, in the dark park, looking up at the great houses they passed—windows glowing through bare tree-branches—and finally making a cheerful supper-party in a delicatessen-store, where they ate soft sandwiches flavored principally with sweet mustard, and drank ginger ale.

At eleven o'clock they parted at the Trezavant doorway.

Linda and Alice went up-stairs together, and Alice, smoking a cigaret, chatted gaily with the younger girl while Linda got ready for bed. The clock struck the half-hour. Linda, comfortably established on her pillows, opened her biography, and Alice, departing, came back for an impulsive good-night

PICTORIAL REVIEW'S $5,000 AWARD

Recommendations for Pictorial Review's Annual Achievement Award must be in by August 15th. Recommendation blanks may be secured by writing to the Achievement Award Editor, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

kiss. Then the big door closed behind her, and Linda was alone.

Volume two. Oh, well, it didn't matter—it was all interesting. Where had she left volume one? It didn't matter; she could read the second volume a few minutes, and then turn off the light and go to sleep. It was nearly midnight, anyway.

But Linda had an orderly mind, and somehow could not concentrate upon Lady Frederick Cavendish's later life, not knowing how she had gotten through its earlier years. She glued her eyes, unseeing, to the page for a few minutes, then suddenly flung back the covers and sprang out of bed.

Noiselessly, because any sound might disturb Alice, whose rooms were across the hall, she opened the door, her thoughts concentrated upon the fat volume, which was probably lying on the window-ledge in the little up-stairs study, where she had left it earlier in the day.

There was a dim light in the wide hallway; the great pit of the curved stairway, with its old-fashioned carved rail, descended to the darkened lower floor, perhaps a dozen yards away from the doorway where Linda, silent, and struck to immobility, was standing, hidden in the shadow.

A woman in short, lacy white draperies, her feet in silver slippers, her hair in a soft cloud about her beautiful head, was at the rail; her back toward Linda, her two arms lifted, as if her fingers might have been laced on her breast. The whole figure spoke of only one thing: waiting.

While she stood there a man came slowly up out of the gloom of the stairwell and into the dim light above. He looked at Alice and smiled, and Linda's soul shriveled and died within her when she saw the smile. It was the kindly, affectionate, admiring smile Richard Cartright had given her, only a few hours ago, as he was giving it to Alice now.

The third instalment of "Little Miss Cinderella" will appear in the August issue of Pictorial Review. If you prefer to read this story at one time save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all later on.

RELATIVELY SPEAKING

Continued from Page 15

stir a step from her gray-carpeted, chintz-hung suite at the Wainwright.

To prove to herself that she meant it she went to Mrs. McVane's for bridge—a quarter of a cent a point—as tho nothing had happened. She played very badly, and when she returned to her room she called up the porter. She said, "I want a compartment on the Southern Pacific. I'm going East on the first train I can get."

She told herself, as she hung up, that it was better to go and have it over with, and she began packing with savage speed, as tho she were leaving in ten minutes.

SHE would never have known Furnam with its new stucco station, its line of smart motors, its trolleys, its cement streets, its shops, its motion-picture palaces. But the house where she and Helen had passed their childhood she would have known. There it stood in the same grove of sickly cedars; a dingy, brown, cupolaed, many-windowed thing. As long as she could remember, its gutters had been rusted as they were rusted now, its shingles missing, its clapboards blistered, peeling.

It seemed to her last night that she had crept down the stairs that creaked treacherously, out through the screen door, with its hole, made by Rover's shaggy paw, and into Tom Armitage's arms. At the corner he had a rig from Keeler's livery. The horse could not be urged beyond a gentle, staid jog, and Lucy was palpitantly fearful of pursuit, of capture. She was not in love with Tom Armitage. She was, in fact, badly frightened at the thought of marrying him, but she was far more frightened at the thought of remaining the rest of her days in Furnam.

She pushed open the door. The sweetish, moldy odor; the flowered wall-paper, dark-blue roses on a pale-blue background. The antlered hat-rack Uncle Will had sent from Quebec. The old sea-chest, another of his gifts.

She peeped into the parlor. There were the ebony piano with yellow keys, the piano-stool on which she had squirmed a long hour of every day, the black-walnut what-not, the round table, the lamp whose shade was a globe of the world, the horsehair chairs, grandma's rocking-chair with crocheted tidies on each arm and one on the back, and the green-plush sofa against the wall.

No one was about, and she mounted the stairs. The same give-away creak. She stepped hastily to the left. That was the trick. She paused on the landing and looked through the blue leaded-glass window toward distant Maple Avenue. How she had yearned to live on Maple Avenue! She could see its giant trees lacing overhead. People were rated socially by their proximity to Maple Avenue.

She went up to what had been her mother's and father's bedroom, and in the cherry bed in which she had been born lay her sister. It was hard to realize that the woman with blue shadows on her cheeks was Helen. It seemed to Mrs. Armitage but yesterday that she was fighting Helen's battles for her. Where could every one be? Leaving a sick woman alone like this! Outrageous! Her lips must have formed the words, for Helen's eyes opened.

She stared at Mrs. Armitage. Then she gave a cry and stretched out her arms. Mrs. Armitage was on her knees. Tears coursed down her cheeks. They were sobbing together, and she hated to cry. She had not cried in years, but Helen's body was pitifully thin. To collect herself, she snapped, "What right have they to leave you alone this way?"

Helen whispered, "I'm not alone, I'm never alone. Fred's in the next room."

"The next room?"

"Yes. Go call him. Oh, I can't believe you're here."

Mrs. Armitage got up, patted her hair, pulled down her hat. Her eyes and the tip of her nose she knew were red, and she did not want to meet Fred Milton looking like that. She wanted to look as sternly militant as she felt.

She strode across the room and knocked. Instantly the door opened and she saw him again. He had aged, and his tousled, wiry hair was almost white. Behind him she glimpsed a room, bare save for a littered desk, a typewriter, a straight chair, the blue spiral of smoke from a cigar hastily laid down.

A smile spread over his kindly, irresolute face. "Well, for the love of Pete, it's Lucy!" and he charged toward her. He kissed her with a loud smack. "Bless your heart! I knew you'd come!" Of course he knew it. "Isn't she wonderful? Don't look a day over sixteen. My! It's great to see you again. What's the matter? Been crying? Oh, well, girls will be girls. But say, why didn't you let me know you were here? I'd have been down to lift you off the train."

Mrs. Armitage said stiffly, "I didn't want to trouble you, Fred."

HE BOOMED, "Trouble! Why, I'd have been tickled pink to show you off to the neighbors. Don't she look fine, honey? Good enough to eat!"

Helen called him to her side; she whispered, "Get Lucy something. Lemonade. She must be dying of thirst."

Mrs. Armitage said, "And I'll go along with you, Fred. I don't think too much excitement is good for Helen."

The kitchen was a wilderness of unwashed dishes, uncovered food, flies,

His first great *adventure!*

So small, so inexperienced, he tackles solid food

What a series of fresh encounters—a baby's first two years! New habits to form, new lessons to learn. But his most exciting task is learning to handle a grown-up diet.

It's a time of special care for mothers—when little digestions are struggling manfully to adapt themselves to this change. Then the first solid food must fill three requirements:

First, it must supply the elements essential for growth and health. Second, it must be so simple in form that a baby's stomach, recently graduated from milk alone, can handle it. And third, it must be guarded against hot weather taint.

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saucepans of congealing grease. He looked about helplessly. "Pretty bad, isn't it? Everything seems to go to pot when Nellie's laid up."

Mrs. Armitage surveyed the room. "And your daughter? She attends school?"

"Oh, yes, but she gets the meals, and I'm supposed to straighten up, but lately I got a line on something that looks pretty good and that's why——"

"Well, she'd better give up this commencement nonsense and stay home and look after her mother."

"That's what she wanted to do. We had an awful rumpus about it, but Nellie wouldn't hear of it. She fretted so, we had to drive Dora off to school again."

He was circling the kitchen in a vague, haphazard search for a lemon. She said irritably, "For goodness' sake, sit down Fred. I want to talk to you." He slumped into a chair. She spoke authoritatively. "Now, then, of course the first thing to do is to get Helen out of this."

"Out of this?"

"This house. The nearest hospital's in Hartford, isn't it?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Well, we'll get a motor-ambulance and drive her over there. That's the place for her."

He and his daughter, she supposed, were waiting until she got there for just such a move. Well, they could not have set the scene better.

Fred put in hesitatingly, "I'm not sure she'll go."

"Go! Of course she'll go. Why wouldn't she go?"

He shook his head. "I don't think she'll budge until Dora's graduated."

She snapped, "Don't talk rot. If she's worrying about Dora I'll stay and see that everything's all right. Leave it to me."

Which was, she knew, what he would do. She rose. "Don't worry about Helen. I'll manage her."

But she did not. Helen was adamant. She was, she affirmed, much better. Why, the very sight of dear Lucy was enough to make her get well!

Lucy interrupted, "Yes, I know, but this place is so depressing and——"

"Depressing! You don't mean the old house? I wouldn't change a thing from the way papa and mama had it."

"But a few weeks in a sanitarium——"

"Don't let's talk about it. I'm not going. Wild horses couldn't drag me."

AT FOUR Dora came home. She really was beautiful; tall, gracile, with a cap of bright-yellow hair. Mrs. Armitage liked to think that when she laughed her lips curved as enticingly as her niece's. Dora came in with a rush. "Oh, Mother, Mrs. Thoman is going to finish my dress so you needn't worry a—" She stopped short at the sight of a stranger. Helen said, "It's your aunt Lucy. Isn't it lovely to have her here?"

Dora fixed her aunt with her startlingly blue eyes. "You must think the house is an awful mess."

"I do," Mrs. Armitage replied amiably.

Dora's chin rose. "I wanted to stay home, but mother——"

Helen finished, "I wouldn't hear of it."

In the silence that followed, Mrs. Armitage had a fleeting impression that Dora disliked her. Then the girl turned away. "I bet dad hasn't touched a dish. Oh, well, I'll go wrestle with them."

Mrs. Armitage remarked, with an effort at lightness, "Dish-washing isn't very good for the hands, is it?"

Again she encountered her niece's disconcerting stare. "It won't hurt my hands," she said, and left the room. Mrs. Armitage flushed. Impertinent. The younger generation.

At dinner they struggled with some kind of stew, potatoes, coffee in which grounds swam round in a diminishing circle. Dora maintained a sullen silence, but her father kept up a constant flow of conversation.

When Mrs. Armitage folded her napkin and rose, Dora said abruptly, "Dinner was terrible. I'm sorry. I don't know a thing about cooking."

"Why, I thought it very nice."

Dora flared, "You didn't, either. You never ate a thing."

Disagreeable girl! "I seldom do. Can I be of any help or——"

Dora flung "No!" over her shoulder. Not even "No, thank you."

Mrs. Armitage found Helen asleep. She returned to the parlor and sat down in grandma's chair. Rocking softly to and fro, she could feel pressing down upon her the same sense of terror she had always felt in that room. She got up and flung open the window. Honeysuckle hung over a corner of the porch. It was too sweet. Nothing had a right to smell like that.

She felt homesick for the Wainwright. Dinner would be over by now, the ladies filing out of the dining-room. Some of them would stop beside her table for a word. Then she and Mrs. Siebert would stroll to the desk for a cursory survey of the register; the concert in the lobby, and bridge to close the evening.

She tried to bring before her eyes her own room, the bed turned down for the night, her slippers and gown laid out, shades drawn, the glow from the lamp on a book—any book; but she was conscious only of the path in front of the house, white as snow in the moonlight.

SHE turned at a step. It was Fred. Dora, she felt sure, had shooed him in to talk to her. He sat down on the green sofa, fanned himself with his hand, said, "Hot, isn't it?" and then stretched himself out with a sigh. "Well, how does it seem to be back in Furnam?"

She shivered, "Like old times."

"Nellie and I can't make out how you manage to stay away so long. No other place is home to us."

"Isn't it?"

"No, sir. We've got our roots deep down in the soil here. But I will say the town's changed a lot. Did you notice the new station? Cost a quarter of a million to put up."

"Yes, I noticed it."

"There's been a big real-estate boom here. You'd be surprized at the prices some of the land has fetched."

"Weren't you in the real-estate business, Fred?"

"Yep. Had an office all fixed up in the Bank Building, but things were kind of slow, so I had to get out. Right afterward the boom came. Can you beat that for luck?"

She asked, "What are you doing now?" and was instantly sorry when she saw his round face grow pinched and anxious.

"Well, just at present I'm—I'm lining up something. I don't want to talk about it yet, but——you've been awful good to us, Lucy."

"Oh, nonsense."

"Yes, you have, too. I don't know what we'd have done without your help all these years."

She could think of nothing to say, and he brought out, with some of Dora's directness, "I guess you don't hand me much, Lucy, and I don't blame you. I've been a pretty poor provider."

"As long as you make Helen happy—"

"Well, she'd be a whole lot happier if I could give her some of the things Tom Armitage gave you. But I've got several irons in the fire and, say, one of them looks great. Great. It's a little dingus a friend of mine invented to keep a pipe cool. Costs next to nothing to make, and there's a fortune in it. All it needs is promotion. I've been mapping out a campaign that would put it over with a bang, but the trouble is we need a little capital, to start the ball rolling. You know, not a great deal, and I was sort of wondering, Lucy, if you could possibly——"

She announced firmly, "I never loan money, Fred."

He said, "No, I suppose not," feebly, and was silent.

TO HIDE her annoyance, she turned and stared out of the window. She could see the lights of Maple Avenue like pale jewels. She heard a throaty, strangled sound and turned to find Fred asleep, his hands folded over his stomach.

She thought of him as she remembered him years ago when he was courting Helen. He was a splendid youth, lithe,

Continued on Page 66

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WHAT woman is not captivated by the mere thought of expressing herself in clothes! Of helping other women to dress attractively!

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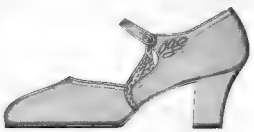

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Be sure to ask for the double-strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

OTHINE

DOUBLE STRENGTH

Continued from Page 64

active, alert. She recalled his predilection for vaulting over fences, for flying down-stairs three steps at a time, for running when he could as easily have walked. He was so burningly, glowingly alive. Had she stayed in Furnam she might have married a Fred Milton.

He awoke with a start. "'Scuse me. Must have dropped off. Weather makes me sleepy."

She nodded. "It's sleepy weather."

His face actually looked younger now that the strain of nerving himself to make a demand was over. He went straightway to sleep again. From the kitchen came the crash of a pan. "There! Thank Heaven that's done!"

She thought of how she and Helen used to hurry through the work so that they could walk down-town before dark. The neighbors rocking on their porches. Wilbur's drug-store. The knot of boys on the corner whispering, guffawing.

ACROSS the track is a settlement called Hunkyville, populated entirely by square-faced, squarely built Hungarians. From it Furnam culls its cooks, waitresses, nurses, laundresses; gardeners, furnacemen, and snow-shovelers. Mrs. Armitage, in a clattering taxi, traveled to this citadel. She was met by firm-fleshed, ruddy-cheeked, high-breasted young matrons. They came out of their neat row of houses and crowded about her.

In answer to her questions they shook their heads and sighed. They knew of no one who wanted "a yob." Then one of them interrupted with, "Ach, Hulda, now, she say she bane goin' quit," and they promised, in chorus, to tell Hulda of the alluring position open at Miltors'.

She climbed back into the car. She had not counted on defeat. She saw herself returning with a woman who would take full charge of the household. She returned to an empty kitchen. Helen needed nourishing food and there was no one to cook it. Grimly she donned an apron.

The dinner she served was received with acclaim. She did not want acclaim. She wanted to go to her room and take off her shoes. Her feet ached. Her back ached. She wondered if she had brought almond cream, and olive-oil was good for burns.

Helen cried, "There never was a cook like you, Lucy. I believe I'd put on ten pounds with a week of it." A week of it! She undressed quickly and went immediately to sleep.

She awoke in the early morning. The greenish-white hands of her clock pointed to three. Three o'clock. She was as wide awake as if it were day. She lay there thinking; if anybody had told me a week ago I'd be in Furnam cooking dinner— What would Mina DeWitt say?

She wondered if the oatmeal she had put on to soak was far enough back on the stove. She tried to remember. She got up and felt her way along the hall. At the head of the stairs she started back. A yellow patch of light lay on the bare floor below. She tiptoed down a few steps. Leaning far over the banisters, she could see the back and shoulders of her niece Dora.

She was seated by the table bending over what appeared to be a froth of snowy material, sewing it with feverish fingers. Mrs. Armitage stared a minute, then called softly, "What on earth are you doing?" The girl turned with a start. "Oh—you!" then, "It's my graduation dress. I'm trying to finish it. I can't seem to get it done. Mother thinks Mrs. Thoman is doing it."

Mrs. Armitage asked, "Why don't you give it to Mrs. What's-her-name? I should think it would be a capital idea."

Dora answered with spirit, "Of course it would be a capital idea, only I don't happen to have the c-capital," and she burst into choking sobs. Mrs. Armitage looked at her without moving. She had a sudden desire to take Dora in her arms. "There, there. Don't worry. Everything will be all right, my dear. I'll see this sewing-woman in the morning and set her right to work——"

Dora drew back as tho she had flicked a wound. She flashed, "You'll do no such thing! This family has—has sponged on you long enough. You don't know how it feels to be forever taking things from somebody, and you must be sick to death of handing them out."

Mrs. Armitage amazed herself by saying, "But who else is there for me to give to? You're all the family I've got." Dora stared at her. Suddenly she sprang up and threw her arms around Mrs. Armitage. "How precious of you to put it that way!"

She held Dora lightly. Tears stung her eyes. She said, "The first thing in the morning I'll run down to Mrs. Thingumbobs with your dress. Now you can go right along to bed."

But Dora's face was hidden on the other's shoulder. "I was rude to you when you came. I knew you hated father and me—only I don't think you do so much now."

Mrs. Armitage protested, "Of course not. What an idea! Come along and we'll see how the oatmeal's behaving."

A burning activity seized Mrs. Armitage. A desire to serve Dora and Helen and Fred. There was so much she could do for them. So very much. She wondered how they had ever got along without her all these years. She did not know when the idea of redecorating the house occurred to her. It was born of a phrase she caught herself repeating, "I could never live in it this way." That was, perhaps, the first intimation she herself had of her intention to remain. She said nothing, but at nights she lay awake and saw a white house with green shutters, crisp frilled curtains at the windows, and on the porch wicker furniture.

She even got up one night and drew rough plans. Ruthlessly, she tore out partitions, moved fireplaces, cut down windows. It was a fascinating game. She wished she could wave a wand and transform things without a word to any of them. She decided to make the remodeling a present to Dora, to put it in that form. A graduation present. Dear little Dora.

And poor Fred. What he needed was a strong hand. Helen was too soft.

She did not let her plans interfere with her daily routine. She enjoyed being busy. She cooked, she cleaned house, beat rugs, straightened closets. She even scrubbed floors. When she awoke each morning she lay thinking of the work before her.

She went about with a frown of concentration. As soon as she sat down she would think of things urgent. When Hulda presented herself one morning, Mrs. Armitage admitted her reluctantly. She almost resented turning her shining kitchen over to her. In the days that followed she wished Hulda were not quite so competent. She focused her attention upon Helen. The energy she had been expending on pots and pans and batter was transferred to the sickroom.

MRS. ARMITAGE dressed for Dora's graduation with infinite care. She would represent Helen magnificently. The air had a freshness, a coolness, a pungency that carried back to the days when she and Helen trod this same path to the old yellow schoolhouse, long replaced by a Gothic structure with letters of stone over the doorway. She and Fred entered and sat side by side on the dais reserved for parents and relatives. Parents. She felt a warm pride as tho she belonged there.

A woman in black who sat next to her whispered, "That's my Frankie down in front." There were tears in her eyes. Mrs. Armitage smiled and nodded. She studied Dora's upraised face, her parted lips, her eyes, almost black with excitement, her flaming cheeks. Her own youth incarnate, that was it.

The exercises drew to a close, and one by one the graduates advanced; had cylindrical diplomas, tied with ribbon, thrust at them; clutched them, and walked stiffly back to seats amid thunders of applause. After it was over, Dora came over to where Mrs. Armitage and her father awaited her. Standing there,

Continued on Page 68

Now a Way to Really BANISH Arm or Leg Hair!

—TO AVOID COARSE REGROWTH ENTIRELY

Re-growth itself is slowed 7 times; coarse re-growth banished forever and enlarged pores utterly avoided!

Thousands of women are turning this way. That the allure of sheerest hosiery need no longer be dispelled by unsightly hair growth beneath.

An Utterly New Discovery That Not Only Removes Hair Instantly, But Delays Its Reappearance Remarkably

A NEW way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that forever banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to the razor. A way that not only *removes* hair, but delays its normal reappearance as much as 7 times!

It is making cosmeticians reverse everything they ever said about hair removing and take a new stand. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted Beauty Scientist; it contains, of course, no caustic or any of the poisonous chemicals associated with old-time "depilatories."

What It Is

It is an exquisitely fine toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water. That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt. *And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed indefinitely—often for months!*

By a total and altogether delightful absence of stubble, one can instantly feel the difference between this and old ways.

The skin, too, unlike after shaving, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently radically changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

Where to Obtain

It is on sale at drug, department stores and beauty parlors. 60c and $1 sizes. Obtain there or use coupon for mail supply if your dealer hasn't it. The $1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size.

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NEET *Cream Hair Remover*

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Pic 7-28

A WARNING *to* WOMEN *who wear* Tight Hats

BOBBED hair has created a vogue of close fitting hats—and physicians say that tight hats are probably responsible for much of the baldness among men.

HERE are two simple rules for keeping your hair vigorously healthy in spite of the injurious effect of tight hats.

(1)

Keep the scalp clean! Shampoo regularly with Wildroot Taroleum Shampoo. Made from pure crude and pine tar oils, it cleanses deep down to the hair roots yet does not leave the hair harsh or dry.

(2)

Massage and brush the hair vigorously every day. Once or twice a week saturate the scalp with Wildroot Hair Tonic. This reliable tonic stops dandruff, invigorates the hair roots and leaves the scalp antiseptically clean. The most widely used hair tonic in the world.

YOU can't start these treatments too soon. Invest in these two bottles today. Wildroot hair preparations may be obtained at drug stores, barber shops and hair dressers' everywhere. Accept no substitutes.

WILDROOT

HAIR TONIC

TAROLEUM SHAMPOO

Continued from Page 66

Mrs. Armitage had a feeling of belonging to a small charmed circle.

When they were assembled in Helen's room in the evening Mrs. Armitage prepared to tell them what she had in store for them. She waited until Dora finished a glowing account of the day's happenings. She watched them with a feeling of infinite tenderness; her own family, her brood. Her interests were so bound up with theirs; indissolubly. She said briskly, "Well, Dora, I suppose you wonder why I didn't give you a graduation present." Dora turned pink. Fred protested.

Mrs. Armitage shook her head. "This has nothing to do with anybody but Dora. It's—" she paused, and bethought herself of the plans she had made. She decided to get them.

"Wait a minute," she said.

She was as excited as a girl. She ran along the corridor. She could hardly wait. She could not find the sketches. She discovered them on a shelf in the closet. She gathered them up and hurried back. Helen's door was shut, and as she raised her hand to turn the knob she heard Dora's voice: "But, Mother, I know she's never going home, and we'll all just be bossed to *death*."

Mrs. Armitage caught her breath. Her hand fell to her side. Then Fred's deep rumble: "I know she's your sister, Nellie, but wouldn't you like to be by yourself again, without outsiders——?"

"Outsiders—outsiders!" The words beat on her brain like a trip-hammer. She tiptoed away from the door. When Dora came to her room to see what had happened to her, Mrs. Armitage was still searching diligently for something. "I can't seem to find it, Dora. Isn't it stupid of me? I've put it somewhere; I can't remember. But don't worry. I'll—I'll send you a duplicate of it from the West."

AT SEVEN o'clock Mrs. Armitage entered the dining-room of the Wainwright. Instantly she saw that her table was occupied—the table at which she had sat for over ten years. Somehow it never occurred to her that the management would permit any one save herself to use it. But there, sure enough, was a stout elderly woman, placidly eying the contents of a platter James obsequiously presented for her inspection.

The head waiter, catching sight of her, hurried forward. "I did not know you had returned, Madam. To-morrow you will have your own table as usual. I hope you will excuse—" He drew out a chair for her. As she seated herself she could not dismiss the impression that her place was filled; that she was a ghost, returning.

Mrs. Siebert hurried toward her. "My dear, is it really you? I thought you'd never come back. Whatever kept you away so long?" She did not wait for a reply. "Who do you think has been subbing for you in the club? Clara Williams; you know that oil man's wife from St. Louis. Plays a gorgeous game, but, of course, now that you're back she'll have to drop out." She beckoned to Mrs. McVane, who joined them.

Mrs. McVane cried, "Well, if it isn't dear Lucia! My, but we've missed you! The club hasn't been the same since you went away. Oh, by the way, do you feel like a game to-night? They meet in my rooms."

In the lobby Mrs. Armitage met Mina DeWitt. She was thinner and more lined than ever. She greeted Mrs. Armitage listlessly and offered her a limp, damp palm. She sighed, "Mother's getting so feeble. You wouldn't know her. She's fallen away to a shadow. I don't believe it will be very long now—"

On her way to the elevator Mrs. Paulinson stopped her. "Why, Lucia Armitage, where have you been keeping yourself? Aren't you the mysterious lady? Well, anyway, dearie, you're looking wonderful. Perfectly wonderful. Oh, and you'll be glad to know that Current Events is a rip-roaring success. Isn't that nice? I never thought I could get it going without you, but Mrs. Siebert gave me a hand. Isn't she a dear? So executive. And she so busy, too. Such a busy bee."

In her room the bed was turned down for the night, her slippers laid out. She thought wearily, "What I need is a good night's rest. I'll phone up and say I won't play to-night."

She went to her dressing-table and reached for the telephone. In so doing she caught her reflection in the glass. A handsome woman, no longer young. She sat there staring at herself. A handsome woman— An overwhelming sense of sorrow stabbed like a knife at her heart. She thought, "Some day I won't come down to dinner and everything will go on without me—concerts, bridge, Current Events. No one will care; no one will know." A feeling of terror swept over her. Her hands were like ice.

The phone rang. It was Mrs. McVane. The ladies at her table were waiting. Mrs. Armitage said, "Yes, yes, I'll be right there." She must not be left out. She hurried to the elevator.

THE CHILDREN

Continued from Page 25

triumph, that success was already in sight. "But even if it were not, dear," the letter pursued, "I shouldn't allow that to alter my plans—our plans—and I'm prepared to have you carry me off under Aunt Julia's nose (formidable tho that feature is) if she should refuse her sanction. But she won't; and the important point is what we intend to do, and not what she thinks about it."

At this point Boyne laid the letter aside, took out a cigar, cut it, and put it down without remembering to light it. He took the letter up again.

"But it's more important still that we should come to a clear understanding about our future—isn't it, dearest? I feel I made such an understanding impossible the other day by my unreasonableness, my impatience, my apparent inability to see your point of view. But I did see it, even then; and I see it much more clearly now that I have studied the question at a sufficient distance to focus it properly. Of course we both know that, whatever decision we reach, some of the numerous papas and mamas of your little friends may upset it at a moment's notice; but meanwhile I have a plan to propose.

"What you want—isn't it?—is to guard these poor children as long as possible from the unsettling and demoralizing influence of continual change. I quite see your idea; and it seems to me that those most exposed to such risks are the ones we ought to try to help. By your own showing, Mr. Wheater will never give up Chipstone for long; Zinnie, and Prince Buondelmonte's funny little pair, are bound to be claimed by their respective parents now that they have settled down to wealth and domesticity. As for the enchanting Judith, tho you persist in not seeing it, she will be grown up and married in a year or two; and meanwhile, if the Wheaters do divorce, she will probably choose to remain with her mother, as she did before.

"The twins, in fact, seem to me the chief victims. They are old enough to understand what is going on, and not old enough to make themselves lives of their own; and above all they are at an age when disintegrating influences are likely to do most harm. You have often told me that poor Terry's health has been an obstacle between him and his father (what a horrible idea that it should be so!), and that the bouncing Chip has cut him out. Terry needs care and sympathy more than any of them; and I am sure you will feel, as I do, that it would be unthinkable to separate dear little Blanca from the brother she adores.

Continued on Page 82

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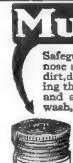

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Paris Says.

New Silhouettes and Fabrics

PICTURESQUE lines, which have been absent from the mode for many seasons, return to favor with the revival of fabrics of formal elegance. Velvets, exquisite in texture and surpassingly lovely in color; crisp taffeta, printed and broché; moirés, plain and figured in newly pleasing ways, with many novel metal brocades, reveal the new modes as most appealing in style interest. Nets and laces also play important rôles in this fabric grouping, used singly and in combination with practically all other modish materials.

Both gathered and shaped flounces are important when placed low. As the dipping back line is one of exceptional chic and general becomingness to many types of figures, it will enjoy a special vogue.

For day wear there is a revival of great interest in straight-line one-piece frocks. The model illustrated typifies this tendency, to which velvet, velveteen, the popular silk crêpes, or the fine woolen materials are equally well adapted.

To order patterns and publications by mail use coupon on Page 79

4463 4440 4423 4461

Paris—Patou
Printed Pattern 4461
50 cents

4463—Frock. This chic model, with its new silhouette caused by a low placement of fulness, is equally adaptable to afternoon wear when closely fitted, wrist-length sleeves are added. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 39-inch moiré—3¼ yards ribbon. Width about 1¼ yard.

4440—Frock. Smart allies are lace and transparent silk, employed by this dinner gown with snug hip yoke. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch chiffon—1⅜ yard 39-inch allover lace—3⅛ yards lace banding—2¾ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine. Width about 1¼ yard.

4423—Frock. With long sleeves, this graceful frock may appear at formal daytime occasions. The importantly dipping back is achieved by a cape and gathered flounces. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 5⅛ yards 39-inch embroidered taffeta—4⅝ yards net banding. Width about 1⅜ yard.

4461—Frock. The return of the straight-line silhouette is heralded by this street frock, with its stitched belt. For cool days, velveteen and velvet are prophetic of Fall. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch flat crêpe. ¼ yard 39-inch light. Width about 1½ yard.

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THE NEWEST DAYTIME FROCKS ARE BELTED

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Monogram 718
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Printed Pattern
Coat 4449
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Paris—Molyneux
Printed Pattern
Frock 4435
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Printed Pattern
Coat 4452
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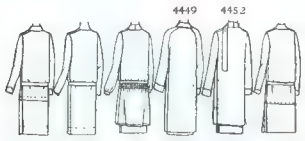
Paris—Chanel
Printed Pattern
Frock 4434
45 cents

Paris—Paton
Printed Pattern 4448
45 cents

Paris—Chanal
Printed Pattern 4421
45 cents

4430—Frock. This tailored model may be worn with the neck open or closed. The new lightweight woolens so smart for Fall wear will make up nicely in this simple but chic pattern, while if silk is desired, a heavy canton crêpe is suitable. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch plaid featherweight flannel —⅛ yard 54-inch plain yellow flannel for collar, cuffs, belt and skirt band—1⅜ yard 36-inch lining. Width about 1⅝ yard.

4461—Frock. This is just the thing for Fall days when it is still too warm to wear a coat. The monogram is a chic touch, but may be omitted if the belt is carried across the diamond-shaped piece at the left and fastened with a tailored buckle. Embroidery Design 13186 is combined with Monogram 718, ⅝ inch high. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch bordered beige heavy sports canton crêpe. Width about 1½ yard.



4421 Frock. The overskirt can be made without the slashed openings if preferred. This model is particularly well suited to the woman of more mature figure because of its full but simple lines. If dark shades are used, a vestee of white or flesh is often effective and flattering to the face. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 5 yards 39-inch fuchsia flat crêpe—5½ yards contrasting binding. Width about 1¾ yard.

4449—Coat. **4435**—Frock. A scarf collar may be used as well as the notched collar. A soft cashmere coat and crêpe dress are smart. Coat designed for 34 to 48 bust, 14 to 18 years. Frock designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards 39-inch heavy blue crêpe de Chine for coat—3⅜ yards 39-inch printed radium for frock—¼ yard 39-inch plain blue for frock trimming—2 yards red braid—2¾ yards 39-inch lining. Width about 1⅝ yard.

4452 -Coat. **4434**—Frock. A rounded short vest or a long straight vest to the waistline may be used in the frock. Long sleeves are included in the pattern. Coat designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Frock designed for 34 to 48 bust, 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch fine green cashmere—3¼ yards 39-inch plaid taffeta for frock and coat trimming—2⅛ yards 39-inch coat lining. Width about 1⅝ yard.

4448—Frock. The vest may be omitted if desired. In this frock the latest style tendency for street wear is illustrated in the pleated lower section of the skirt. Flat crêpe makes up neatly in this pattern. Crêpe de Chine and challis are also suitable. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch printed celanese voile—2⅛ yards 2¼-inch black ribbon for banding on skirt and collar and cuffs. Width about 1⅞ yard.

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TAILORED FROCKS ARE PRACTICAL IN TOWN

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Coat 4184
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Printed Pattern
Frock 4422
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Paris—Premet
Printed Pattern
4475
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Paris—Patou
Printed Pattern
Coat 4258
50 cents
Printed Pattern
Frock 4419
45 cents

Paris—Gompy
Printed Pattern
4438
50 cents
Embroidery 13186
30 cents
Monogram 716
60 cents

Paris—Nowitsky
Printed Pattern
4443
50 cents

4437—Frock. One may choose the sleeves illustrated which are gathered to wristbands, or long tight-fitted ones which are particularly appropriate for street wear. The long lines and the slenderizing effect of the pointed revers make it an ideal choice for the larger woman. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch red crêpe faille—1⅛ yard 39-inch printed crêpe de Chine. Width about 1¼ yard.

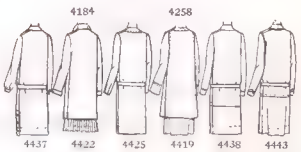
4184—Coat. **4422**—Frock. The popular note of femininity is achieved by the use of pleated jabots and flounces. This model may be varied by omitting the flounce and the collar, and using five jabots. Coat designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Frock designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards 39-inch green canton crêpe—4¼ yards 39-inch green checked georgette—⅛ yard 39-inch white. Width about 1¼ yard.

4425—Frock. This is one of those rare dresses that is suitable for all daytime occasions, depending on the fabric in which it is developed. To wear without a coat tweed or wool challis is the ideal choice, while for afternoon it is smart in crêpe faille. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 39-inch brown tweed silk—¼ yard 39-inch lighter brown plain silk—2¾ yards white piping. Width about 1¼ yard.

4258—Coat. **4419**—Frock. A very fashionable version of this jaunty coat would consist of black kasha with the band of black satin. The frock may be made of any of the silk prints. Coat designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Frock designed for 34 to 50 bust, 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch blue jersey for the coat—3⅛ yards 39-inch printed rayon voile—⅝ yard 39-inch plain blue for trimming. Width about 1¼ yard.

4438—Frock. The possibilities for attractive fabric combinations are numerous. A lightweight tweed, with the vestee of crêpe de Chine in a harmonizing shade, is particularly smart for street wear. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch beige flannel—⅝ yard 54-inch plaid flannel for vestee and band on skirt. Width about 1⅞ yard. Monogram 716, 2½ inches, is framed by Embroidery 13186, blue or yellow.

4443—Frock. For those who prefer the smartly simple lines of a collarless frock the collar and cuffs may be omitted without sacrificing any of the chic of this tailored model. For the woman of mature figure, the slenderizing line of the long revers is heightened by making the collar of lingerie. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch green crêpella—5¾ yards darker binding. Width about 1½ yard.



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PRINTS, PLAIDS AND STRIPES ARE FAVORED BY JUNIORS

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Printed Pattern Coat 4408 *40 cents*
Printed Pattern Frock 4427 *35 cents*

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Printed Pattern 4429 *35 cents*

Printed Pattern 4381 Including Smocking Design *45 cents*

Printed Pattern 4462 *40 cents*

Printed Pattern 4454 *40 cents*

Printed Pattern 4442 *50 cents*

Printed Pattern Frock 4450 *45 cents* Embroidery 12864 *50 cents*

4412—Frock. The pointed theme of this little slip-on frock gives a modern air. Designed for 8 to 17 years. Size 10 requires 2 yards 36-inch printed linen - finished cotton, ¾ yard 36-inch plain.

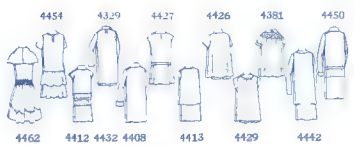
4329—Coat and Hat. **4432**—Frock. Coat and Hat designed for 6 to 15 years. Frock designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 36-inch printed piqué for frock, 2⅛ yards 36-inch velveteen.

4408—Coat. **4427** - Frock. The young girl is smart in an ensemble. Coat designed for 6 to 16 years. Frock designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch plain flannel—1⅛ yard 54-inch plaid.

4413 Ensemble. A frock with pleated skirt and a short jacket, both without sleeves, comprise this ensemble. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch striped linen—1¼ yard 36-inch plain.

4426—Bloomer Frock. A little vestee and collar give contrast to this small frock. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch cotton print—⅜ yard 36-inch plain piqué for vestee and collar.

4429—Bloomer Frock and Bonnet. This little model is made to slip over the head. Designed for 1 to 6 years. Size 2 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch printed celanese voile—⅝ yard 36-inch plain to trim.



4462 Frock. Nothing proves smarter than the longer-in-back party frock and this one for the young girl is youthful and chic. The collar is also distinctive. Designed for 8 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch organdie.

4454—Frock. Two full ruffles, cut circular and sewn to the frock in pointed outline, are of interest in this otherwise straight frock. There are gathers on the shoulders. Designed for 8 to 18 years. Size 14 requires 3¼ yards 39-inch rayon crêpe.

4442 -Ensemble. A long cardigan and a smartly box-pleated frock comprise this outdoor costume for the young girl. Designed for 10 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch plaid flannel for the frock, 1⅜ yard 54-inch plain.

4450—Frock. This tailored model may be made of either wool or heavy silk according to one's needs. Designed for 12 to 17 years. Size 16 requires 2 yards 54-inch flannel, ¼ yard 39-inch plaid taffeta. Embroidery 12864 is decorative.

4381—Frock, including Smocking Design. While the smocking is an attractive decoration, gatherers may be substituted if preferred. Designed for 2 to 10 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch dimity for frock—¼ yard 36-inch contrasting.

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THE TAILORED NOTE IS SMART FOR THE GROWING GIRL

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Printed Pattern 4451 *40 cents*

Printed Pattern Coat and Hat 4400 *30 cents*

Printed Pattern Frock 4253 *35 cents*

Printed Pattern 4313 *35 cents*

Printed Pattern 4416 *40 cents*

Printed Pattern 4441 *35 cents*

Printed Pattern 4394 *40 cents*

Embroidery 12820 *25 cents*

4393 — Suit. Long sleeves pleated to wristbands may be used. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yard 36-inch percale—⅜ yard 36-inch contrasting for collar, cuffs and band.

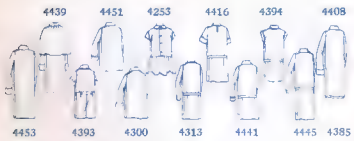
4451—Coat and Hat. For the very young child this outfit is practical in white piqué. Designed for 1 to 6 years. Size 2 requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch flannel 1¼ yard 36-inch lining for coat.

4800 Coat and Hat. **4253** Pantie Frock. Coat and hat designed for 2 to 6 years. Frock designed for 1 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yard 54-inch velvet —1¼ yard 39-inch voile —½ yard 39-inch plain.

4313 Frock. This model echoes the trimness of mother's tailored frocks. Designed for 8 to 15 years. Size 8 requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch checked flannel · 2 yards binding to trim.

4416—Frock. Made up in jersey this frock is just the thing for school and play. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 1⅞ yard 39-inch rayon —5 yards contrasting binding.

4441—Frock. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch figured linen—⅜ yard 36-inch plain piqué for collar and cuffs—2⅛ yards binding—2½ yards ribbon.



Printed Pattern 4453 *50 cents*

Printed Pattern 4439 *50 cents*

Printed Pattern 4445 *45 cents*

Monogram 540 *60 cents*

Printed Pattern Coat 4408 *40 cents*

Printed Pattern Frock 4385 *35 cents*

4394—Frock. Should the round collar not be desired, the neck may be cut out in oval outline and worn collarless with a 'kerchief. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 10 requires 2 yards 39-inch silk —⅜ yard 36-inch light. The Embroidery is 12820.

4453—Coat. This tailored topcoat is suitable and smart for school or the afternoon call. Its tailored trimness is the height of smartness. Designed for 10 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch coating —2⅛ yards 39-inch lining.

4439—Coat. The cape-coat is just as modish for the very young miss as for her older sister. The chic of this model lies in its simplicity. Designed for 8 to 17 years. Size 15 requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch lightweight tweed—3⅜ yards 39-inch lining.

4445—Frock. This chic tailored model for the young miss makes up very smartly in the new woolens. Designed for 12 to 17 years. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch tweed printed silk —½ yard 39-inch plain. Monogram 540 is 2½ inches high.

4408 — Coat. **4385** — Frock. Coat designed for 6 to 16 years. Frock designed for 8 to 15 years. Size 14 coat requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch camel's hair mixture—2¼ yards 39-inch lining. Size 15 frock requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch flannel —3⅝ yards binding.

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FLOUNCES LEND CHIC TO BOTH EVENING AND DAY FROCKS

To order patterns and publications by mail use coupon on Page 79

Paris—Louiseboulanger
Printed Pattern 4440
50 cents

Paris—Cheruit
Printed Pattern 4463
50 cents

Paris—Louiseboulanger
Printed Pattern 4423
45 cents

4440—Frock. This graceful model is made up in chiffon over a metal cloth slip, with the neckband and girdle also in metal. A satin slip and girdle make this frock more appropriate for the young girl. The snug fitting wide girdle and the shirred bodice are especially flattering to the slender figure. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch chiffon 2¾ yards 39-inch metal cloth. Width about 1¼ yard.

4463—Frock. This unbroken silhouette which is the latest decree from Paris for the formal frock is admirably illustrated in the simple model of velvet trimmed with a large tulle bow. All decoration is pushed to the bottom in many new gowns, and accordingly the triple flounce and bow are placed way below the waistline. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 39-inch velvet ⅞ yard 40-inch tulle. Width about 1¼ yard.

4423—Frock. Bronze lace is effectively draped in this graceful evening gown and the belt and roses are made of tulle. Another interesting possibility is to make the dress in velvet, with flounces in metal lace. For the young miss, chiffon makes this dress soft and dainty. The shortness of the front, draping down longer in the back, is smart. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 5¼ yards 39-inch bronze lace—⅝ yard 40-inch tulle. Width about 1⅜ yard.

Paris—Beer
Printed Pattern 4318
50 cents

Paris—Drecoll
Printed Pattern 4436
50 cents

4318—Frock. A blouse lengthened with a flounce, and a slip on which two flounces are arranged make up this smart afternoon frock. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 39-inch sheer printed velvet ⅜ yard 39-inch plain trimming. Width about 1¼ yard.

4436—Frock. The fashionable bottom flare makes this afternoon frock graceful. Satin and velvet are both suitable fabrics for the model. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch figured satin—2 yards 4-inch ribbon. Width 2⅞ yards.

4315—Frock. Plain challis and wool canton are modish fabrics for this all-day frock. The fulness concentrated at the left side is chic. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch wool canton—⅜ yard 54-inch trimming. Width about 1¼ yard.

4440 4463 4423 4318 4436 4315

Paris—Patou
Printed Pattern
4315
45 cents

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FROCKS FOR AFTERNOON AND CLOTH COATS FOR SPORTS

To order patterns and publications by mail use coupon on Page 79

Paris—Lanvin
Printed Pattern 4444
45 cents

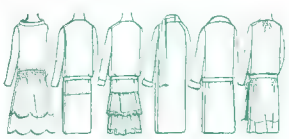
Paris—Molyneux
Printed Pattern 4418
45 cents

4419—Frock. Two jabots may be added to the front, and wrist-band sleeves used. Designed for 34 to 50 bust, 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch printed rayon ⅞ yard 39-inch plain. Width about 1¾ yard.

4444—Frock. This youthful afternoon model may be worn sleeveless, or with long sleeves gathered at the wrists under bands. Designed for 34 to 38 bust, 12 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 39-inch taffeta 1⅜ yard 39-inch darker. Width about 2¼ yards.

4418—Frock. The jabots are cut in one with the fronts, but may be omitted. Fine wool jersey is a smart fabric for sports. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch crêpella—3⅞ yards contrasting binding. Width about 1⅝ yard.

Paris—Paton
Printed Pattern
4419
45 cents



4444 4418 4447 4449 4452 4419

Paris—Regny
Printed Pattern 4447
50 cents

Printed Pattern 4449
50 cents

Printed Pattern 4452
50 cents

4447—Frock. This model is lengthened with the lower flounce, but may be made without the upper flounce. For afternoon wear, it is equally chic with short sleeves. The use of two tones of the same material is smart as well as effective. In this instance, the frock could be of plain canton crêpe and the trimmings of a darker shade. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 39-inch silk print—1 yard 39-inch plain. Width about 2 yards.

4449—Coat. A narrow mannish collar may replace the scarf collar, and a belt added, if a strictly tailored coat for sports or street wear is desired. The scarf collar makes the coat appropriate for general daytime wear, particularly if it is developed of a plain, rather formal fabric such as lightweight broadcloth, kasha or kashmir. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch fine tweed—2¾ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine for the lining.

4452—Coat. This model is adaptable to sports and travel. The belt may be omitted, and the coat made with a scarf collar of self-material. In this case, it should be made of a plain material such as broadcloth or kasha. A velveteen coat is suitable for all-round daytime wear. Plaid or bordered novelty coating is another smart choice. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch sports tweed—2½ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine for the lining.

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SIMPLE FROCKS FOR DAYTIME WEAR

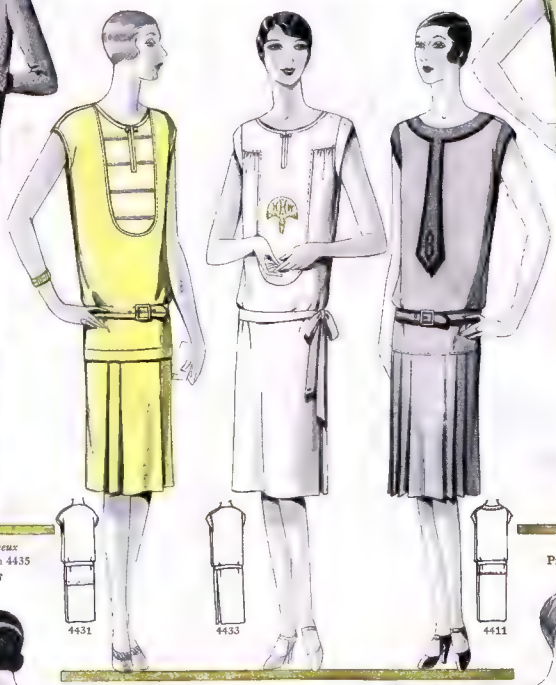
4422—Frock. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch flannel -⅜ yard 54-inch plain. Width about 1½ yard. Embroidery 13186 is blue or yellow. Monogram 718 is ⅝-inch high.

4435—Frock. For town and travel. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch tweed—⅜ yard 39-inch contrasting silk for collar, cuffs and belt. Width about 1⅝ yard.

To order patterns and publications by mail use coupon on Page 79

Paris—Jenny
Printed Pattern 4422
45 cents
Embroidery 13186
30 cents
Monogram 718
60 cents

Paris—Molyneux
Printed Pattern 4435
45 cents



Paris—Drecoll
Printed Pattern 4431
45 cents

Paris—Talbot
Printed Pattern 4433
45 cents
Embroidery 13186
30 cents
Monogram 716
60 cents

Paris—Regny
Printed Pattern 4411
45 cents
Alphabet 12756
75 cents

Paris—Chanel
Printed Pattern 4434
45 cents

Paris—Regny
Printed Pattern 4296
45 cents

Paris—Marcel Rochas
Printed Pattern 4317
45 cents

Paris—Lanvin
Printed Pattern 4232
45 cents

4305—Jacket and Blouse. **4417**—Skirt. Jacket and blouse designed for 34 to 42 bust, 14 to 18 years. Skirt designed for 34 to 48 bust, 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch flannel—4⅝ yards 36-inch linen—1¼ yard 36-inch lining. Width about 3¼ yards.

4431—Frock. A smart golf costume. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch flannel—¼ yard 54-inch striped flannel for vestee and belt. Width about 1½ yard.

4411—Frock. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 2 yards 54-inch wool canton—⅝ yard 54-inch darker—6 yards binding. Width about 1¾ yard. Alphabet 12756 is blue only.

4296—Frock. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 32-inch cretonne—1⅛ yard 36-inch piqué for the trimming. Width about 1⅝ yard.

4232—Frock. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, 12 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 39-inch celanese voile—2½ yards 39-inch light. Width about 3¼ yards.

4433—Frock. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch crêpe. Width about 1⅝ yard. Embroidery 13186 is blue or yellow. Monogram 716 is 2½ inches high.

4434—Frock. This is a comfortable frock for hot Summer days. Designed for 34 to 48 bust; 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 32-inch checked gingham. A soft leather belt is worn. Width about 1⅝ yard.

4317—Frock. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 32-inch cretonne—1⅝ yard ribbon—6⅜ yards binding. Width about 1¾ yard.

4304—Frock. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch printed linen—⅛ yard 36-inch plain. Width about 1¼ yard.

Paris—Premet
Printed Pattern 4304
45 cents

Printed Pattern Jacket and Blouse 4305
50 cents
Printed Pattern Skirt 4417
35 cents

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SLENDER CHIC FOR MATRONS

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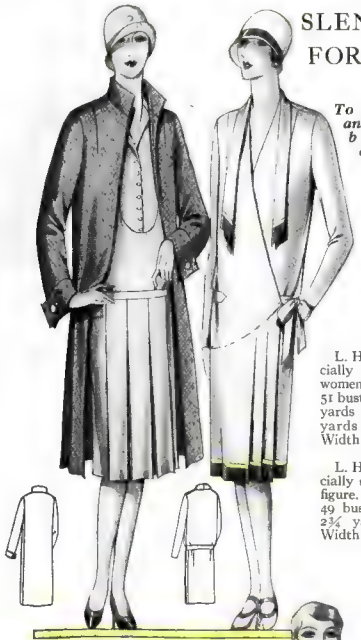
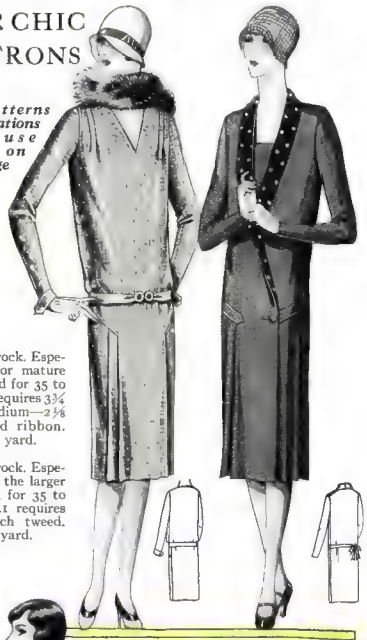


L. H. 4401—Frock. Especially designed for mature women. Designed for 35 to 51 bust. Size 41 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch radium—2⅛ yards two-toned ribbon. Width about 1¾ yard.

L. H. 4446—Frock. Especially suitable to the larger figure. Designed for 35 to 49 bust. Size 41 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch tweed. Width about 1⅞ yard.



Larger-hip Patterns
Coat 4112 ***50 cents***
Frock 4397—***45 cents***

Paris—Premet
Larger-hip Printed
Pattern 4401
50 cents

Paris—Redfern
Larger-hip Printed
Pattern 4446
50 cents

Paris—Paquin
Larger-hip Printed
Pattern 4365
50 cents

L. H. 4112—Coat. L. H. 4397—Frock. Coat designed for 35 to 45 bust. Frock for 35 to 51 bust. Size 41 requires 3 yards 54-inch tweed—4¼ yards 39-inch flat crêpe. Width 2 yards.

L. H. 4365—Frock. These lines are good for matrons. Designed for 35 to 45 bust. Size 41 requires 5 yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine—⅜ yard 39-inch dotted. Width about 2 yards.

Paris—Lanvin
Larger-hip Printed
Pattern 4347
50 cents

Paris—Chanel
Larger-hip Printed
Pattern 4420
45 cents

Paris—Chanel
Larger-hip Printed
Pattern 4424
50 cents

L. H. 4347 Frock. This is a becoming afternoon frock for the matron. Designed for 35 to 45 bust. Size 41 requires 4⅛ yards 36-inch lace—2¾ yards 36-inch silk. Width about 1⅝ yard.

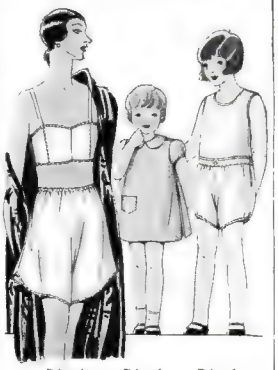
L. H. 4424—Frock. Designed for 35 to 49 bust. Size 41 requires 4 yards 39-inch dotted silk canton—2⅞ yards 39-inch plain. Width about 1⅛ yard.

L. H. 4420 — Frock. These lines are slenderizing. Designed for 35 to 51 bust. Size 41 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch figured challis—2¾ yards 54-inch plain. Width about 1⅛ yard.

L. H. 4364—Frock. Designed for 35 to 45 bust. Size 41 requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch figured crêpe—⅝ yard 39-inch plain. Width about 1½ yard.

Paris—Cyber
Larger-hip Printed
Pattern 4364
45 cents

GARMENTS WHICH ARE USEFUL



Printed Pattern 4415 ***35 cents***
Printed Pattern 4428 ***35 cents***
Printed Pattern 4414 ***30 cents***

4415—Dancing Set. In these days of flimsy evening gowns, the minimum amount of lingerie is worn, and must be dainty and flat. This snug bandeau and loose step-ins are just the thing, and they are simple to make. In sleek rayon or in your favorite shade of crêpe de Chine trimmed with a tiny edging of lace, this neat set will please the most fastidious woman. Designed for 34 to 50 bust and 14 to 18 years. Size 36 requires 1⅜ yard 39-inch rayon silk—4½ yards lace edging.

4428—Child's Set. This simple little outfit is also practical in tub silk, linen, or in figured zephyr. If desired, the dress, panties, and slip may all be made out of the same material, but the undies are always daintiest in a soft white fabric. Long sleeves are also provided for the dress. Designed for ½ to 3 years. Size 2 requires 1⅜ yard 39-inch voile for dress—2⅛ yards 32-inch cambric for slip and panties.

4414 — Child's Undergarment. The simpler a child's undergarment the easier it is to launder and the healthier it is for the child. For that reason, this set of panties and underwaist is neat and practical for the young child. It may be made more attractive by edging the neck and leg openings with a narrow lace. The panties are buttoned to the waist and are easily detached. Designed for 1 to 6 years. Size 2 requires 1¼ yard 36-inch muslin.

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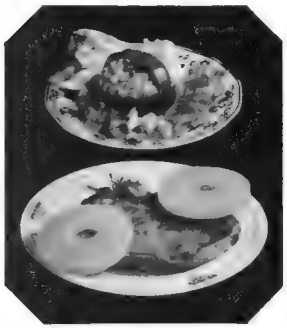

PINEAPPLE BASKET

Time for combining ingredients: 5 minutes
Time for cooking: none
Makes 6 servings

Now here's a salad that commands attention. It's not only good to look at, but it's awfully good to eat. In fact, Pineapple and tomatoes make one of the happiest combinations of fruit and vegetables. Form 6 tomatoes into baskets. Scoop out centers and mix with 1 cup each Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple and broken walnut meats. Season to taste and place on ice. When ready to serve, fill baskets with the mixture. Serve on crisp lettuce with mayonnaise dressing.

HAM AND PINEAPPLE ENTRÉE

Time for combining ingredients: 5 minutes
Time for cooking: 30 minutes
Makes 2 servings

If you want to please a really discriminating eater try this: Bake a slice of raw ham. Bring a cup of cider to boiling point. Place slices of Pineapple on baked ham, pour the cider over all, and serve. Makes your mouth water, doesn't it?

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CAKE MADE WITH SOUR MILK HAS A SOFT TEXTURE

WAYS OF USING SOUR MILK

By Ruth Brown

THERE'S a quart of milk you didn't use before you left for the week-end, Helen, and now it's sour. What a shame!"

"No shame at all, Mary," replied Helen. "I can tell you five ways of using sour milk. You can make anything from appetizer to dessert with it. I have an index-card in my recipe-file marked 'Sour Milk.' Let's look it over."

Sour Milk

1. Dumplings (¾ cupful sour milk).
2. Quick-breads:
   (a) Baking-powder biscuit (¾ cupful sour milk).
   (b) Johnny-cake (1 cupful sour milk).
   (c) Brown nut-bread (1 cupful sour milk).
3. Cottage-cheese.
4. Cakes:
   (a) Chocolate-cake (1 cupful sour milk).
   (b) Sour-milk cakes (¾ cupful sour milk).
   (c) Fruit-cake (½ cupful sour milk).
5. Cookies:
   (a) Sugar cookies (1 cupful sour milk).
   (b) Oatmeal cookies (½ cupful sour milk).
   (c) Brown-sugar cookies (½ cupful sour milk).

And so they made dumplings for the beef stew, chocolate-cake for dessert, and with the remainder of the sour milk they made cottage-cheese for the salad. The salad itself was of slices of pimiento stuffed with the cheese and arranged on crisp lettuce.

The recipes which they followed in making the dishes from the milk which was left over are given below:

Dumplings

2 Cupfuls Flour	3 Tablespoonfuls Shortening
1 Teaspoonful Salt	¾ Cupful Sour Milk
¾ Teaspoonful Soda	

SIFT the dry materials together. Cut or rub in the shortening. Add the milk to make a soft dough. Place in a sieve or colander on top of the stew just before it is ready to serve, and cover closely. Steam for 15 to 20 minutes without removing cover. Serve immediately. These dumplings may be made on any vegetable or meat stew.

Cottage-Cheese

BOIL thick sour milk until the curd separates. Cool and squeeze in a jelly-bag until the whey is removed. Take from bag, add salt and pepper to taste, and cream if desired. Cottage-cheese may be served plain or mixed with chopped nuts, pimiento, celery, or olives.

A variety of salads are made with it: stuffed pimiento or peppers sliced on lettuce, stuffed prunes, dates, or celery.

Balls of plain or fancy cottage-cheese on the side of a vegetable salad or as the filling for the centers of slices of pineapple are very attractive. Sandwiches of cottage-cheese mixed with mayonnaise and dates, olives, pimientoes, or tomatoes are delicious.

Chocolate Spice-Cake

1 Cupful Sugar	1 Teaspoonful Cloves
½ Cupful Shortening	1 Teaspoonful Baking-powder
1 Cupful Sour Milk	½ Teaspoonful Soda
2 Eggs	2 Cupfuls Flour
2 Teaspoonfuls Cinnamon	

CREAM the sugar and shortening and add the well-beaten eggs. Sift and mix the dry ingredients, and add, alternating with the sour milk. Bake in greased layer-cake pans in a moderate oven (375 degrees F.) for 25 minutes.

Delicious Quick Chocolate Frosting

3 Squares Chocolate	½ Cupful Cream
2 Cupfuls Confectioners' Sugar	1 Teaspoonful Vanilla
1 Egg Yolk	1 Cupful Chopped Nuts

MELT the chocolate, add the other ingredients slowly, mixing well; add more sugar if necessary. Spread upon the cake and decorate with whole nuts.

Brown Nut-Bread

(Medium-sized loaf)

4 Tablespoonfuls Melted Shortening	1½ Cupful Graham Flour
2 Eggs	½ Teaspoonful Salt
1 Cupful Sugar	1 Teaspoonful Soda
1 Cupful Sour Milk	1 Cupful Sultana Raisins
⅔ Cupful New Orleans Molasses	1 Cupful Chopped Nut-meats
1½ Cupful Flour	

BEAT together the sugar, shortening, and eggs; add the molasses, soda mixed with milk, sifted flour, raisins, salt, and nuts. Mix and pour into a greased and floured cake-tin. Bake in a slow oven for 1¼ hour.

Oatmeal Cookies

(Makes 45 cookies)

1¼ Cupful Sugar	1 Teaspoonful Cinnamon
1 Cupful Shortening	1 Teaspoonful Ginger
3 Cupfuls Rolled Oats	1 Cupful Chopped Dates
2 Eggs	1 Teaspoonful Soda
½ Cupful Sour Milk	2 Cupfuls Flour
1 Teaspoonful Salt	

CREAM the shortening and sugar together. Add the beaten eggs, oats, dates, spices, salt, flour, and soda dissolved in the milk. Drop from a spoon on greased tins. Bake in a moderate oven for 10 or 12 minutes.

In the two shapes baby specialists approve — narrow-neck and wide-mouth— 8 oz. size only.

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Continued from Page 68

"What I propose, then, is that you should ask Mr. and Mrs. Wheater to give us the twins—regarding us in any capacity you like, either as their friends, or as their legal guardians, if that is better—till they come of age. I will gladly take a share in looking after them, and I believe that between us we can turn them into happy, useful members of society. If you agree, I am ready to ——"

Boyne stopped reading, folded up the letter and thrust it into his pocket. There rushed over him a wave of disappointment and disgust. "Dear little Blanca indeed!" he muttered furiously. "Useful members of society!" That Mrs. Sellars should calmly propose to separate the children was bad enough; but that, of the lot, she should choose to foist on him the only one he could feel no affection for, and hardly any interest in—that to the woman he was going to marry Blanca should alone seem worthy of compassion among the four little girls who had been cast upon his mercy, this was to Boyne hatefully significant of the side of Mrs. Sellars's character to which, from the moment of their reunion, he had been trying to close his eyes. "She chooses her because she knows she need never be jealous of her," was his inmost thought.

Well, and supposing it were so—how womanly, how human, after all! Loving Boyne as she did, was it not natural that she should prefer to have under her roof the two children least likely to come between herself and him, to interfere in any way with their happiness? Yes—but was that loving him at all? If she had really loved him, would she not have entered into his feeling about the little group?

He paused a moment over this, and tried conscientiously to imagine what, in a similar case, his love for her would have inspired him to do. Would it, for instance, ever induce him to live with Aunt Julia as a dependent nephew-in-law? A million times no! But why propound such useless riddles? No one could pretend that the cases were similar. Rose Sellars would simply be asking him to gratify a whim; what he was asking of her was vital, inevitable. She knew that it lay with him, and with no one else, to save these children; she knew that, little by little, his whole heart had gone into the task.

Yet coolly, deliberately, with that infernal air she had of thinking away whatever it was inconvenient to admit, she had affected to sympathize with his purpose, while in reality her proposal ignored it. He got up, threw away his cigar, and went out hatless, indignant, into the night.

THE air was warm, the sky full of clouds tunneled by fugitive vistas of a remote blue sprinkled with stars. Boyne groped his way down the obscure woodpath from his hotel to the highroad, and walked across the fields to the slopes which Judith and he had climbed on the day of his return from the Lido. It was from that day—he recalled it now—that Rose Sellars's jealousy of Judith had dated; he had seen it flash across her fixed, attentive face when, the next morning, Judith had blurted out an allusion to their ramble.

Boyne — he also remembered — had given Mrs. Sellars to understand that on that occasion he had gone off for a walk by himself "to get the Lido out of his lungs"; no doubt his prevarication had first excited her suspicion. For why should he dissemble the fact that he had been with Judith if Judith was only a child to him, as he said? Why indeed? It seemed as tho, in concealing so insignificant a fact, he had simply, unconsciously, been on his guard against this long-suspected jealousy; as if he had always guessed that the most passionate and irrational of sentiments lurked under Mrs. Sellars's calm exterior.

If it were so, it certainly made her more interesting—but also less easy to deal with. For jealousy, to excite sympathy, must be felt by some one who also inspires it. Shared, it was a part of love; unshared, it made love impossible. And Boyne, in his fatuous security, could not imagine feeling jealous of Mrs. Sellars.

He tramped on through the Summer night, his mind full of tormented thoughts; and as he groped upward among the pines he remembered that other night when he had climbed the same path, and his feet had seemed winged, and the air elixir, because a frail shoulder brushed his own, and he listened to unpremeditated laughter.

IT was so late when he got back to the hotel that the porter, unwillingly roused, looked at him with a sulky astonishment.

"There was a lady here—she left a parcel for you."

"A lady? Where's the parcel?"

"Up in your room. I had to help her to carry it up. It was awkward getting it round the turn of the stairs. She left a letter for you too."

Awkward round the turn of the stairs? What on earth could the object be, and who the lady? Boyne, without further questions, sprang up to his room. Rose had come back—there could be no doubt of it. She had decided, adroitly enough, to follow up the letter by the persuasion of her presence.

But what could she possibly have brought him that had to be maneuvered up the hotel stairs? Whatever it was, he could not figure her laboring up to his room with it, even with the assistance of the porter. Why, she had never even been to his room, the room with every chair and table of which Judith and the other children were so carelessly familiar!

He flung open his door, and saw a large shrouded object in the middle of the floor; an object of odd, uncertain shape, imperfectly wrapped in torn newspapers tied with string. The wrappings yielded to a pull, and an ancient walnut cradle with primitive carved ornaments revealed itself to his petrified gaze. A cradle! He threw himself into a chair and stared at it incredulously.

At length he remembered the porter's having mentioned a letter, and his glance strayed to his chest of drawers. There, perched on the pincushion, was an envelop addressed in a precise, familiar hand the hand of Terry Wheater, always the scribe of the other children when their letters were to be subjected to grown-up criticism. Boyne tore the envelop open and read:

DARLING MARTIN: We are all of us sending you this lovely cradle for your wedding present because we suppose you are going to be married very soon, as we think Mrs. Sellars has gone to Paris to order her trousseau. And because you have been like a father to us we hope and pray you will soon be a real father to a lot of lovely little children of your own, and they will all sleep in this cradle, and then you will think of

Your loving JUDITH, TERRY, BLANCA——

Under the last of the rudimentary signatures, Chipstone had scrawled his mark; and below it was a scribbled postscript from Judith:

DARLING: I open this while Terry's not looking, to say he said we oughternt to call the cradle lovely, but it is lovely and we wanted you to know it was. JUDITH.

In the midnight silence Boyne sat and laughed and laughed till a nervous spinster in the next room banged on the wall and called out venomously: "I can hear every word you're saying!"

BOYNE had been wrong in imagining that Mrs. Sellars might return unannounced to assure herself of the effect of her letter. She did not do so; and after two days he decided that he must send some kind of answer. But what could he say?

Being with the children all day and every day, sharing their jolly meals and long, hot scrambles, had imperceptibly detached his thoughts from Mrs. Sellars, reducing her once more to the lovely shadow she had so long been. At last he girt himself to the task; and at once his irritation, his impatience, seemed to materialize her again, as if she were fated to grow real only when she thwarted or opposed him. He wondered if that were another of the peculiarities of being in love.

Finally he wrote: "And as to what you propose about the children, do please believe that I don't mean to be unreasonable—but, unless I'm a little mad, your suggestion apparently amounts to this: that I should shove them straight back into the hell I've temporarily got them out of. For them that hell, at least the gist of it, is being separated from each other; and you ask me to separate them, when to keep them together is the one thing that they and I have been fighting for.

"I make no comment on your proposal to hand over the younger ones to Lady Wrench and Buondelmonte; women like you are what they are at the price of not being able even to picture such people as those two. But I know what they are, and never, as long as I can help it, will I be a party to giving back into such hands these children who have trusted me. And when you say that Judith should be asked to see her work deliberately wrecked——"

He broke off, flung down the pen, and sat hopelessly staring at what he had written. "Oh, the deuce—that's no use," he groaned. The truth was that, even in his most rebellious moments, he could not trick himself into the idea that he had a grievance against Mrs. Sellars. In reality, it was the other way round. In pledging himself to his strange guardianship, he had virtually pledged Mrs. Sellars also, and without even making his promise depend on her consent.

He had simply assumed that because she loved him she would approve of whatever he did, would accept any situation he chose to put her in. He had behaved, in short, like a romantic boy betrothed to a dreamer of his own age. All this was true, and it was true also that Mrs. Sellars had never reproached him with it. He pushed away the letter, pulled out another sheet, and scrawled on it: "Awfully sorry but cannot undo what I have done do try to understand me dearest."

YES, a telegram was better, easier to write, at any rate. He tore up the letter, put on his hat, and walked down to the post-office with his message.

For its answer he had only twenty-four hours to wait; and when Mrs. Sellars's telegram came it merely said: "I do understand you letter follows." Well, that was not unsatisfactory, as far as it went; but when two days more had elapsed, it was not a letter, but a small registered packet which the postman put into Boyne's hands. Even in the act of signing the receipt he had guessed what the packet contained.

He went up to his room, a little dizzy with the abruptness of the event, and angrily ripped off seal and string, revealing the morocco box he had expected to find there. "So that's that," he said aloud. But what "that" was going to be he had as yet no notion.

Suddenly, with a mumbled curse at his own plight, he snapped the box open and saw a thin slip of paper twisted about the sapphire ring. On the paper he read: "I shall always remember; I shall never resent; and that is why I want you to give this to some woman who can make you as happy as you have made me." He pitched the box and the paper aside and hid his face in his hands. After all he must have loved her, he supposed—or at least the vision of her which their long separation had created.

He was roused by a knock, and looking up with dazed eyes, saw Judith Wheater standing on the threshold.

"Oh, Martin dear—were you asleep, or have you got one of those beastly headaches?" She came in and closed the door without waiting for his answer. "Have I disturbed you most awfully?" she questioned, passing her cool hand over his hair.

"Yes—no." He wondered whether her sharp eyes had already detected the open ring-box, and the paper signed with Rose's name. But to try to conceal them would only attract her attention. He put up his hand and pressed hers. "Yes—I believe I have got a beastly headache," he said.

"Then I'd better be off, perhaps?" she interrupted reluctantly. She was bending over him with the look she had when one of the children fell and scraped a knee.

and Boyne could not help smiling up into her anxious eyes. "That depends on what you came for. What's up? Anything wrong at Rosenglüh?"

"Not particularly. But, you know, dear, we haven't seen you for two whole days."

"No more you have!" he exclaimed. "I didn't realize I'd neglected you all so shamefully. Fact is, I've been tied up to a boring piece of business that I had to get off my chest. Sit down and have a cigaret." He fumbled for a box, and shoved it across the table to Judith, who had settled down comfortably into his only armchair. "Oh, Martin, how lovely to be here all alone with you!"

"Well, I don't believe you'll find me particularly good company," he rejoined, suddenly conscious of the ears of the acrimonious spinster next door, and wondering if he ought not to propose to Judith to finish her visit in the garden.

"Oh, yes, I shall, if you'll let me talk to you," she declared; and Boyne laughed in spite of himself.

"I've never been able to prevent your talking when you wanted to," he remarked, lighting a cigaret; and Judith thrust her thin shoulder-blades into the chair-back, crossed her legs, and sighed contentedly: "Few can."

"Well, then—what's your news?"

"A letter from mother this morning."

The laugh died on Boyne's lips. The expected menace—here it was! He knew Joyce never wrote unless she had news of overwhelming importance to impart. "What does she say?" he asked apprehensively.

"Not much. I can't quite make out. She just says she's given up Gerald, and that she realizes for the first time what a rotten, rubbishy life she's been leading, and wants us all to forgive her for it."

"She *does?* But then——?"

Judith shrugged away his anticipations with a faint smile. "Oh, that's not particularly new. Mother always realizes about the rottenness of her life when she's going to make a change."

"A change? What sort of a change?"

"Getting engaged to somebody else, generally."

"Oh, come, my dear! Why shouldn't it mean, this time, just what I've always hoped: that your father and mother see they can't get on without you—all of you—and that they're going to patch it up for good and all?"

Judith scanned him half humorously. "Like in the nicer kind of movies?"

"You young skeptic, you! Why not? Your mother's too intelligent not to be fed up with jazz some day——"

"That's what she says. She says she's met somebody who's opened her eyes to how wrong it all is—and that always means she's going to get engaged again." Boyne was silent, and Judith added: "Anyhow, she's leaving at once for Paris to start divorce proceedings, because she says it's too wicked to live any longer with a man like father."

THE load dropped from Boyne's heart. If Mrs. Wheater was leaving for Paris without suggesting that the children should join her, it was at least a respite. That was as far as his hopes dared venture. But he met Judith's eyes, and was surprized at their untroubled serenity. "Aren't you afraid—?" he began; and she rejoined immediately: "With you here? Why should we be?"

Immediately the sense of his responsibility descended on Boyne with a redoubled weight.

"But, my child look here. We've been awfully lucky so far; but we mustn't forget that, any day, this arrangement may go to smash. How can I prevent it?"

She gave him all her confidence in a radiant look. "You have till now, haven't you? And if there's another row couldn't we all nip over quietly to America with you?" She paused, and then began again, with a shade of hesitation that was new in her: "I suppose you'll be married very soon now, won't you, Martin? And when I got mother's letter this morning we wondered whether, if Grandma Mervin is afraid to take us in, we couldn't all go and live with you in New York, if we children paid a part of the rent?

"You see, father and mother couldn't possibly object to that, and I know you and Mrs. Sellars are fond of Chip and the 'steps,' and we big ones really wouldn't be any trouble. Scopy and I have saved up such a lot out of father's allowance that I dare say you could afford to take a biggish house; and we'd all be awfully decent in the morning about not keeping the bath a minute longer than we had a right to."

To Boyne the abruptness of Judith's transitions from embittered shrewdness to nursery simplicity was always disconcerting. When ways and means had to be considered, the disenchanted maiden for whom life seemed to have no surprizes became once more the helpless little girl in the hands of nurses and governesses. At such moments she reminded Boyne of a young Daphne, half emerging into reality, half caught in the foliage of fairy-land.

"My dear child——"

She always responded to every change in his intonation; and he saw the shadow in her eyes before it reached her lips. Trying to keep a smile on them, she interrupted: "Now I've said something stupid again."

"You've said something unexpected—that's all. Give me a little time——"

SHE sprang up, and moved toward him with one of her impulsive darts. "Martin! When people ask for time it's always for time to say 'no.' And now you'll hate me for asking you something that you've got to take time to answer."

"Not a bit of it. I want time because I've got several answers. And the first is: How do you know your grandma Mervin won't take you all in?"

She shook her head. "Because I wrote to her a month ago, and she's taking time before she answers. And besides—really and truly—I've always known that if Grandma Mervin did take us in, she'd give us up again the minute father shouted loud enough. You see, grandma gets a big allowance from father."

"All right; that brings me to my second answer. How do you know your father won't order you back at once to the Lido if your mother has definitely decided to leave him?"

"Because father's gone off to Constantinople on the yacht with Sib—with Mrs. Lullmer, I mean—and a whole crowd of people."

In spite of himself, Boyne again drew a breath of relief. If Wheater was off on the *Fancy Girl* with a band of cronies, and his wife rushing to Paris to start divorce proceedings, what need was there for an immediate decision?

"Well, my dear, in that case it would appear that they're both going to let you alone—for a while, at any rate. So why jump unnecessary ditches?"

Judith gave a joyful laugh. "Who wants to, darling? I don't! As long as you're with us I always feel safe." Again a little shiver of apprehension ran over Boyne, but he dissembled it by joining in her laugh.

"Right you are. Suppose we go and do something desperate to celebrate the occasion? What about a good tramp for you and me, and then supper with the little Wheaters?"

She stood looking at him with her happiest eyes. "Hurrah, Martin! I haven't seen you so jolly for days. Terry was afraid you were moping because Mrs. Sellars had gone—he thought that was why you hadn't been to see us, and we decided that I'd better come up and find out."

"Trust you to find out," he grinned; and added sardonically: "I'm bearing up, as you see. But come along. Don't let's waste any more sunshine."

She turned obediently toward the door, but stopped short half-way with an exclamation of surprize. He was rummaging in a corner for his stick, and turned to see her standing before the ancient cradle.

"Oh, Martin, you—you keep your boots in it!" A reproachful flush rose to her face, and was momentarily reflected in his own.

"Jove—how stupid! Must have been that confounded chambermaid—" but he broke off as he caught Judith's eye.

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"Well, hang it, you know—I've nothing else to put in it just at present!" he cried defiantly.

Her face softened, and she met his banter with the shy, pleading gaze that he called her Monreale look. "But very soon you will have, won't you? A baby of your own, I mean. I suppose you and Mrs. Sellars are going to be married as soon as she gets back with her trousseau, aren't you? Blanca and I were wondering if she'd ask us to be bridesmaids."

He was flinging the boots out of the cradle with an angry hand, and made no answer to this suggestion. Judith went to his side and slipped her arm through his. "Why, Martin—I believe you're very unhappy!" she exclaimed.

"Unhappy? Unhappy?" He swung around on her, exasperated by the challenge. "Well, yes, I suppose I am unhappy. It's a way people have, you know. But, for pity's sake, can't you let things be? I—oh, hang it, Judy; look here, for Heaven's sake don't cry! I didn't mean to say anything to hurt you, I swear I didn't. Only sometimes——"

"Oh, I know, I know—you mean I have no tact!" she wailed.

"Darn tact! I'm thankful you haven't. But here—don't look so scared, child. There's no harm done—only don't try meddling with grown-up things. It'll just wreck everything if you do."

"But how can I not meddle when I love you so, and when I see that things are going wrong for you? Martin," she flung out breathlessly, "you don't mean to say you're not going to be married?"

Temptation suddenly twitched through his veins. After all, there lay the ring; he *was* free, technically—he had only to utter the words to make them true. But he thrust his hands into his pockets and stood sullenly planted before the corner of the table on which he had tossed the open ring-box. "Not this way," he thought. Aloud he said: "I mean that I don't yet know when I'm going to be married. That's all."

"Positively all?"

He nodded.

"Ah," she sighed, relieved.

She was still looking up at him, her face full of compunction and perplexity, and suddenly he put his arm about her and bent to her lips. They looked round and glowing, and they drew his irresistibly. But he turned his head and his kiss fell harmlessly on her cheek. "That's my old Judy. Come, cheerio. On with your hat, and we'll go up the mountain." He took her by the arm in the old brotherly way. "Come," he repeated, drawing her toward the threshold.

In the doorway she paused and flung back a last tragic glance at the cradle. "You poor old Martin, you," she sighed; "I suppose that's the reason why you put your boots in it?"

TO BOYNE the calm of the days that followed was not completely reassuring. Too many uncertainties hung close. After a night of pondering he had sent back the ring to Mrs. Sellars with a brief line saying that she was of course free if she chose to be, but that he could not so regard himself till she had convinced him that she would really be happier if their engagement ended.

He knew that in writing in this way he was merely using an old formula, the accepted one in such cases, and he longed to get away from it, to be spontaneous, honest, himself. But as he wrote it became clear to him that he was terribly sorry for Rose Sellars, terribly sorry for having disappointed her; and that such formulas as these were really the devices of decent people who hated to give pain.

"After all, they were a lot better than we are," he thought; and the thought softened the close of his letter, and impelled him to add: "Do be patient with me. As soon as I can get away I'll come."

This done, the matter vanished to the background of his mind. He was hardly aware that he was no longer thinking of it. He flattered himself that he could thus dispose of sentimental cares as easily as of professional problems; and to a certain extent it was true. But behind the close-knit foreground of his daily life there had hung for years the mirage of Rose Sellars. That mirage was now the fantom of a fantom, and he averted his eyes lest he should discover that it had faded into nothing.

After Mrs. Wheater's letter to Judith there came no more alarms to the Pension Rosenglüh; and the days slipped by in a security which seemed satisfying to Judith, and even to Miss Scope. But Summer was waning in the high valleys of the Dolomites; tourists were scattering, the big hotels preparing to close. A cold sparkle filled the air in the early mornings, and at night the temperature fell to freezing. The very magic of the days warned Boyne that they could not last, and that the change in the landscape symbolized another, as imminent, in the fortunes of his little party.

MRS. SELLARS had written again—reasonably and sweetly—saying that she intended to remain for the present with Aunt Julia, who was settled in Paris for several months. If Boyne really wished for another talk, she added, she hoped he would be able to come before long; but in any case he could count on her affectionate understanding.

Boyne had been afraid that Judith would revert again to the subject of his private anxieties; but she contrived, by a visible effort, to keep off the forbidden topic. He half unconsciously avoided being alone with her; and the shortening days and freshening temperature curtailed their expeditions, and gave more time for games and romps around the cheerful stove of the children's dining-room.

It was there that, one rainy afternoon, he found himself sitting with the younger children. Judith had gone with Miss Scope and Nanny to Toblach to buy some warm underclothes for the family; Terry was up-stairs, working with his tutor, and Chip asleep in Susan's care; and Blanca, in the corner nearest the stove, was brooding over a torn copy of *The Tatler* with a passionate frown. "Skirts *are* going to be fuller," she said. "I've been telling Judy so for a month—" Zinnie lifted her head from the rapt contemplation of an electric engine which Bun was putting together under Boyne's directions. "The lady that was here today had her skirt longer," she remarked. "A lot longer than Judy's."

Beechy, whose attention was also riveted on the motions of Bun's agile fingers, interrupted indignantly: "She wasn't pretty like our Judy."

"The lady? What lady?" Boyne interposed, vaguely apprehensive. "Have you got a new lodger at the *pension?*"

Blanca re-entered the conversation with a sniff. "You wouldn't have taken her for one if you'd seen her. She would certainly have been at the Palace if it hadn't been closed. Not exactly smart, you know. She was distinguished. At least, I *think* that's what distinguished means—the way that lady looked. Her clothes awfully plain——"

Boyne looked up from the engine. "Perhaps when you've finished with her clothes you'll tell me what she came for."

"To see you—you—*you!*" cried Zinnie, executing a double handspring she had lately learned from Bun, to the despair of Beechy, who was so fat that she invariably collapsed midway of the same attempt. "I could have told you that," Zinnie added, "for I spoke to her."

"You did? What impertinence!" cried Blanca, bounding from her seat. Bun, flat on his stomach, chanted over his shoulder: "Girls are always butting in—butting in——"

"Nasty rotters, girls are!" sympathized Beechy, always ready to champion her brother, and not as yet very clear as to her own sex.

Zinnie's reprisals were checked by the sudden discovery that the landlady's goldfish aquarium from the large dining-room had been brought in and placed on a stand in the window. She tiptoed off to inspect this forbidden paradise while Boyne turned to Zinnie. "To see *me*, did you say? What on earth for? Did she tell you?"

"Tell Zinnie! So likely!" ejaculated Blanca with a shrug. She turned to Boyne, drawing her lids together with her pretty catlike smile. "*Félicitations, cher ami. Elle était plutôt bien, la dame, vous savez.*"

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The door opened, and a maid came in with a card which she handed hesitatingly to Boyne. The name on it was "Princess Buondelmonte," and underneath was written: "begs Mr. Boyne to see her on important business." Boyne stared at the card, conscious that the eyes of all the children were upon him.

"It's the lady; I know it is!" Zinnie squealed. "I heard her say she was coming back to see Martin. She's come all the way from Rome to see him."

Blanca, at his side, had slid an insinuating hand in his. "From Rome? Oh, Martin, who is it? Mayn't I come with you, at any rate as far as the door? I do want to see if her dress is made of kasha —just to be able to tell Judy——"

Boyne checked her firmly on the threshold. "You've got to mind the infants. It's nothing important—I'll be back in a few minutes." He could not imagine what his noble visitor wanted of him, but the very sight of the name had let loose all his fears.

AS HE left the room he turned and sent a last glance toward the group spread out around the engine, which had after all refused to start—orange curls mixed with brown, and dusky, sunburned legs kicking high, voices mingled in breathless controversy. How healthy and jolly they all looked! And how good they smelled, with that mixture of the smell of woolen garments, and soap, and the fruity fragrance of warm young bodies tumbled about together! As Boyne looked at them he thought how funny and dear they were, and how different the world might have been if Rose Sellars had freed herself when he and she were still young. He shut the door and hurried across the passage.

A lady with a slim, straight back was standing in the sitting-room attentively examining the stuffed eagle outstretched above the wall. She turned at Boyne's entrance and revealed to him a small oval face, somewhat pale, with excessively earnest gray eyes and a well-modeled nose and brow.

"You are Mr. Boyne?" she asked, as tho she feared he might deny his identity. "I have come all the way from Rome to see my children."

"Your children—?" Boyne echoed in astonishment; and she corrected herself with a slight blush. "I should say the Prince's. Or my stepchildren. But I hate the word, for I am already prepared to regard them as my own."

Boyne pushed an armchair forward, and she sat down, crossing her feet neatly, and satisfying herself that the skirt was so adjusted as not to reveal too much of the pretty legs above her slender ankles. "They *are* here—Astorre and Beatrice?"

Boyne felt his heart sink, but kept up a brave exterior. "Oh, yes—they're here. Certainly. Mr. and Mrs. Wheater sent all the children here a few weeks ago—for the climate."

Princess Buondelmonte met this with a smile of faint incredulity. "In your charge, I understand? Yes. But of course you must know that Mr. and Mrs. Wheater have really no business whatever to send my husband's children here, or anywhere else." She paused a moment, and added: "And I have come to take them home."

"Oh, Princess—" Boyne exclaimed.

She raised her handsome eyebrows slightly, and said: "You seem surprized."

"Well—yes. At any rate, I'm awfully sorry."

"Sorry? Don't you think that children ought to be in their own home, with their own parents?"

"Well, that depends."

"Depends! How can it ever—?" She crimsoned suddenly, and then grew even paler than before. "I don't suppose you intend to insinuate—?" She broke off, and he saw that her eyes had filled with tears.

Boyne felt so sorry for her that he answered: "I wasn't thinking of insinuating anything. I only meant that the fact of this little group of children having always been together has made them really regard themselves as one family, and it seems cruel——"

"Cruel?" she interrupted. "The real cruelty has been to deprive the poor little things for so long of a father's influence, to take advantage of—of Prince Buondelmonte's misfortunes, to keep his children without family associations, without—without any guiding principle." She leaned forward, her grave, almost terrified eyes on Boyne. "What guidance have they had? What moral training? What religious education? Have you or your friends ever thought of asking yourselves that?"

Boyne heard her with a growing wonder. She spoke slowly but fluently, not in the least as if repeating a lesson learned by rote, but as if she had "got up" a thesis, and were sustaining it with the ease of a practised orator. He saw that she was trembling with nervousness, and his heart sank.

"I'm afraid I can't answer all your questions," he said. "I've only been with the children for a few weeks, as you perhaps know. Mr. and Mrs. Wheater asked me to keep an eye on them during the—the settling of certain family matters; but I can assure you that since I've known them they've always been in an atmosphere of the greatest kindness and affection; and I'm inclined to think that's the most important thing of all."

Princess Buondelmonte listened attentively, her brows drawn together in a cautious frown. "Of course I'm not prepared to admit that unreservedly. I mean, the kindness of hired assistants or—or of inexperienced persons may do as much harm as good. To any one who has gone at all deeply into the difficult and absorbing subject of child psychology—" she paused, and added with an air of modest dignity: "I ought perhaps to explain that I took my degree *cum laude*, in eugenics and infant psychology, at Lohengrin College, Texas. You may have heard that my grandfather, Dr. Judson Tring, was the founder of the college, and also its first president."

She stopped again, glanced half shyly, and then pursued: "Can you give me, for instance, any sort of assurance that Astorre and Beatrice have ever been properly psychoanalyzed, and that their studies and games have been selected with a view to their particular moral, alimentary, dental, and glandular heredity? Games, for instance, should be quite as carefully supervised as studies—but I know how little importance Europe still attaches to these supremely vital questions."

No adequate answer occurred to Boyne, and she rose from her seat with an impatient gesture. "I don't know that there is any use in continuing a discussion which will not, in any circumstances, affect my final decision or Prince Buondelmonte's——"

"Oh, don't say that!" Boyne exclaimed. "Not if it means you won't first consider what it's going to be to these children to be suddenly uprooted——"

She interrupted: "It was not Prince Buondelmonte who first uprooted them. It was through circumstances of which he was himself the victim that he found himself obliged to entrust Astorre and Beatrice for a while to Mrs. Wheater. He did it simply in order that no breath of calumny should touch her. Tho Mrs. Wheater was not his children's mother, my husband always remembers that for a time she bore his name."

IF THE Princess's aim had been to reduce her interlocutor to silence, she had at last succeeded. Boyne sat speechless, wondering how much the granddaughter of Dr. Judson Tring believed of what she was saying, and to what extent her astounding version of the case was the result of patient schooling on her husband's part. He concluded that she was incapable of deliberate deception, and fully convinced of the truth of her assertions; and he knew this would make it all the harder to reason with her.

For a few moments the two faced each other without speaking; then Boyne said: "But surely the fact that Prince Buondelmonte did leave his children with Mrs. Wheater ought to be considered. If he was willing to have her keep them he must have thought she knew how to take care of them."

The Princess again interrupted him.

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BOYNE stood up impatiently. The talk was assuming more and more the tone of a legal debate: conducted on such lines there seemed no reason for its ever ending. If one accepted the Princess's premises it was difficult to question her conclusions. All he could do was to plead his lack of authority. He reminded his visitor that Mrs. Wheater, to whom, for whatever reason, their father had confided Bun and Beechy, had, in her turn, passed them over to their present guardians, who were therefore answerable to Mrs. Wheater only.

The Princess's lips parted nervously on the first syllable of a new protest; but Boyne interrupted: "Princess! It's really so simple—I mean the legal part of it. If your husband has a right to his children no one can prevent his getting them. The real issue seems to me quite different. It concerns only the children themselves. They're so desperately anxious not to be separated; they're so happy together. Of course none of that is my doing. It's their eldest stepsister who has kept the six of them together through all the ups and downs of their parents' matrimonial troubles. Before you decide——"

The Princess lifted an imperative hand. "Mr. Boyne—I'm sorry. I can see that you're very fond of the children. But I'm afraid we shouldn't altogether agree as to the choice of the persons Mrs. Wheater has left in charge of them. The soul of a child——"

"Yes," Boyne acquiesced; "that's the very thing I'm pleading for. If you could see them together——"

"Oh, but I intend to," she responded.

"Now, you mean?"

She gave a smiling nod. "Certainly. You don't suppose I came from Rome for any other reason?"

"Oh, all right," Boyne agreed. He was beginning to divine, under her hard, mechanical manner, something young and untried, something one might still reach and appeal to; and he reflected that the sight of the children would perhaps prove to be the simplest way of reaching it. "The children are playing in the other room," he said. "Shall I go and get Bun and Beechy, or do you prefer to see them first with the others?"

The Princess said yes, she thought she would like to see them all together at their games.

"Well, I'm glad you're going to take them by surprize. It's always the best way with children; and I'm counting on the sight of them to plead our cause."

He led her down the passage and threw open the door of the children's room. "This way," he said.

On the threshold a burst of angry voices arrested him. For a moment everything in the room was noise and confusion; and the opening of the door remained unheeded. In all his experience of the little Wheaters, Boyne had never before seen them engaged in so fierce a conflict: it seemed incredible that the participants should be only four. The floor was strewn with the wreckage of battle, but the agitated movements of the combatants made the origin of the dispute hard to discover. "Heavens!" Boyne ejaculated, stepping back.

Zinnie's voice rose furiously above the others. "It wasn't me't upset the 'quarium; I swear it wasn't, Blanca—and those two wops know it just as well as you do——"

Bun squealed back: "It was you that tried to bathe Chip's rabbit in it, you dirty, little, lying sneak, you!"

"No, I didn't, neither; but Nanny don't never give him enough to drink, 'n so I just ran up and brought him down while Chip was asleep, 'n if Beechy hadn't gone and butted in——"

"You rotten little liar, you; you know you were trying to find out if rabbits can swim."

"No, I wasn't, either. And it was Beechy pushed me 'gainst the 'quarium, and you know it was——"

"'Cos the rabbit was drownding, and Judy'd have killed you if you'd of let it," Beechy wailed.

"She'll kill you anyhow if you call us wops again," roared Bun.

Blanca, reluctantly torn from her absorbed study of *The Tatler*, had risen from the stove-corner and was distributing slaps and shakes with a practised hand. As she turned to face the door, and saw Boyne and his visitor on the threshold, her arms dropped to her sides, and she swept the shrieking children into a corner behind her. "Oh, Martin, I'm so sorry! Did you ever see such a pack of savages? They were playing some silly game, and I didn't realize——"

Princess Buondelmonte, pale but very erect, stood in the doorway. She turned to Boyne, "It is just as I was saying: nothing in a child's education should be left to chance. Telling a child that an older person will kill it seems to me so unspeakably wicked . . . . This perpetuating of the old militarist instinct . . . ." She addressed herself to Blanca. "I do hope," she said, "that the particular little savage who made that threat doesn't happen to be mine—to be Prince Buondelmonte's, I mean."

Blanca was looking at her with a captivated stare. "You don't mean to say you're his new wife? Are you the Princess Buondelmonte, really?"

"Yes, I am the Princess Buondelmonte," the visitor assented with a smile of girlish gratification which made her appear almost as young as Blanca.

But Bun, brushing aside the little girls, had flung himself impetuously upon her. "Are you really and truly my father's new wife? Then you must tell him he's got to send me a gun at once, to shoot everybody who calls me and Beechy a wop."

The visitor stooped down, laying a timid yet resolute hand on Bun's dark head. "What I shall do, my dear, is to carry you off at once, you and little Beatrice, to your own home—to your own dear father, who's pining for you—to a place where nobody ever talks about shooting and killing."

Bun's face fell perceptibly. "Won't my father give me a gun, don't you suppose? Then I don't believe Beechy 'n me'd care such a lot about going."

The Princess's lips narrowed with the same air of resolution which had informed her hand. "Oh, but I'm afraid you've got to, Astorre. This is not your real home, you know, and I'm going to take you both away to the loveliest house—and your father'll give you lots of other things you'll like ever so much better."

"Not than a gun, I won't," said Bun immovably.

"TAKE away my children? Take them away from me?" Judith Wheater had pushed open the door, and stood there, small and pale, in her dripping mackintosh and bedraggled hat.

She gave a little laugh, and her gray eyes measured the stranger with a deliberate and freezing scrutiny. "I don't in the least know who you are," she said, "but I know you don't know what you're talking about——"

She glanced away to the ravaged scene, and the frightened, excited faces of the children. "Heavens! What an unholy mess! What on earth has been happening? Here, Nanny, take the children upstairs, and send Susan to tidy up. Yes, Blanca, you must go too. If you can't keep the little ones in order you've got to be treated as one of them."

Once more she addressed herself to the bewildered visitor. "I'm Miss Wheater. If you want to see me about anything, will you please come into the sitting-room?" Her eye fell on Boyne, who had shrunk back into the dusk of the passage, as if desirous to disclaim any part in the impending drama. "Martin," she challenged him, "was it you who brought this lady here?"

"It's the Princess Buondelmonte, Judith."

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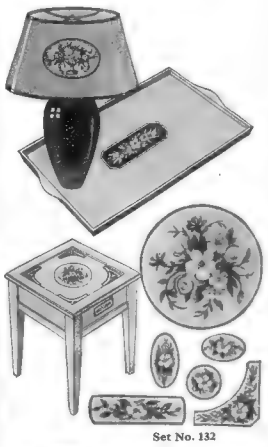

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Judith again turned on her the same unrelenting stare. "I'm afraid that won't make any difference," she said.

The Princess stood opposite, drooping her high crest a little, as if unused to receiving instructions from one so much smaller and younger than herself. Boyne remembered how Judith had awed and baffled Mrs. Sellars on their first meeting, and his heart began to swell with irrational hopes. "Judith," he cautioned her below his breath.

"This way. You'll come too, please, Martin." She led them down the passage, and reinducted their visitor into the sitting-room. After she had closed the door she pushed forward a chair for the Princess Buondelmonte, and said with emphasis: "You may not know that Mr. Boyne has been appointed the guardian of the children."

The Princess did not seat herself. She leaned on the back of the chair, and smiled down at the champion of the little Wheaters. "They seem to have a great many guardians. I hear you are one of them too."

"Me?" Judith's eyes widened in astonishment. "Why, I'm only their eldest sister. All I do is to try to look after them."

Something in her accent seemed to touch the Princess, who seated herself in the chair on which she had been leaning, and began to speak again in a friendlier tone. "I'm sure you're perfectly devoted to them—that all you want is what's best for them."

Judith paused a moment. "That depends on what you mean by best. All I want is for us all to stay together."

The Princess made a sign of comprehension. "Yes—but supposing it was not what's best for them?"

"Oh, but it is," said Judith decisively. The other hesitated for a reply, and she pressed on: "Because nobody can possibly love them as much as Martin and Miss Scope and me."

"I see. But you seem to have forgotten that they have parents——"

"No. It's the parents who've forgotten," Judith flashed back.

"Not all of them. Since I'm here, you must admit that."

"What? Because you've just married Prince Buondelmonte, and probably think he ought to have had the decency to look after Bun and Beechy? Well, I think so too. Only he didn't, you see; not when they were little, and had to be wiped and changed and fed, and walked up and down when they were cutting their teeth. And now that they're big enough to be good company, and not much trouble, I suppose you and he think it would be fun to come and carry them off, the way you'd pick out a pair of Pekes at a dog show—only you forget that in the meantime they've got to love *us* and not you, and that they're devoted to all the other children, and that it would half kill them to be separated from each other——"

"Oh—devoted?" the Princess protested with her dry smile.

"Of course they are. Why do you ask? Because they were having a scrap when you came in? Did that tussle about a goldfish frighten you? Have you never seen children bite and scratch before?" Judith gave a contemptuous shrug. "I pity you," she said in her clearest tone, "the first time you try to give Bun castor-oil——"

The concluding instalment of "The Children" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published July 25th. If you prefer to read this story at one time save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all later on.

THE AIR OF PARIS

Continued from Page 21

elderly husband. Of course! There could be no doubt of it. He was not ordinarily an imaginative man and he could not, he was sure, have invented such an original story for himself. Somehow, by a kind of sympathetic telepathy, she was able to convey her meaning to him as surely as if he understood her every word. He even had a distinct mental image of her father's appearance: a rather stout man with a spade-beard. And when at the end of what had become toward the close an impassioned harangue, she took a couple of steps toward him, held out her hands, and quite obviously asked him a direct and poignant question. He rose magnificently to the occasion.

"*Ah! Non!*" said Mr. Pickering, sadly shaking his head.

Another question followed—the lift of her strongly penciled eyebrows, the gesture of her still outstretched hands, the anxious note in her voice all made it quite sure that she was asking another question.

Mr. Pickering did not like to repeat himself, so this time he said, "*Ah! Oui.*"

THE effect of that exceeded his expectations. Her face and her voice suddenly softened as if he had relieved her from some desperate anxiety, and she murmured something that unquestionably ended with the word "*Entres!*"

But that was a little farther than Mr. Pickering had been prepared to go. To enter a strange French apartment by the window—the means quite clearly indicated by her gesture—with the probability of being confronted at any moment by a justly incensed French father in a spade-beard, seemed to Mr. Pickering distinctly unwise.

"Oh! well, I don't know that I should quite like to do that," he said in English.

Evidently she did not agree with him. Her manner and her extraordinarily voluble speech became urgent, authoritative. Perhaps he had made a mistake after all. She might be in greater trouble, danger even, than he had supposed. She seemed now to be entreating, pleading with him.

With a sudden access of courage, Mr. Pickering hoisted himself over the sill of the window and jumped into the room.

The lady's face instantly lighted with an expression of wonderful gratitude and relief. She quickly closed and fastened the casements behind him, and then, by pulling a cord drew a pair of heavy tapestry curtains across the window.

MR. PICKERING had a horrible sensation of being trapped. He would have attempted a remonstrance, pulled back the curtains and reopened the window, but the beautiful young lady was between him and his objective, and she was talking again, fluently, continuously, in a voice and with gestures that, it seemed to him, ranged through a complete gamut of the emotions.

Surely Bernhardt, herself, could not have more vividly expressed resentment, rising to a pitch of outraged, vindictive anger that gave place in a moment first to the deeps of despair, of renunciation; then to an effect of forced gaiety, the reckless gaiety of one who finally casts her bonnet over the windmills; and at the end to—he was not quite sure, but it appeared almost certain—to an admission of some kind of admiration for himself; possibly for his unexampled bravery in daring to enter her father's private apartment and risking the explosion of his just wrath. Indeed, at this point, the lady came quite close to Mr. Pickering, laid her hands on his shoulders, and bowed her head on his chest.

She had evidently been to the coiffeur's quite recently, and her wonderfully waved hair smelled deliciously of scent. Mr. Pickering would have given a year's salary to be able to tell her in comprehensible French that he was willing to be an elder brother to her; or, still better perhaps, an uncle. He would have liked to pat her shoulder, but her attitude made it a little difficult, and he abandoned the attempt.

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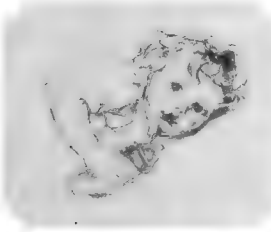

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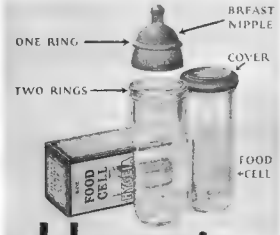

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He supposed that there was nothing to do now but await her father's entrance and carry the affair off as best he could. Possibly her father would understand English, in which case he would first explain exactly what had happened and then venture some remonstrance against the iniquitous system of French marriages.

But it now became apparent that the lady had other plans in view. She released her hold of him, stepped back with an air of great confidence, and said something that undoubtedly ended with "*taxi, de suite.*" And then, as he did not at once respond to that, she took him by the hand, led him out of the room, preceded him across the hall, and indicated the front door; talking all the time in a persuasive voice that she did not attempt to lower, and with a constant repetition of those clearly recognizable words "*taxi, de suite.*"

There could be no question, Mr. Pickering inferred, that her father was out, and that she wanted him to get her a taxi. But was he justified in aiding her to run away from home like this? Furthermore, was it just conceivably possible that the whole immense performance had had no other object than this? If so, why could she not have gone out and found a taxi for herself, or asked him to get her one through the window? French women were even more inexplicable than their English sisters. They were, also, more beautiful.

"All right, my dear, I'll risk it," he said; and there must have been some remarkable *rapport* between them, for she understood him at once, clapped her hands joyfully, blew him a kiss, and ran out of the hall with the air of one who has no time to lose.

"Heaven only knows what you may be letting yourself in for, my boy," Mr. Pickering cautioned himself as he fumbled with the unfamiliar latch of the front door; but the reminder was delivered in a spirit of glee rather than of sober warning. The truth is that Mr. Pickering was immensely excited, and rather proud of himself. Life in Paris, he had decided, was entirely different from life in London. No doubt, adventures of this kind happened every day in Paris. And he had a curious sense of being protected from any serious consequences, as if he knew perfectly well that it was nothing but a dream—the sort of dream that could be dreamed only in Paris.

HIS one hesitation, at the moment, was due to his ignorance of the particular brand of taxi demanded by the beautiful young woman whom he was helping to run away from her parents. She had insisted upon a "*taxi, de suite*" and he wondered if that were another phrase for some kind of "*taxi de luxe.*" If he had seen the words "*tout de suite*" printed in a play of Molière's, he would have mentally translated it as "at once" without the least hesitation or difficulty. But to him that collection of letters represented an entirely different series of sounds, and if he had spoken them aloud, he would have pronounced the phrase "*too dey swit*"; while he was imaginatively spelling the lady's abbreviation of the expression "*d'sweet.*"

His perplexity with regard to the precise type of vehicle required was, however, instantly dismissed when, on emerging from the front door, he saw a taxi setting down a passenger on the other side of the road. Mr. Pickering realized in that moment that his true vocation was that of a man of action. His unhesitating decision in this new French world was, he felt, worthy of Napoleon.

He caught the driver's eye, beckoned to him, re-entered the hall, leaving the door wide open behind him, and with the Napoleonic mood still urging him, he made straight for the door through which the lady had disappeared a minute earlier. He had his fingers on the handle when it was opened from within to disclose the lady hugging a long cloak about her.

When she found Mr. Pickering on the threshold of what he saw at a glance was a very elaborately furnished bedroom, her eyes danced, and she released one hand from her cloak to waggle a finger at him in mock disapproval. Mr. Pickering, however, misread that gesture, construing it as one of playful reproof for having called the wrong kind of taxi, his choice being now in full view before the open front door.

And evidently it was not a matter of great importance, for the lady made straight for it with a kind of wriggling run, that held a strong suggestion of enjoying a piece of daring mischief, climbed in, and beckoned to Mr. Pickering to join her. No doubt, she wished to thank him. Well, that was natural, and he was glad to have helped her, altho an uneasy misgiving as to the prudence of his action was calling for his attention, and he started with the conscious guilt of a criminal when some one emerging from the bedroom behind him laid a detaining hand upon his arm.

HE SWUNG round to confront a middle-aged, gray-looking woman whom he judged from her dress to be either a housekeeper or a superior kind of lady's-maid, and who at once turned upon him a jet of incomprehensible French that had nevertheless a recognizable note of strong protest. An old servant of the family, Mr. Pickering supposed; devoted to her master and mistress, and now urging him to prevent the escape of their daughter. Well, she was quite right, of course, and it was not yet too late to attempt a remonstrance with the beautiful, wilful lady in the taxi.

"*Oui, oui,*" he agreed. "I'll go and try to dissuade her. Tell her not to, you understand."

And whether or no she did understand, the housekeeper at least quietly followed him out to the pavement.

"Now, look here, my dear young lady—" Mr. Pickering began, speaking in a very clear and rather loud voice, but he was not permitted to get any further.

"*Entrez, entrez!*" the lady demanded, adding in the same breath many other things that Mr. Pickering could not make head nor tail of; but very clearly pointing her meaning at the same time by laying hold of the lapel of his coat and pulling him toward her with quite remarkable vigor.

"But you see—" Mr. Pickering protested.

The lady interrupted him with something that it was not difficult to interpret as an urgent command to hurry. Her eyes were full of laughter; the pull on his coat was forcing him into a most undignified attitude; the taxi-driver had turned round on his box and was openly grinning.

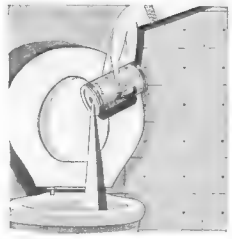
Mr. Pickering decided that his protest had better be made inside the taxi. He got in, the lady pulled to the door behind him, called out "Bezons" in a very clear voice, made a *moue* at the lugubrious woman standing on the pavement, and they were off—presumably to "Bezons," tho in what quarter of Paris that might be Mr. Pickering had no idea.

As they started, the sound of an angry voice came to him from the door of the flat: "*Elle est folle, folle.*" There was more than that; the housekeeper was presumably addressing the taxi-driver; but those three words Mr. Pickering clearly understood. "She is mad, mad." Not insane, of course, but foolish; one might say perhaps "a madcap." In the circumstances, had not he, after all, done the wise thing in accompanying her? If her father spoke English——

THEY had turned back into the Avenue Marceau, which they were mounting in the direction opposite to that in which lay the safety of the *pension* in the Avenue de la Bourdonnais, and very quickly emerged into a large open circus, in the middle of which Mr. Pickering recognized the looming mass of the Arc de Triomphe. He had a notion that this monument was not far from the Bois de Boulogne, but after a long detour to the right around the circus, the taxi sped into another avenue three roads wide, and brilliantly lighted, which at first he imagined might be the Champs Élysées.

It was not until they came to a kind of barrier and the driver of the taxi halted by a little hut, called out a number, and

Ills breed fast in hot weather



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received some kind of ticket, that Mr. Pickering realized that their destination lay outside the city of Paris.

He turned to the lady, who had not spoken since they started and was leaning back in her corner of the taxi, still hugging her cloak about her. "Where are we going?" he asked, speaking gravely and slowly and taking great care to separate his words.

The lady giggled and shook her head.

Mr. Pickering searched his memory for a suitable phrase from Molière, and decided to try a very familiar quotation: "*Qu'est-ce que vous allez faire dans cette galère?*" His pronunciation was abominable, but she understood him, clapped her hands gleefully, and replied at length. Unfortunately Mr. Pickering was no wiser when she had finished.

He looked out and found that they were crossing a river which could be no other than the Seine, tho how it had got there, seeing that to the best of his knowledge they had been traveling in a perfectly straight line directly away from it, he was at a loss to imagine. But it was quite certain now that they were leaving Paris behind them. This road of scattered houses was already hardly worth the name of a suburb. They were going right out into the country. Heaven only knew where. To Belgium, perhaps.

It might be that in Belgium she could escape from her parents' jurisdiction. But surely the driver would not have calmly accepted the order to drive into Belgium without offering some remonstrance. In any case, Mr. Pickering had no intention of being landed in Belgium or anywhere else in charge of a young and exceedingly attractive lady and without a particle of luggage. Besides he had his meeting to attend next morning.

"Look here!" he began firmly, turning back to his companion, but at the same moment she leaned forward with her finger to her lips. "*Écoutez!*" she said in a low, thrilling voice. Mr. Pickering recognized the word, and obediently listened. All that he could hear was the rather distant hooting of a car, apparently coming up behind them.

"It's only—" he tried and stopped, searching his memory for the French for "motor-car," a word that does not appear in Molière. But before he found it, a very soft, warm hand was laid on his mouth, and then the lady rose and leaned far out of the window on her side of the taxi. She stayed there for quite a minute, it seemed to Mr. Pickering, before she suddenly subsided again into her corner, apparently in a condition of almost breathless mirth. "*Mon Dieu; c'est lui!*" she gasped. "Oh! là! là!"

Mr. Pickering lifted the flap, looked out behind, and was momentarily blinded by the glaring head-lights of a big car coming up after them at a terrific speed. The horn was sounding continuously, with an effect of authoritative protest, tho the taxi had already slackened pace and drawn close in to the side of the road.

"*C'est lui!*" The meaning of the phrase leaped suddenly to Mr. Pickering's mind. "It's him!" Her father, of course. And even if he spoke English, it might now be rather difficult, Mr. Pickering reflected, to explain his action in an altogether convincing and satisfactory manner.

HE DROPPED the flap and looked at his companion. She was holding her cloak over her mouth now, but her eyes were laughing; and it came to Mr. Pickering with a sense of immense conviction that if she were compelled to make the choice between sacrificing him or herself, she would have no hesitation in laying the blame for the whole episode upon him. And he could not contradict her; could not defend himself. He would not know what she had said.

An angry, a very imperious voice was calling to the driver to stop, and the taxi pulled up with a jerk. Mr. Pickering reluctantly turned his head and found himself faced with a very strange and terrifying object, nothing less than the open end of a small bright tube pointing immediately at his face, with a brown muscular hand behind it, attached by a very solid-looking arm to the shoulder of a man who had drawn his car close up alongside the taxi, and, with his left hand still on the steering-wheel, was leaning far enough over to hold the muzzle of his revolver within a foot of Mr. Pickering's face.

Mr. Pickering did not move; but never in all his life had he felt less like Napoleon. His eyes had traveled very slowly from the revolver to the hand, the arm, the shoulder, the chest of this unknown antagonist, before they rested at last on his face. He was not wearing a spade-beard, and he looked young to have so grown-up a daughter.

Mr. Pickering had a sense of thinking with immense clearness and rapidity, and of being painfully anxious to avoid looking down the barrel of the revolver. He rather wished that it would go off and get the affair finished. Out of the corner of his eye he could see that the taxi-driver had got down from his seat on the near side and was standing between the two cars, lighting a cigaret. How callous these Frenchmen were; but assassinations of this kind were quite common in France, of course.

IT SEEMED to Mr. Pickering that he had been sitting there, expecting the revolver to go off every moment, for quite a considerable time, when a voice behind him suddenly said, in a firm, authoritative tone: "Victor!"

The muzzle of the revolver wabbled slightly, and then, to Mr. Pickering's enormous relief, was abruptly removed. He became aware, at the same instant, of an overwhelming desire to talk, an immense passionate longing to explain everything in English at enormous length. And yet, until now, he had always been a very silent man.

But the opportunity to relieve himself of all that was surging in his mind was denied to him. A determined hand was laid on his chest, he was thrust violently back into the taxi, the abducted lady pushed past him, and, descending into the road, addressed herself to the owner of the big car.

It was she who did the talking. Mr. Pickering had already had some slight experience of her virtuosity, but on this occasion she eclipsed herself. From first to last, Mr. Pickering failed to make any sense of her actual words, but the general purport of them was not difficult to guess. She was devoting herself exclusively, it seemed, to remonstrance and abuse; more particularly abuse. It was not, perhaps, the attitude that even Mr. Pickering would have anticipated from a well-trained young Frenchwoman to her father; but there could be no doubt of it.

In the taxi she had laughed when she became aware of the pursuit; now she was beyond all question furiously, vindictively angry. And never once did she hesitate for a word. She gesticulated with extraordinary freedom and some grace, she climbed onto the step of the car and got down again, she flung herself back against the side of the taxi; she did everything except prostrate herself on the muddy road; but never for a single moment did the amazing stream of language pause. It rose and fell, but it never faltered. The sound of her voice was as the sound of a mighty torrent that nothing could check.

And the man in the car did not attempt to interrupt her. Sometimes he leaned back in his driver's seat, sometimes he shrugged his shoulders, once or twice he wiped his forehead; but he said never a word until the lady suddenly opened the door of the car, jumped in beside him, and pointed to the road ahead. Then as he let in the clutch, he lifted his head, took off his cap to Mr. Pickering, and said, apparently to the driver of the taxi: "*Voilà un homme brave!*"

As the car leaped into the darkness the sound of the lady's unceasing voice softly faded together with the drumming of the engine.

Mr. Pickering became aware of a vast and grateful silence.

And then came what was surely the strangest happening of that amazing adventure, for the silence was broken by the sound of cockney speech.

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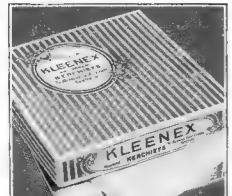

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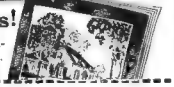

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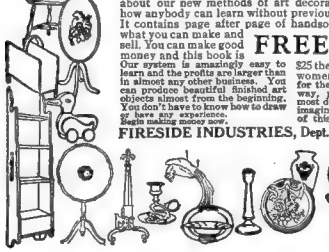

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Mr. Pickering started, altho he had not started when confronted with the muzzle of the revolver.

The driver of the taxi, seated on the step of his own vehicle, was thoughtfully lighting a fresh cigaret.

"Do you speak English?" Mr. Pickering asked.

"English-born and -bred," the chauffeur replied; "tho I've 'ardly been out of France since 1914."

MR. PICKERING hesitated for a moment, and then posed the essential question that was burning in his mind. "Was that her father in the car?" he asked.

The chauffeur took a deep breath of cigaret-smoke and blew it out slowly and contemplatively into the night before he said: "No, nor yet it wasn't 'er gran'-father either."

Mr. Pickering pondered that for a few seconds before he continued: "But what did she say about me?"

"Well, so far as I could make out," the driver said, "she took you on because you 'appened to turn up at the lucky moment. The other feller, as perhaps you know, 'adn't come to fetch 'er as 'e'd promised."

"No, I didn't know that," Mr. Pickering put in.

"Oh! well, he was a couple of 'ours be'ind 'is appointment, it seems, and she opened the window to wait for 'im, and was prostrate with grief, fair dyin' of a broken 'eart and all that, when you turned up. And then in despair, you know, she yielded to your pressin' solicitations—that's 'ow she put it—and consented to run off with you, tho you wouldn't 'a' got away with it, apparently, seein' as she was takin' you to 'er mother's 'ouse at Bezons.

"I wouldn't go so far as to say, mark you, that the other feller *believed* all she said. Shouldn't be far out in guessin' as it very likely wasn't the first time 'e'd 'ad trouble with 'er; and once or twice I wasn't sure whether 'e 'adn't got a mind to leave 'er with you. 'Owever, take it from me, you're well out of that, tho she was a good-lookin' piece right enough."

"Yes," Mr. Pickering agreed. "Very good-looking."

The driver stood up and stretched himself. "But you can't never judge people by the looks of 'em," he remarked. "For instance, you're a quiet-lookin' gentleman as ever I come across. Who'd ever 'a' thought as you'd 'a' leaped in through a window and persuaded a woman like that to run off with you, out of 'and, as you might say?"

"No," Mr. Pickering admitted, and then added: "But I suppose that—er—little adventures of this kind are not at all uncommon in Paris?"

"Well, no; not in a way of speakin' they aren't," agreed the taxi-driver. "'Owever, can't stay 'ere all night. Where d'you want to go, now, sir."

For a moment Mr. Pickering hesitated on the verge of saying "The Moulin Rouge." In his present exalted frame of mind the gesture tempted him. But he reflected that it would be getting very late, and that he had his meeting next day, so he prudently substituted "The Avenue de la Bourdonnais."

"Righto!" assented the driver, cheerfully mounting to his seat.

MR. BANKS had been right in saying that taxis were cheap in Paris; and the sixty-five francs which the driver suggested as being a fair price, without troubling to consult his taximeter, seemed to Mr. Pickering so uncommonly reasonable that he demanded no change from the hundred-franc note that he tendered in payment. It was thus that heroes comported themselves and maintained their reputation for courage and gallantry.

Mr. Banks was just going up to bed as Mr. Pickering entered the *pension*.

"So you went to a show, after all?" he said.

"In a way, yes," Mr. Pickering replied. "Seems to have bucked you up a bit," Mr. Banks remarked. "You look mighty pleased with yourself."

"It's the air of Paris," Mr. Pickering explained. And when he got home he meant to marry Mrs. Fulborne. But he said nothing of that to Mr. Banks.

PROUD AND PIG-HEADED

Continued from Page 26

this woodland that skirted the lane, he had roved a hundred times in his boyhood, and it must always be an enchanted wood for him. This was the country where he had hunted and fished, had seen the flash of a bluebird's wings, had seen the first glitter of the snow. He had thought that this beauty, which was in his own heart, would be somehow visible to her. But to Sarah Louise it was no more than a forlorn, old house in a neglected garden. She was surprized when he got out of the car.

"I don't believe we can get anything to eat here," she said. "There's no sign out. And it looks as if it were closed."

"It's my house," said Gordon.

"But—you don't live here, do you?" she asked.

"No. Not now. I used to, tho. I was born here. I come back, once in a while, for a week-end. And I thought— I got a woman to come in to-day and get some lunch for us."

A twinge of pity seized her at the triumph in his voice. He opened the door.

"Come in!" he said.

It was then that the first hint of disaster came to him.

"Mrs. Colley ought to have opened the shutters," he complained, striding across the sitting-room. He opened the windows and the shutters. But where had the Spring vanished?

"It's—prettier later in the season," he said.

Sarah Louise had followed him; she was standing in the middle of the room.

"That's an awfully good secretary," said she heartily. "And that grandfather's clock—that's really a museum piece."

His face grew white. That clock had stopped ten years ago, and the life of the house had stopped, too, when his mother died. "A museum piece?"

She saw that she had hurt him.

"What in the world *does* he expect me to say about his pathetic, awful house?" she thought.

Gordon turned away abruptly.

"I'll see about the lunch," he said.

She waited patiently in the dusty little room; waited a long time; then, when it was three o'clock, she went in search of him.

The narrow hall was dark, all the doors were closed, but she could hear footsteps.

"Do let me help!" she called.

A door was flung open with a crash. "Look here!" he said. "I'm sorry. Things aren't the—the way I meant them to be. Mrs. Colley's a fool!"

"Why? What's happened?"

"I wrote her. I told her I wanted lunch here. She used to work for my mother. But she's left a note to say that she couldn't stay. Of course, she didn't know it was—you I was bringing. She thought it was just another fellow."

"Isn't there any lunch?" asked Sarah Louise.

"Oh, there's something! But it's not—what I wanted. And she's put it on the kitchen table."

"I don't mind eating in the kitchen!"

"I do! But I can't find a table-cloth."

"Oh, who cares? Do let's eat! I'm starving!"

He was silent for a moment. He had meant that they should sit down at the table in the dining-room set out with the gay old china, to such a lunch as Mrs. Colley had used to cook; he had meant that it should be Spring outside. But Mrs. Colley was not here; the old china

was black with dust; there was no warmth in the air. He renounced his vision.

"All right!" he said, and led the way into the kitchen.

Mrs. Colley had left a tin of sardines, two bottles of ginger ale, four tomatoes, bread and butter, and a baker's cake.

"Oh, but it doesn't matter a bit!" cried Sarah Louise. "It's a picnic lunch. I love them! And, you know, I'm used to—a sort of gipsy life. Father was a doctor, and he retired after mother died, and we used to travel. We had the funniest experiences sometimes."

She went on, anxious to help him. But he would not respond; he would not eat. At last she gave up, and they were both silent for a time.

"I—didn't mean it to be like this," he said again. "I wanted you to see the place. It could be—fixed up easily enough. And I'm making enough for us to live on—in a decent, quiet way."

"This has got to be stopped!" thought Sarah Louise. "It's not fair!"

There was another silence between them. Such folly, all this, she thought!

"I don't care much about living 'in a decent, quiet way,'" she said at last.

EASY enough to believe that, he thought.

There was nothing quiet about her, nothing gentle. The very tilt of her hat was nonchalant; she was a restless and fearless adventurer in life. Yet he had to love her.

"You mean you don't care much about *me*," he said. And he smiled a grudging, sardonic smile.

"Well, what if I don't?" she cried. "I can't help that. I've tried to be friends with you. I've never pretended to be anything else. But you won't *be* friends——"

"You bet your life I won't!" said Gordon.

Their eyes met in a steady and hostile glance. Detestable, that was the word for him. He was good-looking enough, in a way she had liked at first; a limber, hardy young fellow, with a face she had thought intelligent and sensitive. But she did not think that now. His intelligence was so warped by his absurd prejudices; his sensitiveness was no more than a fierce touchiness.

"All right!" she said. "Then if you won't even try to be friends what's the sense in our going out together——"

"I never thought there was any 'sense' in it," he said scornfully.

"Very well, then——"

"Look here!" he interrupted. He had turned his head away, so that she saw only his profile, his lean jaw, his straight, dark brow—such an obstinate face! He spoke coldly, but she saw that his hand gripped the edge of the table so hard that the knuckles were white. "I—I can't be friends with you."

"Because I'm such an illogical, capricious, feminine creature!" She laughed.

She knew very well that she was not, whatever he might think. She had been brought up to be honest and direct; she had learned fair play in school and college; she could hold her own in the world of business.

But all that made no difference to him. She knew that in his eyes she was simply a girl, and she knew his preposterous, unjust notions about girls—that they were creatures of utter unreason.

"No—" he said a little unsteadily. "I didn't mean that. I meant—I'm offering you everything I've got. I—I just want to work for you and—look after you. Isn't that—better than friendship?"

She turned toward him quickly.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but it's not. You see, I don't want any one else to work for me. I don't need to be looked after. I don't want——"

She stopped short.

"Don't you want—love?" he asked.

The healthy color fled from her cheeks. It was the first time he had used that word.

And she did not want to hear it.

"No!" she said. "No, I don't!"

He had risen, and as he stood before her, she saw in him some new quality, something so stern and grim that she felt a little thrill of alarm. Love was a snare, a trap. He said he was offering her all he had, but what he really offered her was a cage. He wanted her to give up her work and her freedom; he wanted to shut her up here, in this sorry, old house; he wanted her to have only what he gave her.

"No!" she cried. "If ever I do marry it's going to be—different from anything you could imagine. I'd keep my work and my own life ——"

He was not even listening to her.

"Look here!" he said. "I'm doing pretty well. I'll have more later on. And in the meantime—you can have the car. You can have the house done over, any way you like. It'll be your—your own home——"

"I don't want a home!"

He was silent for a moment, standing before her like a prisoner at the bar, pleading for his life. But he *would not* beg.

"Most women want homes, don't they?" he said. "It would be—all yours. I—I shouldn't interfere. I'd try my best to—to make you happy."

"Oh!" she cried. "It's no use even trying to make you see! I'm not like that! I couldn't bear that sort of life—being taken care of! Haven't you seen—that women have *changed*?"

"I suppose," he said. "The thing is—you don't—like me. Well, that can't be helped."

To her surprize, her eyes filled with tears.

"But I—" she began, and then stopped. She did like him, more than she had realized, but he could not understand her offer of friendship. And certainly he would not want her pity.

"I wonder if I couldn't make tea for us?" she said hastily. "It's growing chilly, isn't it?"

"The gas isn't turned on," he said. "D'you mind if I smoke?"

He would not help her to make the best of it; he lit a cigaret and stood by the window, smoking; he answered when she spoke, and that was all. Indeed, it was all he was able to do.

"I'll just wash these dishes!" she said, jumping up.

He spun round.

"No!" he said vehemently. "No! I—don't want you to!"

"All right!" said Sarah Louise amiably. "Then let's take a walk."

"No," he said again. "I'll take you home now."

"But I don't want to go home!" she cried, and began to laugh. "You asked me to come out for the afternoon——"

He caught her by the wrist.

"Look here!" he said in a low, furious voice. "I—I love you. I—it doesn't seem so darn funny to me. I'm going to take you home now."

He did not know how close her laughter had been to tears; she had wanted to be kind, but not if he were going to behave like this.

"I won't go home now!" she said.

It seemed to him that she was wantonly cruel. She did not want him, but she would not let him go. He dropped her wrist and turned away.

"All right," he said. "Do as you please. I'm going."

From the doorway he spoke.

"I'll send a taxi up from the station for you."

SHE sat down again at the table. She heard the front door slam behind him; then she saw him going down the path. It had begun to rain now, slow and heavy drops. Her shoulders shook with laughter because he was so preposterously wilful. Well, let him go if he liked.

He could not start the car. She knew how that must humiliate him. She sprang up, and, leaning out of the window, called sweetly:

"Can I help you?"

She had meant to hurt that time. He deserved it, for his bad manners, his ill temper, his unpardonable desertion. He was cranking the car now; he knew now that she was watching him. Serve him right!

The rain was falling faster; she felt the drops on her face. The rain fell on him, too, on his scornful, dark head.

He cranked with a passion of anger

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and haste. He wanted nothing in the world but to get away from that girl. But something had gone amiss. He gave the crank a savage twist.

The rain-drops had caught in her lashes, and her vision was blurred. She dried her eyes with her handkerchief, and stared, surprized to see that he had sat down on the running-board. He sat so still, one arm folded over the other, and the rain dripping down on him.

"Given it up?" she called.

He rose at once, as if her words had stung him, and set off down the road. And she saw then that he was a little unsteady on his feet and that he was supporting his wrist in his other hand.

She ran out after him.

"Now! You've hurt yourself!" she cried, as if that were another and a still more bitter offense.

"I'm going to get a taxi," he said.

He spoke with a manifest effort, and his face was white as chalk.

"You'll do nothing of the sort!" said she. "Come back into the house, out of the rain, this instant, and let me see——"

He kept on down the road without a word.

"Oh! I could—shake you!" she cried. "How *can* you be so hateful? What have you done to yourself? Broken your arm? Let me see!"

"No!" he said shakily. "I won't."

She dared not make any attempt to stop him, for fear that a touch might hurt him. She went on beside him, in the rain, looking with rage and dismay at his white, tormented face. And suddenly she remembered Uncle Edward.

"He can be led, but never driven!" poor Aunt Fanny used to say, so often that it had become a family byword.

Not yet in her life had Sarah Louise tried to lead any one. She had felt an honest contempt for feminine diplomacy; her principle had been to go her own way and to let other people alone. But she could not let this man alone in his suffering. If he would not be driven he must be led.

"Please come back, just for a few minutes, and let me make your arm a little more comfortable."

"No, thanks!" he answered.

And still he would not look at her.

She could not bear it. She would have said anything to help him. It did not matter how hateful he was.

"Oh, please!" she cried. "Please, dear, don't make me so miserable!"

"Why do you call me 'dear'?" he demanded, stopping short.

"Please, dear!" she said again, hiding the triumph she felt at having at least made him stand still. She didn't care at all what she said, if only she could get him back into the house, out of the rain, and make him comfortable. "Alexander, darling, do please come back with me!"

"Look here!" he said. "You—what d'you talk—like this for—after what you said?"

"Girls don't always mean everything they say," she answered.

She was amazed to hear herself say so dishonest, so cheap a thing; amazed that she even knew his name was Alexander, and still more amazed by its effect upon him. Such a look came over his face, a sort of dazed wonder; such a queer tenderness. She had never seen a look like that. It made her cry.

"I—do love you so!" he said.

"Then come back, dear!"

"I'd go anywhere—I'd do anything—" he said. "I didn't mean to be—like that. Only, it was because I——"

"I know, dear!" she interrupted.

She had got him turned toward the house now. She was still afraid to touch him, but she kept close beside him, her anxious eyes fixed on his face, tears running down her cheeks.

"Don't cry!" he entreated. "It's nothing but a sprain. Please don't cry!"

She shook her head mutely. Whatever it was, he was in great pain, and he had become, all in a moment, so immeasurably dear to her that she could not endure his suffering. When they got into the house she made a sling for his wrist by tying together two of his handkerchiefs. And as soon as she had done that he put his other arm about her shoulders.

"Will you—let me kiss you?" he asked.

She kissed him back; she stroked his dark head, used every art and wile to coax him to her way. She conquered him; at last he consented to stay in the house while she ran across to old Mrs. Colley's cottage, where one of Mrs. Colley's grandchildren could be sent for the doctor. Old Mrs. Colley came back with her; they went down the muddy lane together under Mrs. Colley's big cotton umbrella.

"I've known him," said Mrs. Colley, "from a baby. He's a hard one to do for, he is, if anything goes wrong with him. And yet he's as gentle as a lamb if you take him the right way. All those Gordons are the same. Proud and pig-headed as ever can be!"

Evidently she admired this.

"Yes," she continued. "He's a handful, that boy!"

"He needs some one to look after him," said Sarah Louise.

And she was going to do it. Let him think, if he liked, that he was taking care of her. She knew better. It made her heart ache to think of him alone in that forlorn, old house, he with his preposterous, antiquated ideas. He must be taken care of; and it would be easy enough for one who understood him.

"He does!" said old Mrs. Colley approvingly. "But he don't know it. Men have got to be managed. That's what I always tell my daughter-in-law. But some of these girls nowadays—" She shook her head. "No—" she said. "Women have changed since my day!"

"Haven't they?" said Sarah Louise absently.

ESTHER RALSTON

Continued from Page 6

dinner with them. Among her hundreds of fan letters weekly there are often missives from those who had entertained a future film star—unknowing.

Owing to her Gipsy way of living Miss Ralston received but little education in the conventional sense of the term. Her time in each school was but a few weeks in an occasional town. She formed many girlhood friendships only to have them snapped off instantly when her father had obtained an engagement in another town.

Whenever possible, in each town, Mr. Ralston would arrange a parade to advertise his show. One of his sons, then about six, would walk ahead of the small procession, wearing a king's costume, grease-paint, and beard. The rest of the family were also in Shakespearian costume.

Often the father would obtain a goat to march in the parade; occasionally a pony. Unless Mr. Ralston could inveigle the local band to march in his parade on the promise of passes to his show, there was never an orchestra.

But once Mr. Ralston became opulent. He rented a huge drum. One of his boys pounded it as the procession marched through the principal street. A tragic thing happened. An unusually healthy swat broke the drum. The air escaped with the roar of Niagara. There was never such consternation in a group of theatrical vagabonds before. The young drummer nearly fainted. Mr. Ralston was forced to pay a large portion of his local receipts for the broken drum.

In each parade a youngster carried a banner, upon which were printed the words:

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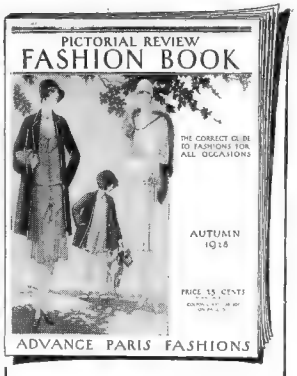

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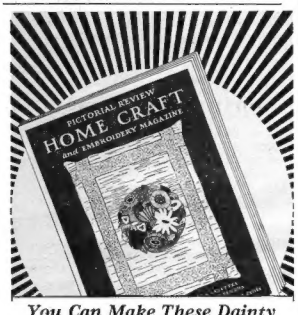

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protested the enforced use of grease-paint on the faces of the boys. They contended that it would ruin youthful complexions. But Mr. Ralston was obdurate. Art must be served.

After many months of hardships the Ralston family finally reached Utah on the great trek to California.

In a small town about fifteen miles from Ogden their funds, as usual, ran out. The son, who acted as advance-man, lay ill in Ogden.

A family consultation was held.

"We have only enough money to send you," Mr. Ralston said to his wife. The indomitable, care-worn, and at that time beautiful woman replied:

"We will *walk*."

Never did a more heartsore group face the setting sun. Arrangements were made to send the two trunks ahead—C. O. D.

Each member of the family carried a suitcase or other baggage in each hand. They had learned much about life. The art of walking railroad-ties was yet to be learned. The father, in the manner of an Indian chief, walked on ahead as if to forfend them. His blunders may have been manifold. Like most failures, his preachments were many. His motto now was, "Carry on!" The family heard the words early and late.

But there was a quality in the man Ralston. He had, in a pathetic way, the resourcefulness of men who lead causes forlorn. They lingered in Ogden until the son became well.

EVENTUALLY they reached Salt Lake City. Mr. Ralston secured an engagement for his company at the University of Utah. During the long walk into Ogden, Esther had injured her foot. It had never properly healed. But the man whose motto was "Carry on!" was not to be dismayed by the injury of a child. As there were to be "Dances by Little Esther" she must comply.

Smiling happily, with yellow hair in a maze of tangles, she ended by performing a toe-dance upon the stage.

When she removed her shoe it was filled with blood.

Hard luck was ever a comrade of the road with the Ralstons. At this time it was the stuttering boy's duty to tell the audience that the show was over. His words often became twisted. He stood under the curtain and said in his grandest manner, his hand sweeping outward as he bowed, "This compludes the crogram."

The curtain immediately fell on the boy's head and knocked him out.

Esther, now in a Hollywood mansion, laughs heartily at the incident. It was part of the day's work. The family was devoid of self-pity.

Each child was without fear.

As a child Esther had often performed what is known in theatrical vernacular as "acrobatic stunts."

One consisted in hanging from a swing the end of which was held in her father's mouth. He was nearly twenty feet above the stage, in a trapeze. The nine-year-old girl stood on her hands while the swing went swiftly back and forth across the stage.

The rubber bit in the father's mouth had almost worn through. It snapped. The child crashed to the stage, face downward.

The stage was only two feet high. The curtain consisted of two pieces of thin goods, attached to a wire by means of brass rings in the manner of a curtain-rod. A farmer was in charge of the stage. When the act was over he would ring a small bell and run and pull the curtains together.

When the girl fell the formality of the curtain was dispensed with. The farmer and the audience of nearly a hundred rushed upon the stage. They vied with one another in showering kindness upon her. For years she suffered from an injured back.

The Ralstons were stranded in Salt Lake City for nearly two months. The goal was still eight hundred miles away.

With the aid of Providence and some kind people the Ralston family finally reached Victorville, Cal., about a hundred miles from Hollywood.

Their trunks were held by the landlady at Salt Lake City. The next town of importance was San Bernardino—about forty miles westward.

Some one always answered the prayers of Mr. Ralston at the proper time. A man in a rickety Ford appeared. Free of charge, he took the seven Ralstons and their Shakespearian paraphernalia to San Bernardino.

Mr. Ralston obtained several engagements in the town. The family remained there nearly two months. Esther went to school, made friends as usual, and was torn away from them quickly.

AT LAST they reached Los Angeles—a year after starting. They lived in a cheap section of the city. Each member of the family went a different way to obtain work. Clarence, the oldest boy, was the first to secure employment. He became a messenger-boy. The sky looked brighter.

Shortly afterward he was run over by an automobile driven by a film player. No money was obtained from the actor. The family was placed, if possible, in even more desperate circumstances.

Esther Ralston was now fourteen years of age.

Her father returned home in excitement one day.

"I have a job for you in a revue," he said, and added, "You'll have to say you're sixteen."

The girl did not look to be sixteen.

Her mother dressed her in such a manner as to make her look older. Her dress was made longer. A pair of cheap high-heeled shoes was obtained for her. Thus arrayed, she went to see the theater manager.

It was a cheap, even obscene burlesque company.

The manager watched the girl do her simple and childishly graceful dances.

"Not what we want," he said abruptly; "not enough pep in 'em!"

The girl's heart sank.

"But maybe I'll use you in a specialty number—meantime you can be in the chorus."

Her treatment by the women in the company was excellent. They used no rough language in her presence. They took a motherly interest in her. One day they made the innocent child up in the manner of a woman of the underworld. The manager, with an eye to business, protested.

"She looks like a flower here," he said; "why spoil it?"

All went well for two weeks. Esther had earned thirty dollars. Then the Child Welfare Bureau protested against so young a girl working in such surroundings. Esther went home.

Mr. Ralston, forced out of one house after another for non-payment of rent, now moved to Glendale, ten miles from Los Angeles. By some financial maneuvering known only to genius he moved into another house without paying rent in advance. The Ralstons had not a stick of furniture. They used their Shakespearian costumes as beds. The house was only partly roofed. But it was now Summer, and much might happen before the Winter rains.

In the course of time the family secured a bed, a table, and other articles.

EACH day the younger members of the family looked for work. Esther was successful in obtaining small parts in the old Lubin Studio. She often had two days' employment in a week. This allowed her to contribute from six to ten dollars to the family budget.

Unheard of luck came to her after many months. She worked for an entire week in a film entitled "The Doctor and the Woman," which starred Mildred Harris, later to become known as the wife of Charlie Chaplin.

Many weeks passed before she secured further work. Another chance came in "The Butterfly Man," which starred Lew Cody.

Owing to the exigencies of her life, the girl actually attended high school without having had a proper common-school education.

In her own words, Miss Ralston "caught her education on the fly." She managed

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to study, to work in films whenever possible, and to appear with the Ralston Theatrical Troupe on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday in the small towns near Glendale.

All this effort did not suffice. The family was still miserably poor.

During the holidays she worked as a wrapper in a Los Angeles department store at seven dollars per week.

When not quite sixteen years of age Esther was given a position as ingénue in a San Diego stock company. She went alone to that city, with ten cents left over after she had paid her fare. Her father's parting instructions were, "Get an advance on your salary." The stage director, who afterward became known in the films as the director of "Anna Christie," looked at the young girl in dismay. Noting the cheap hand-made dress and hat, his manner was more sad than unkind. The play was called "Cheating Cheaters." She was dismissed in a week.

It was a dismal home-coming for the future film star.

On her way to San Diego, as is the way of youth, she had indulged in dreams. She even went over in her mind the curtain-speech she would make to the audience in answer to an encore.

That night she sobbed in her little hotel room, alone.

She dreaded the thought of returning home a failure when it seemed that so much depended upon her. Suddenly a light shone into her window. The girl rose and looked out.

She rubbed her eyes. The light was gone. It returned again, and she beheld a lighted cross revolving on a church steeple. She took the cross as a symbol.

THE next morning she loitered in the lobby of the hotel, waiting for the bus to take her to Los Angeles. She was told that she was wanted to talk to Los Angeles on the long-distance telephone.

It was the casting director at Universal City. And wonder of wonders, she was asked to play the leading woman opposite Roy Stewart in a Western film.

The salary was small even tho she was known as the leading lady. She learned to ride a horse with difficulty. During every possible moment she practised riding, to mount and dismount while the horse was running. She would hire a horse each Sunday and ride all day. By diligent practise she became known as one of the best horsewomen in the films.

Miss Ralston's nature is gentle to a fault. She is one of those rare people who are happiest when carrying the burdens of the world. Never did any girl give herself more completely to her family. And as there are often more people who would rather take than give—Miss Ralston was then, as now, a very busy girl.

Her father had once made her promise with upraised right hand that she would not consider marriage until he had selected the man she should wed.

Miss Ralston played in Western films for a year at a salary often earned by a bookkeeper. It seemed as tho she would never go further in the films when she was given a rôle in "Huckleberry Finn," the Mark Twain masterpiece which was directed by the ill-fated William Desmond Taylor. The film was of no importance and was soon forgotten. The girl, as a result, was idle for many months.

Her next part was under the direction of Rupert Hughes in a film called "Remembrance," which was made at the Goldwyn Studio.

One day Mr. Hughes chatted with Patsy Ruth Miller and Esther Ralston on the set while the property-men were rearranging the furniture. The novelist told Miss Miller that she was sure to become a star.

He had definite reasons for his opinion.

Suddenly he pointed across the set to a desk upon which was a framed portrait of Miss Ralston. It was one of the "props" of the film in which Esther played the rôle of a younger daughter.

A spotlight had been left burning by an electrician. The rays shone directly on the picture of Miss Ralston.

"It is the finger of fame," said the novelist. But no one then dreamed that the painfully shy girl would become an internationally known star. Then, as now, Western films were looked upon with scorn by many members of the cinema profession.

There followed more work at Universal City at a salary of fifty dollars per week. It took all the willing girl could earn to support the family of seven. Her lunch consisted of a glass of milk and a bar of chocolate. This diet was "not for the purpose of reducing, either."

Her height was a handicap in earlier film days. It was an axiom of the business that girls should be Mary Pickford's stature, and that gentlemen film stars should tower above them as heroes do in popular novels. She was under consideration as a leading lady opposite William Desmond in a film serial.

"I think Miss Ralston will be ideal for the rôle, don't you," Irving Thalberg, the young film executive, asked the man in whose power rested the final decision.

"She's too tall," was the abrupt answer; "she's nearly as tall as Desmond himself."

"Too tall?" was Thalberg's quiet rejoinder as he stood behind his desk. "Desmond is taller than I am, and I am taller than Miss Ralston. Stand up, Miss Ralston, please."

Thalberg stood at least an inch taller than Miss Ralston. She signed the contract to play opposite Desmond.

Miss Ralston, from her point of vantage, saw that Thalberg had been standing on his toes.

Thus was a prejudice combated with cunning.

Following her work with Universal at seventy-five dollars per week, she signed a contact with the Fox Film Company at two hundred dollars for the same period. Her salary has steadily grown ever since. It is now three thousand dollars per week. Her contract includes a sliding scale upward. At the end of five years she will be receiving more than six thousand dollars per week.

After the termination of her work at the Fox Studio Miss Ralston learned that C. B. de Mille was making screen tests of every available blond girl in Hollywood with the hope of finding a leading woman for "The Golden Bed."

Day after day the film executive was too busy to see Miss Ralston.

After giving up hope of seeing the temperamental De Mille, Miss Ralston heard that Herbert Brenon was casting for "Peter Pan." She went to Mr. Brenon's office. As she sat waiting in a simple frock, she felt a man's eyes upon her. She looked up. It was De Mille.

He asked her to stand up. She did so.

"Will you please turn around."

She did as asked.

"Who are you?"

"I'm the girl you wouldn't see," was the answer.

Mr. Brenon appeared on the scene.

She was told to call on both De Mille and Brenon.

Esther made screen tests from morning until night for four days, and in the end was rejected for the leading rôle in "The Golden Bed." So "Peter Pan" and Brenon claimed her.

MISS RALSTON was offered but one hundred and fifty dollars per week to play the rôle in "Peter Pan." Feeling that the part would "make her," in the language of the films, she signed the contract. That was in the Fall of 1924. She had judged the wheel of fortune correctly. In three years her salary had been raised to $1,850 per week.

In several European countries she is considered the equal of Clara Bow as a box-office attraction. And strange as it may seem, the little girl who for years made her own dresses out of the cheapest of materials is now rated as the best-dressed woman appearing before the camera.

She lives in an immense home overlooking Hollywood. Her nature is as gentle as in the days of her overwhelming struggle.

The other members of the Ralston family still tour the country as the Metropolitan Entertainers. The company is without one member—Little Esther—"America's Greatest *Juliet*."

IMPORTANT

When you send us a change of address we act on it at once, but it is impossible for us to make the desired change until the second month following the date when we get your letter. This is because the tremendous circulation of Pictorial Review makes it necessary to have all addresses ready six weeks before the time for mailing comes around.

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